WHITE CHARCOAL

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WHITE CHARCOAL

by Modern_T_Rex

Summary

In the 16th Century, after witnessing Micha´s murder, Hannibal goes after Grutas Gang members. He manage to capture the youngest member of the group and the one presumably hold responsible for his sister death, Will Graham.
Filled with rage, Hannibal keeps him prisoner and tries to break him into submission.

2023 NOTE- Currently checking for grammar and spelling errors, so I ask you to please be forgiving if you bump into one, please don´t let it stop you from enjoying it 😅😘

The Hunt

Chapter Notes

Hello my darlings! I hope this finds you well.
I´m sorry if this chapter is more descriptive. If it´s the “action” you want, skip this chapter and go for the next one. However I hope you give it a try :)
This work will be uploaded every Friday.
Please leave a comment telling me what you think.

- Here´s my Pinterest Account if you want to see the images on the beginning of the chapters, so check it out if you would like. Sometimes I update a new image before I release a chapter.

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2023 NOTE- Currently checking for grammar and spelling errors, so I ask you to please be patient and forgiving if you bump into one 😅

Also, my stories/images will not be copied to any other writing sites or any other site, it's forbidden and it will not be allowed. Thank you and I hope you will follow my wish.
Bye for now ;)

Chapter 1

"The Hunt"

16th Century

Hannibal Lecter

A drop of sweat descendent down Hannibal´s face as he brought down the axe, slipping the wood in two pieces. The more anger possessed him, the more accuracy slipped away from his daily tasks.

The pile had long been filled for the winter but Hannibal kept chopping in attempt to forget the vivid scream that echoed inside his skull… A high pitch voice called his name in fear and despair as they dragged his frail sister outside. She cried multiple times…and then…silence.

The blade came down harder than necessary, he couldn't control his hatred any longer. The cold morning breeze blew along the tall branches of the pines surrounding the cottage, announcing the winter. The faint distinguishing gallop of a horse could be heard not far from his property. The subtle scamper suggested an animal of a superior breed and its rider to be of an important status, military no doubt. The elegant animal pulled by the stables when the rider silently dismounted away from Hannibal line of vision. However Hannibal knew who he was without looking.

- "Keeping yourself in shape I see"- the man chuckled nervously, testing Hannibal's mood searching for a sign of friendly greeting.

Hannibal however didn't make a move to welcome his guest much less bother to look at him.

-"I don't know why you became a doctor, the way you swing that axe you were better off employed as the town executioner "- The man slowly approach.

- "What do you want, Jack?"- He grabbed a large piece of wood, heavily dropping it in place.

Jack Crawford was the captain of the King´s Guard. He grow up in the humble village but his devotion and gifted sword skills earned him a place in His Majesty army soon after he reached manhood. Any problems relative with the law had to be solved with him before reaching the king´s ears.

- "*Grutas Droogs* have been around again…"- Jack said.

Hannibal knew that name too well, a name spit by the villagers with disgust, a group of bandits with no humanity or morals. They terrorized the village for years, robbing the harvests, shooting the cattle with crossbows for fun, beating old folks that cross their path. Hannibal knew better than anyone since he assisted the villagers, patching them up, healing their wounds, grabbing the hand of the young girls while he softly explain to them what was growing in their bellies, fruit of a barbaric act. No one knew better than him how their violence had no limits and he saw it two months ago when they came during the night, beating him up, snatching his innocent little sister from her bed and killing her in cold blood.

- "I know your cottage is far from the village but I want it to make sure. Last month they robbed a few houses, beaten some of the town folks. The people are scared Hannibal."

- "Jack! They are outlaws! They wander around and cause trouble. They are probably hiding somewhere for the winter. What they do it's not my concern. Unless any of the villagers need medical assistance I suggest you leave!"

- "Hannibal…"- Jack paused a little, trying to find the right words. - "... I know what they did to you! I know you are grieving her loss…"

Lecter clinched the axe tighter to him. This was a topic he didn't want to get into.

- "I´m sorry I couldn't get to you in time…"- He said placing a warm hand on the man´s damped shoulder.-" What happened to Misha was barbaric…"

Furious, the doctor shoved the axe aside and with a loud growl he turned around facing the other man.

- “DO NOT SPEAK **HER NAME**!"- He spat the words on the other man´s face, pointing a finger at him.-"You have no right! I warned you before to take this matter to the King´s guard and have them arrested. I told you that one day they would step all boundaries and kill someone if we let them…But you refuse to step up and inform the King of their activities!”

- “It wouldn't have made a difference."- Jack babbled, trying to excuse his lack of action.- "They don’t pose a direct threat to His Majesty. Nothing would have change!”

Hannibal grabbed Jack shirt and shoved him against the nearest tree.

- “They would have been executed years ago! We would still have our livestock that they stole! Maidens would still have their virginity intact that they raped! We would still have peace! I would still have Micha here! Her blood is on your hands! Your hands Jack! ”

Loosening his grip with a shaky hand, Hannibal stepped away, still keeping eye contact and stabbing the cornered man in place. Jack said nothing while Hannibal walked in small circles, pushing his hair back, trying to gather his thoughts.

- “I hope they suffer the most slow and agonizing death possible. I hope they are in a ditch somewhere with their guts spilt open. Rotting away in the sun where their stench can’t reach us…”- He whispered.

– “… I couldn’t even make her a proper burial Jack…I don’t know where her body lies. ”- He looked up, his voice breaking. - “I want it to kiss her forehead and tell her that everything was alright. I want it to see her chase after boys and hold her hand when she wed.”

Jack just stared at him, that self-control, that discipline and calm while everyone was afraid. Gone. For the first time he saw in Hannibal nothing more than a broken man… A man that had nothing to lose and that alone made him unpredictable and dangerous.

- - -

Foxglove, the grey *Orlov Trotter* horse, released a pleasing sign when the brush met his velvet fur along his back. The magnificent animal was a gift from a dying villager on his death bed, who didn’t trust no one but Hannibal to look after the stallion after his death. A remarkable and loyal animal, Hannibal let Micha choose the name of course, small indulgences to his little sister was what kept him alive at the end of a days’ work. She loved the animal. It always brought joy to their peaceful life, especially after Hannibal learned that his little sister sneaked to the stable at night and he would find her sleeping with the young stud resting his head on her small body to keep her warm. Remains of her laughter still echoed in the stable even after her death.

After Jack´s departure, Hannibal attended to the animal´s stall, replacing the old straw bed with a new one and cleaning the drinking barrel. Placing the saddle on its back, Hannibal adjusted the billet straps around the horse´s belly, making sure it was steady but not too tight. The saddle bags were next, secured with more billets strings copulated to the saddle, nesting his old crossbow and

axe. If by chance anyone saw him they would presume he was getting ready for a fox hunt. Hannibal grabbed the black heavy coat spreading it around his shoulders and putting a foot on the stirrup he mount Foxglove and drove off to a full run.

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Will Graham

Fainted sounds reached Will´s ears slowly shaking him out of unconscious. His head was in extreme agony and felt like it had being cracked open repeatedly. He tried to open his eyes but soon regretted when the bright sun light stabbed his corneas like a thousand needles, making him grunt in pain. His body ache to the point where Will didn't recognize his own body anymore. When he touched the back of his skull his hand came up completely covered in blood and he was sure that it was broken. Examining carefully his surroundings, Will notice he was laying on a hole, some kind of trap, a Wolf Pit. The agonizing ache reached along the back of his skull and so did his memory - he had fallen into the pit while tagging along with Grutas and his gang. They were crossing the woods and avoiding the roads so they wouldn't be detected especially on foot. They always had a specific path that they took to cross the dense forest to avoid the King´s soldiers. He last remembered the leader talking about their hide out for the winter up in the mountains when he felt the ground collapse underneath him and swallowing all five men and everything turning black.

Looking over his shoulder, Will sees Milko on the floor of the pit right next to him, lying with his emotionless eyes and his head bend at an impossible angle. Dead. An elbow connects with Will´s back when Grutas shoved Will out of the way followed by Dortlich has they both try desperately to climb the hole struggling to get out. Staring further up, he spots Kolnas out of the pit and fighting a man not very much taller than him. The man´s coat waved through the air while he moved in an agile manner. His silhouette looked familiar to Will´s blurring eyes. Kolnas launch forward him swinging his knife determinate to stab the man´s abdomen but the stranger had the upper hand. He dodged the attack, shifting behind Kolnas´s dull body and, with one open blow, he sliced Kolna´s right calf. A shiver slide down Will´s spine, hearing the painful groan escaping Kolna´s throat when the brute felt to the ground in agony. The stranger circled the bloody man while he tried to crawl away, leaving a bloody trail behind. The axe glowed red as it stained the cold breeze with the heavy scent of copper. The way the man gripped the dripping axe and his agile body moved powerful and controled, made the boy shiver at the realization. Will knew the man before him - Hannibal Lecter - One of the victims of their gang.

That night before the attack, the group had waited outside Hannibal´s cottage, hiding in the woods as they studied his routine. Will never approved of Grutas´s sadistic tendencies but he knew he couldn't survive on his own. Since birth he wasn't welcomed anywhere. While Will was on watch, he vividly remembered seeing Hannibal chopping the season wood. In genuine curiosity he let himself study the man´s anatomy with an open mouth while Hannibal´s lifted the axe and brought it down cutting the air between it. The tight muscles embracing his ribs felt like he was carved to perfection. The sweat sliding erotically along his spine, the tanned skin covered with a thin layer of sweat and dirt glowed in intense shades of gold. His strong biceps clenching while he enveloped the heavy branches in his arms, letting out a low groan while he piles them against the lodge.

Will mewled, feeling the pre-cum stain his trousers underneath the moisturized grass, he didn´t understand why he was feeling all these emotions from eyeing the man but he didn´t care, he kept humping the soil, hidden from view while he ogled the man. He couldn´t stop, he was so close. He moved his hips more eagerly, pawing at the grass and biting on his hand to avoid getting discover. He imagined what it would feel like having those arms around another warm body, embracing them and pinning them down. This was dangerous, Will feared this man the most, especially the effect he had on his body.

However his handsome features and masculine posture was replaced by a death glace as Hannibal looked down the pit, finally acknowledging Will´s presence, locking their eyes. The man´s features were cold almost unhuman, his dead and unreadable eyes pinned Will in place. He wasn't a man… not anymore…the man that lay before him was a predator…a Beast designed to kill. Hannibal´s hand gripped the axe handle tighter, bringing the sharp blade up and aiming at the back of Kolnas´s skull. Fear invaded Will when the realization of what was unfolding set in, making his survival instincts kick in and force Will to make the decision and climb the pit. His slender fingers reach out to grab a salient root, pulling himself out, his shoulder felt like it was being ripped off his socket as he pushed his body up. Behind him he could still hear Kolnas struggling to flee, wiggling his trapped body against the dirt, pleading for his life. And as Will reaches the top of the pit the axe comes down, cracking the man´s skull while the sound of bone breaking echoes into the forest. Standing up on shaky legs, Will starts running as fast as his legs can carry him. He can't stop and he can't look back.

Hannibal

With a wet sound, Hannibal detaches the blade from Kolnas´s head while he hears the boy trying to run away from him. He walks to Foxglove, retrieving the crossbow from the saddle. With precision, he aims at his target and pulls the trigger, the crescent point arrow comes flying, ripping the air on command and finally connects with Will´s left thigh making him stumble to the floor. He knows the boy is still conscious but unable to run. Hannibal placed the crossbow back in the saddle bag, petting the nose of the inpatient animal. The axe handle was still warm when he picked it up again, slowly walking towards the boy while he groans in distress and tries to crawl away. The sound of crushing leaves under Hannibal´s boot gradually becomes louder and louder to Will´s sensitive ears, making him shiver with anticipation.

- "...Please…"- Will whispered, barely audible.

Seeing the boy quivering and begging for his life aroused Hannibal´s dominant nature, like making his prey acknowledge its fate in a torturous waiting before the final attack. He was going to enjoy breaking the boy, slowily and make him pay for what he did. He would learn while writhing under his boot. And it starts now! Reaching Will´s side, he placed his foot in front of the youngster face, blocking his way and preventing him from crawling any further.

- "You´re wasting your breath, boy!"- Hannibal calmly said, resting one knee against the soft moss soil.-"No one is up there listening."

Suddenly Will´s face was pushed down against the dirt when Lecter gripped the back of his neck. He could feel his rapid pulse beating against his hand, submissive like a cornered animal. Will wants to tell him to stop,to beg and ask for forgiveness but doesn´t get the chance to when a sharp whine is ripped from him, his vision turned white when Hannibal´s thumb pressed the open wound

on his skull while still pinning him to the ground. A cry escaped his sore throat as he struggled against his hold. Finally letting go, Hannibal grabbed the axe and with one swift blow he hit the back of the boy´s skull, knocking him unconscious.

To be continued…

Dead Man´s Promise

Chapter Notes

Hello Darlings!
I hope everybody is doing well. I think today´s image really worked out great with the chapter itself. What do you think? :) .
Please leave a comment so I know what you think.

Bey for now ;)

Chapter 2

"Dead Man´s Promise"

The intoxicating smell of burning wood filled the cold morning breeze, the fire crackled around the coppered cauldron, boiling its contents as the leaves of arnica and stinging nettle had long turned a dark green shade, all blended in a wet slimy paste. The sweet fresh scent dispersed through the tall pines surrounding the cottage, reaching Hannibal´s nostrils and calming his senses as he sat down on the old tree trunk near the fire, elbows resting over his thighs while he pealed an apple. Cutting it, he guide a slice to his mouth, biting and letting the juice run along his beard chin while he

waited for the herbal mixture to boil properly. Ahead, stood the unconscious kid with his back against a tree.

He eyed the knotted out boy across from him, an old grey shirt stained with blood covered his torso, it was clear it wasn´t his to begin with, the rag was at least three sizes too large and probably belonging to a much taller person. Hannibal would bet his left eye the bloody rags were stolen along with any other possessions the boy might carry. A full beard darken his young face but even that couldn't hide the fact that the criminal before him was just a kid. A child that murdered another child. Looking further down, his marrow eyes stopped at the naked thighs, his trousers had been remove in order to clean the wound, after removing the arrow with surgical precision, Hannibal had addressed the injury, cleaning the dry layer of dirt as it revealed pure white skin. Skin that never met the harsh sun or the bitter reality of a hard day's work. Looking back again at the culprit´s face, the boy´s features contracted a little and the shoulders convulsed slightly.

Will woke up startle, gasping for air as he looked around confused. His throat felt like hot sand was forcedly shoved in, scratching the sore muscles there. Will brought his hands to his neck massaging the skin to relieve the discomfort but met cold metal instead, inspecting the device he realized he was chained to the tree behind him, the heavy chain clutched around the tree, the U-shape of the shackle was sealed with a firm bolt, screwed at the end of his neck leaving just enough space for Will to turn his shoulders around.

A crunchy sound pulled Will from his thoughts, the knife carved a shiny metal line into the half eaten fruit giving away Hannibal´s presence. Frightened, Will attempt to crawl away even though the man made no attempt to even look at him. The dirt under him scratched the back of his legs and ass as he realized with horror he was naked from the waist down. The quick movement made Will nauseous, his head felt like it was going to explode since the wound was still left untreated. The blood from the fall had long dried gluing his curls together, forming thick hard strands.

- "I´m not going to insult your intelligence by assuming you don't know the gravity of the situation you're in." - Hannibal said motionless, eying the apple and rotating it to reach the other untouched side. – "However, I am going to *make* sure you pay for what you did."

Silence stood between them while Will eyed Hannibal, the boy hugged himself, trying to look small with the man´s dangerous gaze on him. He felt naked.

- "...Y-You shot an arrow threw my leg and killed two of my companions... W-Why would I listen to anything you say?" - Will whispered trying to mask the fear.

Hannibal wagged the blade, getting rid of the juice covering it and still not looking at the cornered kid trying to put on a brave front.

- "That wound there is infected." - Hannibal said pointing the knife at the kid´s head, still not making eye contact. – "Now if I leave it as it is it´s going to start swelling, you will feel nauseous and fever will set in. Then the pain will increase as the infection spreads to your brain, attacking your eyesight." – Hannibal draw circles in the air with the blade. Will tensed visibly fearful of the truth in those words.

- "Slowly it will start giving off an unpleasant odor but, luckily for you, you won't be able to smell it seeing that your parietal lobe, responsible for the five senses, had been badly damaged by then. And by night fall… you will be *begging me* to chop off your head just to escape the pain." – Hannibal finally met Will´s eyes, the corner of his mouth raised slightly when he studied the young man´s reaction. He had visibly paled, conflicted with his own thoughts.

Will was confused with the man´s actions, he knew he had wronged him but he hadn't killed him or turn him in. Why? Did Hannibal wanted for him to beg to address his wound?

- “I presume you won´t hand me to the king´s guards since you would have done it by now.” - Will whispered, looking at the ground to escape the predatory gaze the older man was giving him.

- “You presume correctly!” - Hannibal said, throwing away the remains of the apple and freeing his hand to grab the knife with both.

Will began to chew the inside of his cheek, turning his head to the side and trying to understand the older man´s thinking. He wasn´t going to be send to the gallows, Hannibal made that clear.

- “What are you going to do to me? “- Will sighted, pulling at his over-sized shirt trying to cover his exposed thighs.

- “As of now, you and your *droogs* are dead! I buried you in that pit.”– He paused, waiting for the words to sink in. – “Starting now you will work on my property and you will not rest until I see fit. By my hand, you will know pain and you will know suffering. You won´t receive any mercy from me! And if you slack off or even think about defying me, I will whip you, boy! And after your debt is paid, I will sell you to the worst whorehouse in the kingdom, where you will spend the rest of your days being fucked and bred by pig-like men and probably die of syphilis in less than a year.” – Hannibal finished with no remorse.

- “Y-You can´t do that! You have no right!” – Will shouted out, censoring the man before him, however Hannibal responded with a death glace which stopped Will on his tracks.

– “Don´t test me, boy!” – Hannibal growled between clenched teeth. – “A fucker like you doesn´t get to tell me what I can or can´t do. You made this your problem when you murdered Mischa. You owe me for my sister´s death!”

– “No! You got it all wrong! I didn´t…”-

- “Keep your mouth shut! Unless you want me to put it to a better use.” – Hannibal raised his voice slightly.

Will blushed a little at the image forcibly penetrating his mind, constructing Hannibal´s words when he saw himself on his knees and the man grabbing his hair and violently forcing his mouth to move around his pulsing cock. It was obscene.

– “...What do you want from me?" - Will asked, trying to bargain information for his freedom.- "Do you seek Grutas´s hideout? Is that what this is about?”

- “No.” - Hannibal said bluntly. – “There will come a time when I will demand a few answers from you and you *will* give them, either by your mouth or with your body.”

- “...T-Then what is it you want now?”-

- “I want you to answer me one question. “- Hannibal said, lifting his index up. – “What was your role in Grutas gang?”

- “What?” - Confusion stroked Will. That was not the question he was waiting for.

Hannibal stood up resting the old knife on top of a stone around the fire as the flames embraced the tip of the blade.

- “Bandits like Grutas have a smart way of operating, since they have to be on constant alert to avoid getting spotted they rely on one simple rule - the less members in the pack the harder it is to catch them.” - Hannibal explained.

That meant less mouths to feed therefore the stolen food lasted longer. So each member had a particular set of skills that was useful to the group. Grutas the leader, made the decisions, Kolnas was the muscle in the pack if brutal strength was ever need it. Dortlich, the swindler, con people to make money and Milko with his scrawny body was perfect to sneak up a window and robbed the villagers’ blind.

Retrieving the blade, the tip glowed in a bright orange and yellow while Hannibal walked to Will, stopping in front of him. The boy look up shaking in his restrains and struggling to keep eye contact.

- “I´m curious. Where did you fit into? Grutas didn’t managed a charity group, so a skinny runt like you had a purpose in the pack. My question is…what?”

Hannibal regarded his body again, eying him up and down while he shivered, Will detected the curiosity in the older man´s eyes along with desire, but couldn’t tell if it was desire for blood or carnal…or both. Will managed a shaky breath as he mustered the confidence to defend his role.

- “...I was the hunter.” - He said proudly as silence stood briefly between them once more.

- “How about that!” – Hannibal smirked wickedly showing off his canines. – “I would have assumed you were the fuck boy, considering you’re boyish looks, one wouldn’t find difficult imagining you on all fours and taking them one by one or all together.”

Hannibal spot the anger in the kid´s eyes, he welcomed it. This kid was arrogant and still tried to defend his actions with a brave face. He wanted to silence him and destroy his pride. He had no right to hold on to it.

- “You do have a high opinion off me, don´t you old man?” - Will replied biting the sarcasm, offended by the comment. His voice came out low while he stared at Hannibal, his neck tensing with the angle the chain had to offer.

Hannibal features tensed, returning to stone, that struck a nerve. Hannibal kneeled down, resting his knee between the young man´s legs, forcing the rough material to brush against the milky thighs. Unconsciously, Will spread his legs to avoid the man´s knee knocking into his bandaged leg and soon regretted. Hannibal´s hand grabbed Will´s hair roughly shoving the boy´s head against his chest, exposing his open wound to him, immobilizing him in place.

- “I hope this hurts!”- Hannibal hissed behind clenched teeth.

Will struggled against his hold, scratching the man´s arms and trying to free himself while he eyed the steaming hot blade when Hannibal guide it close to his skull.

- “Stop! W-What are you doing?”- Panic set in, he could feel the heat kissing the injury and then the pain penetrated him, stabbing all his nerves.

A loud scream escaped his bruised throat when the blade pressed against his skull, shaking him to his very core.

- “Endure it!” – Hannibal hissed, cauterizing the wound.

He worked the blade in series of two to three seconds against the skin, stopping the hemorrhage and further blood loss. Every time he felt the boy jerking violently against his hold, scratching Hannibal´s back and shoulders, his ear rang with very yowl until the kid´s voice finally broke down. Finishing up, he applied the still warm herbal paste, spreading it around the now closed injury. The paste would help heal the scalp and prevent further infections. The boy had long turn limp in his arms, his eyes were unfocused since the pain was too great and almost knocked him unconscious. Hannibal placed the hand on the end of the chain releasing it from around the tree but still keeping the other end attached to the kid´s neck.

- “…Y-You fucking bastard…”- Will spat breathless before his jaw was captured between Hannibal ´s hand, Will whined at the powerful grip while fingers dig into his cheeks forcing him to look at the man.

- “You have a foul mouth, kid! You clearly lack discipline.”- Hannibal said dryly, slightly angered.

Grabbing Will´s arms he pushed the boy on his feet making Will hobbled when he felt the stitches on his thigh stretch the skin a little too much for comfort. However he had little time to register when Hannibal lifted him up his shoulder and walked toward the cottage.

- “You son of a bitch! Put me down! You can´t treat me like this!”- Will squirmed, throwing kicks, bashing his fists against Hannibal´s shoulders. A low breeze lifted Will´s shirt exposing his bare ass and making him blush, worse was the heat coming from Hannibal´s hand, holding him steady right below his ass cheek. He growled furiously trying to push the thin piece of cloth down but the position made it impossible.

- “I’m going to teach you some manners.”- Hannibal said and threw Will in the horse´s trough.

The water spilled everywhere while he tried to lift himself up and out of the tank just to have Hannibal grab him by the shackle and throw him back in. Coughing, the boy crawled at Hannibal´s hands.

- “First, we are going to scrub the filth out of you!”- Hannibal grinned at the usefulness struggles while he harshly rubbed a piece of cloth against the kid´s body.

Will growled and squirmed in frustration, the harsh texture of the fabric hurt his sensitive skin, leaving long red lines along his torso and back. The older man pinned him in place blocking his attempts with his body. If the runt wanted to escape he had to crawl his way up Hannibal´s figure.

-“You pig! ”- Will screamed, completely out of control.

Hannibal grabbed his hair once more, tilting the head to force them to make eye-contact.

-“It seems your learning ability is low!”- He shoved the cloth inside Will´s mouth, gagging the boy at the same time he stared at him, studying the icy eyes boring into him, the rage overflowed from his bright blue orbits, stabbing him in place.

The boy got fire he would give him that. Hannibal didn’t want to admit it but he found it amusing, thrilling even desirable. Suddenly, a punch collided with Hannibal´s jaw and brought him back to reality, the kid actually managed the courage to hit him. The doctor couldn´t understand it. The boy was wounded, shamed and reduced to nothing but a prisoner, with no right to live or to object the fate that brought them together, yet he fought against him as if he had the right. It enraged Hannibal. He grabbed the chain and yanked it with one strong pull as Will´s body jerked backwards falling off the thick wooden trough and hit the ground. His body rolled across the floor while Hannibal yanked him towards the small lodge attached to the stable and shoved the struggling young man inside, chaining him to the wall like livestock. He turned and left, leaving the kid panting on the floor, cursing and striking his fists on the stone cold floor while he howled in anger, not accepting his fate.

To be continued…

Bad Seed

Chapter Notes

Hello darlings,
I'm so sorry for the late updated. But I wasn´t liking the course of thoughts that I was writing for this chapter and the Photoshop took a while to. But I think you will love it.
And you guys deserve the best :)
Please comment to tell me what you think.
Bye for now :)

Chapter 3

"Bad Seed"

Today wasn´t a good day, the senseless nightmares kept the doctor awake, he tossed and turned in bed unable to fall asleep and all the racket the brat kept doing, hitting his fists against the wall and yelling all night long didnt seem to help him either. He was in a terrible mood, every sound seemed to buzz in his ears generating a powerful headache and made him highly irritable. And to make it

worse, the constant insults and struggles coming from the runt only resulted to infuriate him more. It annoyed him seeing the boy complaining and constantly pulling the damn fabric to hide his nakedness as if he had the right to fight back or hold an opinion about anything. If this kept going he wouldn't get any work done.

In one quick move, he freed the boy from the garment, ripping it in two and leaving him completely naked out in the open. Will began to curse and struggle to keep his dignity, insulting him with every word he knew but Hannibal wasn't getting none of it. The slap echoed around the cottage when he connected the back of his hand against the boy´s cheek, the impact was so intense that made Will stumble to the side almost falling over. The young man looked at him with disgust, holding his bruised cheek but dared not to say anything. Throwing him an old white shirt and pants, he hurried him to get dress while he finished eating the slice of cheese and ham, breakfast that the boy wasn't going to get for his defiance.

It was still dark out, when they started the work around the cottage, a harsh winter was ahead of them and going to town to buy supplies was going to be nearly impossible after the snow settle. The wooden barrel needed to be filled with fresh water from the nearby stream before the river froze, all windows had to be closed and covered with a thick layer of moss to isolate the heat inside the cottage and prevent the cold from crawling inside. Therefore they had to work hard and fast it they expected to survive.

The old field crops had to be removed to lay out the winter garden for the cold season and the rotten vegetables would help fertilize the new soil. And they had to find a solution for the crows that longed destroyed what was left of it. However, late Fall was the best time to prepare the soil before winter set in, which met they were far behind schedule. Furthermore Hannibal was determent to make sure the runt suffered and earned for the food he ate along the process. He wasn't a guest! he was his prisoner deprived of all rights, pride and free will.

Grabbing the hoes, they launched the tools into the soil, ripping the roots out. With the lack of maintenance the ground had gone dry turning it almost sterile. Hannibal kept the boy at close range, he was in no mood to run after him if he decided to flee, although he wouldn't go far considering his injured leg, it would be fairly easy to catch him and punish him severely afterwards. Resting his hands on the wooden tool handle, Hannibal took a few minutes to eye his prisoner, the slap he gave him earlier was clearly visible and the area was red and a little swollen. Occasionally he caught the boy rubbing the bruised cheek with the back of his hand in an attempt to relieve the pain switching a few times to his empty stomach and massaging his belly.

Lecter picked a half rotten onion nearby and threw it at him, hitting the distracted kid square in the head, inches from his previous wound. A cloud of dirt fell around him as he turned surprised, eyes frowning while he waited for an explanation.

- "Did I tell you to rest?" – Hannibal said dryly.

Will looked enraged, he seemed to be thinking on a reply but said nothing. Instead he turned away not saying a word and kept chopping the roots with more anger and determination. The doctor wouldn't be surprised if the young man was replacing the roots with the image of his face and used it as target practice. One good thing came with it, the kid worked faster and harder.

- "...This is pointless."- Will whispered, letting out a sight. Guess his cheek didn't sting anymore.

-"Are you talking back to me, kid?"- Hannibal spoke angry, raising his voice.

In three long steps he reached the boy, towering over him. Will, anxiously took a step back but stood his ground.

- "...Y-You do realize that unless we take care of these crows they will continue to destroy the crops and our work will go to waste."- Will said annoyed, neck bent slightly upwards.

- "What the hell does a runt like you, who never worked a day in his life, knows about hard labor?"- Lecter growled.

- "Don´t assume to know how I´ve lived my life just because of my youth! I´ve worked hard ever since I was very young."- Will matched the tone of his voice, slightly rising it.

- "Is that so? Doing what? Stealing? Beating the beggars and old villagers? - Hannibal came one step closer, their noses inches from each other.

- "Did you broke a sweat while dragging the young maidens into the fields, while they struggled and begged as you drove your cock into them mercilessly? All five of you taking turns, pinning their hands and spreading their legs."

- "I never touched them!"- Will screamed in his face.

- "You keep repeating yourself. You say you never killed and you never raped. I´m starting to suspect you weren't in that group to begin with. - Hannibal growled behind clenched teeth.- "But then again…I remember... I remember you dragging my 6 year-old sister out of the house as she screamed!"

Will chin was quivering, shaking with anger, if the kid really thought he was innocent then why didn't he explained what happened that night. All his defenses were base in denial senses, it lacked valid arguments. It was clear to Hannibal he was hiding something.

-"You spent your life stepping on other people´s heads and when someone else steps on yours you can´t accept it. You are a parasite. A vermin that feeds on the weak to survive. That left out what are you? …Nothing. You know nothing of life, boy."

-"I have a name! It´s Will! Will Graham! It´s not boy or kid! – The young man exploded.

- "You're no one! NO ONE! Your name means nothing, not even to carve it on a grave stone, because if reality hasn't sink in yet, rats like you get sent to the gallows and thrown into mass graves. You will never be loved or missed." – Hannibal shoved a finger against Will´s chest, poking him hard.

– "…and as for the crows, I suggest you get back to work before I impale you on a stick right here on this field and let them pluck at your flesh while you´re still breathing. At least they would leave the crops alone while busy eating you, *boy*! - The older man said stepping away.

-"And so that we are on the same page, that last argument just cost you your meal."- Lecter finished pointing the finger at the boy and walked away.

Will clenched the hoe and got back to work, the dark layer of dirt and soil over his hands weren't enough to mask the white knuckles underneath while he furiously drove the tool repeatedly against the soil, fighting against himself to not speak another word.

- - -

Ploughing took most of the day as they headed to the stable, the manure had to be removed and spread in the field to fasten the growth. Foxglove greeted his master with a excited neigh when they entered. Hannibal placed both his hands on the stallion's neck, petting him there. The animal snored, pulling his ears back as he looked at the boy, it felt suspicious of the stranger´s presence. The corner of Lecter´s mouth pulled up in a smirk, rubbing the grey fur more vigorously and he rewarded the horse´s reaction reguarding the runt.

Piercing the heap, Will worked the dirty straw with the pitchfork, his arms were shaking with every lift, spilling most of it to the ground and Hannibal could tell he was slowly breaking. Comparing the feisty and prideful kid from this morning, what lay before him was nothing more than a dirty runt covered with filth and sweat from head to toe. His breath was coming out in short pants, he was clearly exhausted, starved and thirsty. He kept picking his mouth, licking his dry lips in an attempt to moisture them, his tongue was red and swollen, clearly the brat had bitten it feeling guilty from earlier. Self- discipline.

Will dared to glace up at Lecter while the older man rested in the nearby bench, stroking the animal ´s neck at the same time he eyed the boy. They kept their gaze in silence, it seemed the brat had still something to saygiving the challenging gaze the kid was giving him. Slowly Hannibal reached for the leather sack around his waist. Opening it, the young blue orbits trail the desirable object from the other man´s hand when he brought it to his lips drinking from its contents but never breaking eye contact. Will´s throat muscles involuntarily swallowed, mimicking the movement while Lecter ´s Adam's apple bobbed up and down, letting the cold liquid drip along his throat. After a few good gulps he stretched his arm in attempt for the boy to reach it. But before the kid could grab it, Hannibal turned his hand and emptied the water sack on the floor, the liquid came crashing down, wasted, while the boy still kept his arm up. No insult, or slap or brutal manifestation of violence could have done more harm to Will than that simple act.

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The sun was starting to hang low, wrapping the forest with heavy shades of purple and giving off a sinister look to the landscape. The cold wind traveled along the woods, shaking the field and lifting the dirt from the fresh worked soil.

Will was dragging his legs, his knees buckled under him trying to follow Hannibal as they reached the front of the cottage. Finally the day´s work was done. Hannibal opened the door and stepped inside, Will was about to enter, when Hannibal stopped him, pushing his hand roughly against the kid´s thorax.

- “The barrel there … clean yourself up! I don’t want you dirtying my house more than you already had.” - Lecter said pointing at the old oak barrel outside as he entered the house and closed the door in the boy´s face. Will had the impression Hannibal spoke the words with more than just a literal meaning to them.

Bending over the water barrel, Will didn´t waste time as he lunged his head inside, spilling the water around him. His hands gripped the wood, supporting his weight and avoiding from falling in. He didn´t care if the other man was looking through the window, judging his pathetic behavior and his desperation. He didn´t mind the leaves floating at the surface that crawled into his mouth while he took large gulps of water, drowning his thirst. Next, he threw his shirt aside, scrubbing his skin like the devil was underneath it.

Hannibal was by the fireplace, stirring the cauldron when Will entered the house, and smelled the sweet smell of stewed carrots saturating the small cottage. Taking long deep breaths, his mouth watered and his stomach protested giving a loud growl. Lecter eyed him up and down, analysing Will´s clean figure, the kid had pulled his hair back, soft wet curls glowed with the light from the fire as they dripped along his slender neck down. He was still wearing the dirty clothes he had lend to him this morning and he wasn't going to give him more than he deserves, plus the dirty rags matched the kid´s rotten and prideful spirit.

Bringing the spoon to his lips, Hannibal tasted the flavor, the broth seemed to be ready although the potatoes were still undercooked, he had time to bathe before they were ready. He grabbed a fresh pair of clothes and headed for the door briefly stopping in front Will. The older man towered over him, trapping the boy between the wooden log wall and his body as he delivered a clear message – Behave – his eyes warned before leaving the house.

Alone, Will took the opportunity to look around the room, the bright flames painted the wooden walls in colorful shades of yellow, creating dancing shadows against the wood pile beside it. The room was filled with warmth and the light pleasant scent of dry-herbs. He could point out the fresh smell of rosemary and drill filling the air as they hanged upside down attached to the low ceiling. It was cozy, warm, perfect…a home, not the dark, freezing room he remembered from that night two months ago. He leaned against the wooden pillar in the middle of the room, placing his hands over his face and rubbing it vigorously. He didn´t what to remembered it. That night. He knew he had to explain what happened…but not now, Hannibal wasn´t ready and neither was he.

Will turn his head to the window in the farthest corner of the room, an animal was howling not far from the cottage, he innocently smiled recognizing the sound of a coyote wandering around the woods. Below the window stood the bed not very big but spacious enough for two people, it was enough for Hannibal and Mischa. Will reached the side of the bed sitting in the corner. The bed was unmade since this morning and cold to the touch as Will travelled the soft white linens with his hand.

THUNK

The loud noise made Will jump to his feet as Hannibal stood by the door still clenching the handle with brutal strength. He was pissed, his features were hard and his eyes almost stabbed him in placed. Will shivered visibly in place, his naive curiosity had taken the best of him and he knew he shouldn´t have wandered around the room without permission. It was obvious he was displeased to see Will near his sister´s things.

- “Sit down!”- Lecter hissed, pointing a finger at the heavy wooden table in the middle of the small room.

The boy did as he was told, resting his body on the hard cold surface of the bench, Will´s eyes followed Hannibal while he stirred the food, giving one final look at the cooked potatoes. Facing the fire, the light from the flames shined through the thin white fabric of Hannibal´s shirt outlining his silhouette. His broad shoulders blocked the light from reaching the corners of the room, his long hair drips along his shoulders and the fabric molds itself to his back, still wet and revealing the tanned skin and muscle. Will lets out a small moan when he feels his cock shifting with interest in his pants. NO NO NO NOT NOW! he thought pulling his shirt down as one shoulder peaked out over the large collar of the fabric.

The other man however didn´t seemed to notice as he grabs a bowl and fills it with a large portion of stew, one bowl. Will clenched his hands impossibly close to his body when he heard the other man approaching the table. He lowers his head and hopes the doctor doesn’t see the blush on his cheeks or the bulge in his trousers.

The spoon and knife laid at the side of the table and the bowl stood in the middle near Lecter but close enough for the starved kid to smell and reach it… if he dared. Hannibal sat on the opposite bench, leaning his head back and stretching his neck. He let the tension go with a tired sigh, it had been a harsh day but they managed to secure the field and work the soil and with a little luck they might survive this winter. Mischa would have been proud. Hannibal opened his eyes when he heard the boy shifting in his seat across from him. Lecter crossed his arms, his shoulders pushed back exhaling a dominant posture while he examined the scrawny runt.

-“Tiring, isn't it?”-Hannibal questioned. - “Doing honest work to be able to put food on the table. It’s better than stealing!”

He saw the kid frown in frustration and tensed his shoulders, clearly not liking to be confronted but he had no right to protest.

-“You worked hard yet you don´t get to eat because of your prideful mouth! So I guess today's lesson was learned.”- He reprehended without seeing the kid refute.

The runt just kept to himself but even though the doctor couldn’t see his hands under the table, he knew the arrogant thief was clenching his fists and trying to suppress his anger. He liked it. To have control over the kid, he wanted for him to step out of line so he could punish him more and he wondered how much he could push him before the runt snapped.

-“Although if you feel the need to verbalize your opinion again I will be more than happy to cut your meals again tomorrow.”- Lecter smirked leaning his head to the side, rubbing his chin. - “Not that you need food since your pride is the only thing you seem to cling onto.”

-“… That's enough...”- Will whispered.

-“Are you trying to pick a fight with me, runt?”- Lecter hissed, raising his voice a little and slamming his hand on the table.-“Do I need to tell you again where you stand?”

Hannibal rested his elbows on the table, leaning forward to invade the little thief´s personal space.

-“Obedience, Respect and Silence! That´s what you owe me as my prisoner!”- He grumbled, raising a finger. - “You came into my house uninvited and stole the only thing I loved the most!

You don’t get to speak or question my orders!”

Lecter shifted his weight on the bench while he took a piece of cloth from his pocket, unfolding it and throwing it violently on the table in front of Will along with a dark piece of wood charcoal.

-“I’m done arguing with you! You´re going to write these words down and carry them with you at all times.”- He hissed, taping his fingers on the cloth. - “So that next time you think about defying me you will remember this talk and bite your tongue!”

Hannibal saw the kid frown at his order but still he did not move or took the charcoal. Instead the runt lowered his gaze, not because he was deciding to act but because something was preventing him to do the task at hand. The kid´s actions sparked curiosity in him and then Lecter realized the issue and let out a pitiful sigh.

-“You can´t write or read!”- Hannibal conclude, crossing his arms over his chest clearly amused when the kid trembled visibly with discontent not liking to have his weaknesses on display.

Hannibal´s provocations seemed to be draining him of the last shred of patience. He distracted his mind and focused on the cold blade of Hannibal´s knife resting on the table, the same one used to cauterize his wound yesterday.

- “I´m not surprised since education is reserved to higher birth.”- Hannibal mocked. – “However it annoys me seeing a prideful thief with no achievements, who lives a life of crime, clinging to a name that he can’t even spell.”

The comment cut Will like a knife. All his life people looked down on him, saying he would never amount to anything. Especially by his mother, he never knew love or motherly affection on a cold winter´s night. The kids in the village didn´t want to have anything to do with him, calling him an illegitimate child. Not having a place in society or a name to honor met not existing at all. The only place he felt he wasn’t invisible was with Grutas and his group since he served a solid purpose. But he could never explain it to Hannibal, they had different ways of thinking when it came to survival. The man before him would never know what it felt to carry around an empty name. Will finally faced Hannibal, clenching his fists in a fighting position, challenging him.

- “I don’t need to know how to write if I decide to slit your throat while you sleep.”- Will hissed behind close teeth.

- “Try it then!”- He challenged him with a low and dangerous growl.

In one quick movement Will launch himself forward, making the bench behind him fall to the ground when he gripped the knife but Hannibal cut his victory short, placing a foot on the table and shoved it forward, the heavy object screaked along the floor and came crashing into Will´s thighs with full force making the boy fall on top of the surface. Hannibal took the time to grab the boy´s wrist but Will fought him off using his free hand and aiming at his jaw in attempt to punch him. It was an ugly struggle for control, however, the doctor changed tactics. He grabbed the kid and pulled him further into the table making him bend over and settled behind him, twisting Will´s arm behind him. One small push upwards and the shoulder would pop out of joint.

The kid growled, struggling beneath him but he couldn’t move since the doctor kept pinning him down and immobilizing his wrist with his bruising grip against the table. His chest was completely

pressed on the surface, pinned against his captor´s body, caging him in place with his weight. Reality slapped him hard across the face when he felt the other man´s crotch perfectly aligned with his ass, his arched back made his hips raise up from the table, nesting Hannibal´s cock involuntary.

The warmth of the doctor´s body travelled all the way to his back, sliding along his spine as a moan escaped his throat. Will started to panic when his cock jolted in this trousers, he was losing his sanity, he felt Lecter´s breath hitting the back of his neck as they both tried to catch their breath. Will struggled, wiggling himself against Lecter to create space between them, letting out a desperate growl when Lecter twisted the boy´s arm slightly, giving it a hard, threatening pull and warning him to cease his actions.

-"Are you satisfied now? "- Hannibal finally spoke, his voice came out hoarse and husky than usual.

Will was panting, he couldn´t see Lecter´s expression but he knew the other man was mocking him.

-" You seem to enjoy this type of treatment more. I wonder…Did Grutas ever did this to you? Did he pinned you down while he rubbed his cock against you, humping you? – Hannibal thrusted his hips against Will´s to demonstrated his point.

- "Is that how he disciplined you? Did he fucked you into submission?"- Hannibal hissed close to the kid´s ear as he wiggle, growling and cursing while Lecter laugh at his fail attempts.

-"You really think I didn´t notice the little bulge in your pants earlier, when you so desperately tried to hide it? "- Hannibal whispered, trailing the tip of his nose along the back of his neck, the sweet scent of fear and arousal drowned his senses and made his mouth water. He had consider it before, he wonder how the boy would feel under him, moaning his name, riding his cock breathless as he mounted him with brutal thrusts.

-"I'm a grown man. I know exactly how to spot an aroused runt when I see one."- Hannibal said giving one last thrust before releasing the boy´s arm and lifting his weight off the young man´s back but he kept pinning him with his hips, cock firmly pressed, not giving him any possible way of escape.

Will dropped the knife to grab his left shoulder, massaging the numb area, pain came like broken glass under his skin, but he knew it wasn't dislocated. His relief didn´t last long when Hannibal grab the fabric of his trousers and yank them down, freeing his ass to the cold air of the room.

- "You fucking bastard! Stop! No!" – Will screamed, trying to kick his legs to break free, but got stranded by both Hannibal´s legs between his, spreading him wide. Giving the doctor full access to his ass and presenting him with a wonderful sight as he slide his hand along the boy´s white bottom, squeezing it, feeling the soft skin.

-"You shouldn't look at men with those lustfully eyes. You will turn them into hungry wolves."- He said lifting the corner of his mouth, wickedly.

Spreading the boy´s cheeks to examine him there. Will jolted his body, afraid. He had never been exposed like this. He felt his skin crawling as shame scratches him like a raged wave hitting the rocks at the shore. Hannibal grinned seeing how the boy blush a deep shade of red, it spread from his neck, painting his tense muscles of his back all the way to his parted cheeks. That only made the doctor´s abdomen clench in pure lust and anticipation.

Will froze, when the unmistakable sound of laces being unwrapped from the other man´s trousers reached his ears, revealing his swollen cock for the first time to the boy´s innocent eyes, pulsing every time the kid gasped as he eyed it terrified. Will yelp, resting on his elbows as he looked over his shoulder, staring at the hard member almost touching his bottom. He was big, there was no denying it. He thought he could mock the man´s size by angry him and convince him to beat him up instead. But he couldn´t. Not when the man was much thicker and a lot bigger than Will or any of his gang members. The skin there was darker too, all the way from the base stopping only at the angry red head. Will swallowed, feeling his mouth dry. Hannibal´s member hung powerful and heavy, now fully hard and leaking a hot drop of pre-cum along the head just to fall on the boy´s spread ass, waking him from his trance.

- "N-No, no, no, no. Please! Let me go! I will behave!"- He pleaded. Will shove an arm against Lecter´s abdomen, in attempt to push him away but it was futile.

-"You won´t... At least not tonight. Tonight you will take it! …You will scream and you will beg."- His voice came out aggressive – "But tomorrow, when you're working on the field, you won´t be able to move without remembering my cock buried deep inside you as my cum drips along your thighs. Then… You will behave!"

The doctor kicked Will´s foot to the side, spreading him further, lifting his trembling hips up. He hold himself in hand giving one long stroke before guiding it to the boy´s entrance. Will whine, as he felt Hannibal´s cock slide up and down his hole, spreading the wetness there. He instantly clenched down when he felt the head nudge there, pressing and demanding entrance. Slowly the boy lifted his arm, reaching behind to grab Lecter´s hand to stop him and to plead one last time. But he knew better, he knew the course of actions that were about to unfold, he retreat the hand, bracing himself on the table and hiding is face.

- "Good boy."- Hannibal evilly smirked, showing his canines.

And with one powerful thrust he buried himself inside.

To Be Continued…

Judas Goat

Chapter Notes

Hello my Darlings!!
This chapter in really OBSCENE, especially by the end, but I loved how it turned out. Also there´s a rape scene in this chapter so if you are sensitive to it ignore the text in Italic.
With each chapter I´m falling more and more in love with this story and I hope that is the case with you too.
Remember comments and Kudos, really make my day. So don´t be shy! :)
Bye for now!

Chapter 4

"Judas Goat"

Water ran down his shoulders while he rubbed the old piece of cloth violently along his naked skin. The repeated act raised rashes and scratches where he kept scrubbing. He could still smell the sweat of the other man along his skin, robbing him of his control. The weather got colder overnight, tiny snowflakes had started to fall but they were still too weak since they melted before hitting the soil. It was cold outside but it didn´t bother him as he was covered with a thick layer of

shame and disgust. He dipped the cloth in the water of the barrel and brought it back, cleaning his thighs and washing the dry mess there. It burned. The sticky semen and blood had long dried losing the shiny and moisture texture from the night before. Bringing the cloth to his face, he felt the tears run down his chin, cleaning them with it while he sobbed quietly.

His husky voice echoed inside his skull, the slapping of skin on skin, the wet moans and grunts. He gripped the barrel, digging the nails there while the other hand cleaned his bruised hips and along the porcelain skin stood visible handprints. Will felt disgusting as the memories came vividly to his head.

Will let out a piercing cry as the man above him slammed all the way inside, ripping the thin ring of muscles. He could feel his insides clenching around the doctor´s throbbing cock, desperately trying to stop him from slamming any deeper.

-"No more…It hurts…! Please! I beg you…"- He cried out in pain, digging his nails into the table in attempt to crawl away, just to have Lecter grab his hips and shove him right back against his cock, matching his merciless thrusts. Every cry of pain sent shivers of pleasure down Hannibal´s spine making his cock throb and grown larger inside him. The room was filled with Will´s weeps along with the scrapes of the wooden legs of the table against the floor, moving with each powerful thrust.

Looking down, Hannibal could see the blood coating his cock while it eased the way, the runt was impossibly tight, gripping him like crazy. He grin at the realization, this was the boy´s first time taking a man in. Sliding his hand along the spine, Will shivered under his palm, the tight muscles tensed every time Hannibal rocked his hips. He continued further down, until he reached the curve of the boy´s round ass and spread his cheeks.

-"How does your first man taste, boy?"- The doctor growl, licking his lips.

-"…You son of a bitch…"- Will suddenly screamed, jolting his body against the table when Hannibal slapped him hard on his bottom for the language. The doctor slapped him again and again, growling with pleasure every time he brought his hand down, the pain made the runt clench unwillingly around his cock. He felt exquisite.

Hannibal reached out to grab his hair, pulling the kid upward against his chest, his head rested on the man´s solid shoulder making the boy´s spine arch completely. Will whine loudly, he wasn´t prepared for the change of angle when he felt the doctor´s cock bend inside him, piercing his walls deeper. The hand on his hip, pinned the boy in place when Lecter starts to seriously fuck him, driving into him with brutal thrusts, looking for his release.

He squeezed his hand harder around the slender neck, making the runt struggle for air. Will couldn´t think clearly as he felt his body shutting down, the pain was too great to stay conscious. It felt like a burning knife stabbing his insides. With every brutal thrust Will could feel the blood sliding along his thighs along with the man´s pre-cum. He was afraid. He didn´t want to acknowledge the doctor´s actions. This wasn´t revenge. It was claiming!

The doctor moved his hand to the kid´s lower belly, petting him there, the hot palm rubbed repeatedly against his abdomen. The runt yelp, confused, he didn´t understand the sudden gentle move. Hannibal gazed at the boy´s troubled expression and a smirk started to rip on his face as he found what he was looking for.

-"You feel it don´t you… against your belly."- The other man caressed the bulge clearly visible on the brat´s tummy, whispering in Will´s ear. The runt sobbed when he understood the man´s argument. Lecter was completely buried inside him as the tip poked the slender belly.

-"Where is your pride now, boy?"- His smirk grown into a full grin. He resumed his demanding thrusts, flatting his palm on Will´s belly and feeling himself move against his own hand with every thrust. The boy clenched painfully around him, trying to keep him out. It felt so good. The doctor was enjoying this truly, the cries from the kid became louder as the man slammed more feverously into Will´s burning rim.

-"...P-please....stop!..."- The thief begged, feeling Lecter´s member throb inside him.

-"Remember my shape well! ´Cause from now on my cock is going to discipline you truly."- Lecter pounded one, two, three more times before spilling his seeds inside, defiling the boy and breeding him fully.

The cloth hit the water splattering the walls of the barrel while Will supported his weight against it, embracing himself as he crawled the skin over his arms, clenching his teeth. He felt disgusting.

-"What are you doing?"- Will snapped his head to the side when he heard the familiar voice.

Hannibal was coming out of the stable, holding a saddle under his arm when he eyed the trembling naked kid across the yard. He could see the scratches along his body that the kid inflicted upon himself. Annoyed he reached the kid in six long steps while the boy faced him, trembling in place. Lecter studied his face, the boy was scared of him but still let out an aura of anger towards him.

-"Lean on the barrel, facing me!"- Lecter said dryly.

Will turn quickly to the doctor, eyes widen and shaking to the bone from what he had done to him. He bit his lower lip in attempt to not protest or go against the doctor´s orders. Obeying, he leaned his body, gripping the barrel behind him while Hannibal grabbed the soap and rubbed it vigorously on his hands. His large palm stroked the boy´s face, sliding along his dark beard. Holding his chin up, Will could see the shine of the knife while the man begin to shave him. So many bad memories from that single piece of metal. Hannibal kept a firm hand on his jaw, grinning when he saw the boy avert his gaze out of frustration. Finishing off, he let go of the kid and examined his face more closely.

Hannibal was surprised at the result, the runt´s beard conceal his true beauty since his handsome boyish features brighten his face. The skin was smooth, soft with no hard edges anywhere and he looked a lot younger, less brutish. Hannibal let out a pitiful laughter when he noticed the expression on Will´s face, the brat was obviously displeased, being cornered, naked and stripped of the only masculine feature he was holding on too. But he wouldn't stop here, not when he could make the situation much worse.

-"Spread your legs." - He said amused. Keeping his eyes on the runt´s face, now a lovely shade of red as Lecter kneeled between the boy´s legs.

Will rested his sore bottom on the edge of the barrel, shutting his eyes and slowly spreading his limbs, forcibly presenting himself to the vile man. Lecter placed a hand on the boy´s thigh, spreading him wider. The kid jolted with his warm palm on his freezing leg. He carefully spread the soap on the kid´s pubes and brought the knife to his lower belly, making the young man clench the wood with more force, turning his head away. Hannibal worked the blade carefully, taking his time and not rushing the task. However, the boy´s fear seemed to spark a reaction in his lower half when his member started to throb while the cold blade shaved him. *The wonders of youth*, Lecter thought, not reacting to it at all he kept shaving him carefully. Will let out a loud moan, gripping the kneeling man´s shoulders when Hannibal suddenly grabbed his hard penis. Will noticed the man frown with a serious look on his face while he examined it.

-"Does it hurt when you pee?"- Hannibal questioned, stroking him once and pulling the foreskin back to examine the redness around the tip.

- "S-Stop... You bastard."- The boy whispered, clenching his hands harder on Hannibal's shoulders.

His weak legs trembled and his voice was still hoarse, no surprise considered how much he made him scream last night. He had slammed the kid against the table and kept him pinned while he raped him repeatedly, trapping the runt´s member below them. The constant friction against the harsh surface scratched him down there and bruised the sensitive skin. Hannibal looked up to see his face, the boy´s blue eyes were wet with tears, his brows contracted with the discomfort of having the doctor touch the sore skin on his member. Lightly, he pressed the tip near the opening with his thumb, making the boy wince in pain and clench his teeth with a curse before he released him.

-"Get dressed"- He ordered, picking the saddle again and walking to Foxglove while Will took the chance to put some clothes over his body, trying to cover himself quickly.

- - -

A painful yelp escaped Will´s throat when his sore and bruised ass hit the wooden saddle. Foxglove walked on a steady pace while they crossed the thick woods. Hannibal wasn´t lying when he assured him he would be too sore to move the next day. With every stride the mighty animal took, Will´s body collided against the saddle, pressing the sensitive skin against the hard surface, making him wince in pain once more.

He couldn´t do much since they shared it, the standard size of the saddle was two small for two people. Will panicked every time his body rocked against Hannibal´s front, his ass colliding against the older man´s groin. The seat was too narrow given that the pommel and cantle nailed the two of them together, leaving no space to move. The doctor´s hands embrace Will´s frame, gripping the reins and guiding the animal along. Will felt uneasy, he could feel the warmth of Lecter´s chest against his back through the thin fabric of his shirt. He tried to switch his weight, moving his hips around to relieve the pressure considering his ass was beginning to feel numb as they kept riding.

-"Stop grinding your ass against me! Unless you plan to have me bend you over and mount you where you stand. "- He groan annoyed, eyeing the road.

The kid tremble startled with the rough voice close to his ear. It was never his intention to arouse the doctor or try to provoke him in a sexual way. This wasn´t a conversation he wanted to get into, especially in the vulnerable position he was in.

-"You touch me again and I will slice your manhood, old man!"- Will hissed trying to insult the man.

-"Are you threatening me, runt? I thought after our little fight yesterday there would be no pride left in you to challenge me again or maybe you´re looking for seconds!"- The corner of his mouth curved as he pulled the reins, guiding the animal as they walked the foggy road.

Hannibal switched his gaze to the boy, seeing his ears redden with the loss of argument and the vivid memories from last night.

-"Do you want to try it? Having me fuck you on top of Foxglove?"- Hannibal provoked, smirking wickedly when the runt snapped his head back enraged.

-"You bastard!"- Will cursed.

The narrow space made their noses practically touch, forcing the young man to turned away again, too conscious of the proximity.He was so ashamed of what had happen, having his pride as man taken from him that he didn't notice the doctor was just trying to force a reaction out of him. Will could not let his words affect him this way.

-"When I was a young man, me and my friends, we had this rite of passage when achieving manhood… - Lecter began, looking around the woods.

-"We would go to a tavern and each one of us would pick a woman and take her for a ride along the meadow at night."

Will froze when he felt the other man place his hands on top of his thighs and rubbing them there.

-"Then, they would bury themselves on our cocks, clenching down on it while we kept riding."- He whispered next to the boy´s ear, feeling him shiver.

-"Enough…"- Will whispered weakly.

An image began to form in his head, but he couldn't see the woman´s face, so his mind projected a new one, a boyish one, the exact image of himself.

- "The purpose was simple, the first to come while nested inside the woman with only her grip won the game." – Will placed a hand over his mouth to avoid the gasp from crawling out while Hannibal touched his belly, pressing where his member had been deeply buried before.

-"Even though you're not a woman, if I had chosen you at that time…"- He continued resting his chin on the boy´s shoulder, contemplating his unsettled expression.

-"...You would have grip me to oblivion."

-"You're disgusting!"- He shoved the man´s hands away, striving to get off the horse.

His struggles were put to an end when he felt the weight of a heavy cloak around him. Will trailed his fingers over the thick black fabric, the collar had a thick layer of fur around it and felt heavy on

his shoulders. It had Hannibal´s scent, drowning him into a false sense of calm.

- - -

Hannibal dismounts Foxglove with a tired sigh, the trip lasted the whole morning when they reached the village. He tied the reins to the large hook on the wall, securing the animal in place while Will eyed the sign hanging outside the shop before getting off the horse.

-"What does this apothecary have that the nearest village, closer to your home, can't supply? "- Will asked clumsily sliding off the saddle, his legs almost gave out trying to hold his weight. The ride had made him sorer to the point where he walked with his legs slightly more wide than normal.

-"Most of my patients are poor and can't afford the medicines, for this reason I treat them without charging anything. However I still spend a lot of resources and remedies on them. This apothecary sells the same medicine at a cheaper price. That way I can balance the costs and still manage to care for them."- Hannibal concluded as they enter the shop.

The intense smell of mixed herbs made Will recoil, bringing a hand to his nose as he adjusted to the strong smell. The inside was gloomy and the space narrow, the tall shelves were covered with bottles and jugs of different sizes and shapes and some of the labels were so worn out the inky pictures had long been gone.

The crunching sound directed Will´s attention to the corner of the counter, a man sat there with a mortar and pestle firmly in hand as he worked the dry herbs, putting them into a jar before lifting his head.

-"Doctor Lecter! It has been too long my friend!"- The man said lifting his hands and welcoming him inside.

- "Cut the act you old fool."- Hannibal said dryly. Taking a piece of paper from his pocket and dropping it in front of the owner. - "I need supplies."

-"Of course, of course…What will you be needing?"- The burly man said almost theatrically, reaching for the prescription.

-"I need lemon balm, *salvia* and dried *hypericum* for ointments and charcoal for stomach pains. Do you still sell *Prunella?*"

-"Do you need it powdered?"

-"No. Dried, to make an herbal infusion."

Will stood by in a corner, listening to the two men speaking. It felt like they were talking in another different language, completely unknown to him, a secret code that only they understood. He wandered around the shop, looking at the porcelain jars scattered across the shelves and floor. He focus his attention on a peculiar jar, inside laid a fetus of a pig, well preserved in the yellowish water. He tapped his finger against the glass, exposing his presence.

-“Who´s the lad?”- The man said eyeing the boy up and down. Hannibal looked behind his shoulder. He almost had forgotten about the kid.

-“He´s no one.”- He answer tediously and turned back to the prescription.

-“Why doctor Lecter! Getting soft at your age that you need to acquire a servant boy to do the work?”- Examining the muddy stains on the lad´s chemise, stopping at his legs when the boy awkwardly moved, rubbing his sacrum in discomfort.

-“Well well… not so soft it seems.”- The man teased with a sparkle in his eyes.

Hannibal just stare at him with a piercing glace, not liking his bold remark but that only amused the apothecary more as he let out a high pitched laugh. Hannibal rested his back against the counter, arms crossed while he observed the boy who was completely oblivion to the man´s focus.

-“I´ll also be needing corn silk for urinal infections.”- Hannibal said, remembering the kid twisting in pain this morning.

The shop owner smiled maliciously, noticing the way the doctor watched the lad´s every move. He weighted the dried herbs before placing them on top of an old paper, folding it and sealing the edges with warm wax.

- “All set doctor!”- The man finished, writing the name of the supplies and handing it to Hannibal.

- “Wait outside!”- Lecter ordered, shoving the bags with the supplies into Will´s chest.

The boy walked out of the shop while the apothecary eyed his back, hidden behind the over-sized cloak. Hannibal took the bag with coins, counting them when the owner placed a small bottle in front of him.

-“A gift, for your purchases.”- The man whispered with a wide grin.

-“What is it?”- Grabbing the bottle, Lecter brought it to his eyes, looking at the purple oil, the herbs inside balanced with the liquid.

-“Balsam! When applied to the skin it gets warmer with friction, giving off a pleasurable sensation. The herb there is lavender, it helps the body to relax and loosens the muscles.”- Hannibal looked down on him while the man continued.

-“Try it on your “boy”. It will be more enjoyable for you too, if he is more relaxed and responsive to your touch.”- The man teased, smiling with every teeth.

- “You’re a sick bastard, Gideon.” – The doctor whispered dryly, placing the coins in the counter and left.

- - -

-“W-Why are we here?”- Will babbled, his mouth dry and the terror evident in his voice.

Sweat started to drip along his back, his eyes widen when he realized with horror where they were standing. Half-clothed women stood smoking in the balcony, eyeing them as they got off Foxglove, one bold woman even whistle at Will and catcalled him while he stood petrified at the entrance of the brothel.

- “Foxglove can´t make the trip back with the blizzard about to set in. We need to stay the night.”- Hannibal smirked wickedly, observing the boy´s scared behavior.

-“At a b-brothel?”- The kid whispered dumbfounded at Hannibal.

-“Why not? It´s cheaper than any other accommodations around the village.”

-“Besides… there are a few businesses I need to take care, regarding you.”- The doctor rested a firm hand on his back while he shoved him inside, feeling the boy´s muscle tense with horror. They walked, crossing the saloon were a few men gathered drinking and some women sat on their laps, already getting at it. Grabbing the hood of the heavy cloak, the doctor stopped Will when they reached the bar counter.

-“Randall! I need a room for the night. Is your owner in?”- Lecter called for the boy serving the drinks behind the counter.

-“Doctor! Yes, he is in. Are you here on business?”- The guy said, eying Will up and down and judging him badly as if he was an object of scorn.

-“Always! … But maybe one day I´ll be here for pleasure.”- Hannibal said glancing at Will, who understood the implication right away.

-“Is he your apprentice, doctor Lecter?”- Randall raised his voice, desperately trying to bring the doctor´s attention back to him.

-“No. But he will be yours. I´m guessing you will have a lot to teach him. Especially in how to do as they're told.”- Lecter teased, daring Will to contradict him.

-“The poor thing looks like he just left his mother´s womb!”- Randall joked, acknowledging Will´s youth.

The two men kept talking while Will averted his eyes, focusing on the atmosphere in the room. It was a full house, men looking for a good time after a day’s work, seeking the pleasure of women, girls … and young boys. Will´s stomach flipped at the thought, Lecter was here to talk to the owner about possibly selling him. A powerful laugh made the boy switch his head. A couple of men sat drinking and talking loudly on a corner and next to them stood a boy, refilling their drinks. His body was slim giving off an aura of inexperience and innocence. He was visibly shaken, terrified of the men before him as his hands trembled. The kid accidently spilled the drink on one of the men closest to him, making the brute recoil in fury.

Will clenched his hand harder on the thick cloak, when he saw the man standing up, the chair falling to the ground as he roars at the boy, who keeps apologizing with nowhere to run. Will could feel the anger rising in his veins, his sight began to stain red. Suddenly, the savage man grabs the boy by the arm and throws him on top of the table and starts to brutally rape him as he cries out in pain, begging for the other man to stop. The crowd around them applauds and claps at the show, encouraging his behavior. Will snapped.

It took less than a second for Will to cross the room, jumping over tables before he reached the brute. He punched the man´s jaw with all the force he could manage, knocking the fucker to the ground. The man rolled on the floor astonished by the brat´s actions. Will kept punching him, enraged and completely absent of his surroundings. He could only hear bone on bone connecting, cracking, all his anger and frustration exploding and blinding him with rage.

- "YOU PIG! YOU FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT!" – Will hollered, completely out of control, unleashing his demons.

The man below him, growled and managed to punch Will in the chin, cutting his lip when a string of blood run along his soft skin but it didn´t stop him. He punched and punched. Strong hands grabbed Will from behind, his shaken frame was lifted up against a firm body and a hand covered his eyes, suspending reality. Will fought against the hold at the while the man behind him hold him flat against his chest.

-"Calm down!"- Hannibal whispered firmly in his ear.

Will clenched his teeth, he want it to destroy the man below him, skin him alive but he knew there was no way to outmatch Hannibal´s command. He was trapped by his voice and strong hold.

- "Breathe!" -The boy inhale and exhaled trying to match his breath with Lecter´s, slowing his heartbeat.

The doctor dropped his hand while the bright light from the room invaded Will´s eyes again as things became clear. Everyone stood still, eying them. The man he beaten was holding his broken nose, cursing at him as he tried to stand up. The young man who was just raped, looked at him confused, clearly not expecting kindness from anyone there, especially an outsider.

-"Feisty little thing, isn´t he?" – A man remarked, coming up to Lecter´s side and escorted by the guy from the bar, Randall.

-"Hello Frederick."- Hannibal replied, still holding Will firmly in place. The man dressed well compared to everyone around.

Will frown, it was clear the bastard before him was the owner of this repugnant place. His thoughts were interrupted when the man grab his bruised chin, examining his face.

-"Such a pretty face. He would sell well. However I doubt he could survive *the charcoal treatment* much less the rest."- Will looked confused, the reference was unknown to him however he didn´t like being trapped between the two men.

-"Don´t touch me!"- Will hissed, sending a clear threat when the doctor squeezed him a little, reminding him to behave.

-"I have business with your master. Randall will escort you to your room."- Chilton let go of the boy with a jerk, making him hiss in pain.

The grip around his shoulders loosen, freeing the boy before he turned to the doctor. He wasn´t happy. His features were hard, impenetrable. Will knew he had caused a lot of trouble for him, even humiliated the man since Will was his responsibility and he greatly misbehaved in public. But he wasn´t going to beg for forgiveness, it wouldn't do anything. The boy followed Randall up stares, never losing sight of Hannibal while the doctor remained in the saloon, Lecter kept the eye-contact

as they controlled each other´s moves. Somehow, Will liked to believe the doctor didn´t expected the exhibit of power that just unfolded. He had been underestimating him.

They turned into a dark narrow hall, the noises from the saloon died away as he walked next to the other guy. He felt a hand grope his sore ass, the grip light but firm enough to hurt Will´s sore bottom. Suddenly, Randall pushed him against one of the doors, lacing his arms around Will´s neck. Almost hugging him if not for the sinister gaze.

- “Has he tasted you yet?”- He asked, tilting his head to the side. Will´s gaze became darker, vividly remembering the events of last night.

- “Oh I bet he did, considering how you’re moving your sore hips. You should enjoy him more. Because if it’s up to me…I will make sure every beast-like men will have their way with you until you’re nothing more than a gaping hole.”- Will shiver at the threat. The guy´s voice dripped with venom.

-“One piece of advice… Swallow your pride! Because in here you will be swallowing a lot more than that.”- Randall released him, opening the door behind Will, letting the boy stumble backwards into the room, closing it behind him while the runt stood confused on the floor.

Will could see Foxglove in the open stable across the street. Through the darkness, the snow start it to fall, covering the muddy street with a thin white layer. Facing away from the window, he begun to circle around the small space. The room was simple and devoid of any aesthetic furniture, a porcelain sink with fresh water stood by the door, its purpose clear - to wash off the remains of the obscene acts. An old beaten up bed stood in the middle, facing the door, the grey decayed linens had long lost their shine, result of being washed too many times. His heartbeat quicken in his chest and tensed his muscles. The wait was excruciating, not knowing what was happening downstairs regarding him turned his stomach and the panic was beginning to set in.

A persistent bang like noise shook him into reality. Next door, the bed hit the wall rhythmically while loud moans and grunts escaped through the thin walls, Will didn't need to see to know in the next room a prostitute was taking her customer to heaven. It scared him to imagine it as his futureaccording to the doctor's wishes. The racket penetrated the boy´s eardrum making him dizzy and nauseous while he covered his ears, trying desperately to block the sounds, he couldn´t breathe, the walls were closing in on him, robbing his oxygen and crushing his bones.

-“Do you enjoy challenging death?”

Hannibal leaned against the door with the apothecary supplies in his hand. The boy eyed him up and down with disgust still covering his ears, nails digging to his scalp but he didn’t answer, choose not to answer. Lecter exhaled frustrated. Defiant as ever. He walked towards the kid, stranding him between his body and the bed.

-“I asked you a question, boy!”- The doctor snort impatiently.

-“Don´t!”- The kid hissed. - “You don´t get to reprehend me for what I did! - He continued raising his voice.-“Not when a kid was just brutalized and you choose to watch!”

-“That kid is not my responsibility!”- Lecter growl dangerously. -“However the kid that almost beaten a man to death IS!”

-“You talk about justice but you’re just like that pig! You fucking coward…”- Will exploded.

Slap

Hannibal brought his hand against Will´s cheek, his head switching to the side with the impact. The runt had a pure raged look, stabbing the doctor with his gaze.

- You seem to keep forgetting your place. You’re like a dog who as to be constantly beaten to be reminded where he stands. You don´t hold your tongue and you refuse to obey. I wouldn´t be surprised to hear you got beaten to death on your first night here, while they fuck your corpse afterwards for days on end!”- Hannibal hissed, crossing the room.

- “Get undressed!”- The doctor said dryly, clearly losing his patience as he removed his coat, throwing it on the table.

Will chewed on his bruised lip, feeling a scream crawling on his throat, suffocating him. He began to remove his clothes, one by one starting with Hannibal’s dark cloak, the heavy fabric felt to the floor, and next came the chemise falling to his feet in a messy pile.

Seeing the boy obeying, Hannibal turned to the table, placing the herbal bags across the table. Will was grateful the other man gave him space to disrobe. His expression was rigid as be began to untie the strings of his trousers. He stood naked in the middle of the room when a knock cut the silence as Randall entered the room, leaving the door wide open on purpose, holding a small bowl. If anyone walked along the corridor they would have a full view of Will´s front, white slender skin on display.

-“Thank you.”- The doctor took the bowl from his hands as Randall nod lovely.

Hannibal didn´t seemed to mind Randall´s presence in the room as the guy continued to lean by the door frame. Lecter walked up to Will with the bowl in hand, grabbing the boy´s jaw, he turned his face to the side to examine his cut lip. He dipped his finger in the oil, the fresh scent of lemon balm filled the room as he applied it to Will´s bottom lip who was focusing on the weather outside to escape reality.

Will shivered when he felt Hannibal kneel at his feet, studying the stiches on his thigh were the arrow had been. It didn´t occurred to him that the doctor was in fact inspecting and treating his wounds instead of harassing him. Men shouted in the hallway as they looked inside the open door, devouring Will´s frame as they shouted obscenities, pounding on the open door. The smell of drunken breath reached his nostrils all the way from the door, making him recoil.

-“Hold still!”- Hannibal said annoyed trying to apply the cold oil to his wound.

He felt disgusted, corrupted and right down humiliated. He prayed a hole would open in the ground and swallow him whole, letting darkness involve him and all the noise and light die with it.

Lecter mixed the content on the bowl with his finger when a hot drop felt on his palm, looking up he saw tears running down the boy´s cheeks, his eyes redden facing the window and avoiding looking at anyone in the room, especially him. The kid was crying out in rage, knowing he didn´t had an opinion on the matter of his discomfort and the abuse he was facing.

-“Pure white skin, eh gentlemen? Perfect for breeding! ”- Randall harassed getting excited reactions out of the men, as some of them described what they would do to Will if given the

chance.

Hannibal turned him around, his back to the door, facing the bed. Will exhale slightly, glad he couldn't see the men jumbling at the door. A hand came to rest on the small of his back, shoving him forward as Will clumsily stumbled against the bed, his bottom fully raised in the air, bend in an awkward position while his feet still touched the cold floor. A loud cheer was heard at the display, making some men shout in approval as the doctor spread his cheeks to examine the damage from the night before.

-"You fucking bastard!"- Will managed to hiss before a slap came down hard on his thigh, making him yelp.

-"Quiet!"- Hannibal´s voice came out dangerously low. - "Reach back and spread your ass."

As if it wasn´t enough to strip him of his pride he had to rob him of his dignity and free-will. He bit hard on the linens under him, trying to surpass a cry as his hands spread his cheeks apart, giving the doctor and the loud men a full view of his most intimate place.

-"LET US IN DOCTOR!"- The men growled and pushed but never dared to go further inside, the crowd had increased as some men ran up the stairs to see what all the racket was about.

Hannibal didn´t pay them any mind since he focused his eyes on the boy´s entrance. It was redden and slightly swollen but there weren´t any cuts or lacerations. The pale skin still looked immaculate and soft to the touch. One hand came to rest on the boy´s thigh, right below his ass, keeping him steady. The other hand spread the oil around the entrance, circling it while he felt the boy gasp with the cold oil drip along his testicles.

Lecter circled the tight hole and with a slight move, pushed his finger in, letting the medicine oil slide as it coated Will´s insides, making the boy wince at the invading finger. Hannibal could feel him clench down hard against him, keeping him from going deeper. He had nowhere to run or hide but still he resisted. Finishing up, the doctor pulled out as he grabbed his cloak and threw it on top of the boy, hiding him from the prying eyes. The men growled at him disappointed, realizing the show ended.

-"Shut the door on your way out, please."- The doctor said rinsing his hands on the cold water by the sink, eyes focused on his job as Randall nodded, dispersing the crowd, glancing one more time to the shaken body lying on the bed and finally closed the door behind him.

Silence finally set into the room while the strong wind battled against the window, making the glass shiver. Lecter took his boots off along with his trousers, leaving only his white chemise to cover his body right above the knee. He laid himself on the bed, facing the ceiling next to the boy. Hannibal let out a long heavy sight, tiredness finally setting in. The doctor could feel the kid shaking as he laid curled up in a useless effort to look small. He brought his finger to the boy´s neck, tormenting him more as he trembled. He was cold, cold as the snow falling outside. Hannibal pushed the fur collar cloak, covering the kid´s slender shoulders. Darkness evaded his mind as he placed his arms behind his head letting sleep embrace him.

To be continued…

White Charcoal

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone,
Here´s chapter 5!!
Thank you so much for giving this story a chance and help me along the way.
Please comment and leave Kudos it really motivates me to continue writing :)
Bye for now,

Chapter 5

“White Charcoal”

His body felt like led, too heavy to move. Darkness surrounded him, trapping his limbs and preventing him from moving them freely. Will was pinned to the ground, his chest moved up and down rapidly, unease.

He felt movement around him, something was between his legs, a solid cold body colliding against his, rocking his hips and spreading his thighs apart. Whispers and aroused groans reached his ears in the darkness, running a shiver down his spine. The husky voice above seemed familiar to him but he couldn't say who it belong to. Will knew the presence was right in front of him, mounting him, taking what it want it from him but he couldn't see anything, couldn't breathe. He shouted, the cry ripping his throat but no sound came out. He laid there defenseless, vulnerable.

Two hands trailed along his belly, sliding up his chest coming to a stop at his face, cupping him there. Gentle. A lover's touch. Will could feel the cold breath on his face, calming him down but the presence still unknown to him. Suddenly another pair of hands touch his body in the darkness. He jolted, terrified and confused. They weren´t alone. He started to panic as another pair of hands joined the previous ones, more bruising and then another and another. Cold, dark hands covered his whole body, the gentle touch turning brutal, possessive, slimy and disgusting. The familiar groans switched to beast-like growls, filthy grunts and roaring obscenities. Will choked as the presence in front of him become clearer. The dark skin brighten showing him sweaty, greasy skin. In front of him stood a beast-like man, ravishing him, tearing him apart. All around him, dozens, hundreds of disgusting beasts surrounded him, filling him up, shoving their filthy cocks in his mouth, making him gag. The frenetic demons moved, passing him around. Another beast joined the one between his legs as he forcedly shoved his way in, ripping Will´s entrance, the pain was too great, making the boy stop breathing.

Will howled into the night, screaming his lungs out as he jerked awake from the nightmare. Cold sweat covered his slender frame, gluing his worn out chemise to his skin like a second layer. His breath came out in short gasps as he hugged himself, trying to calm his trembling body. Looking around, he recognized the inside of the lodge attached to Hannibal´s cottage, he was lying in a straw bed, where he always slept.

He could still felt the men desecrating him all together and tearing his skin. Shaken by the nightmare, he jumped to his feet, running out the open door. The cold of the snow bit into his bare feet, the gelid breeze pierced his naked legs, but he kept running, his horror mounted with every step, he could feel the demons crawling out the small lodge walls, trying to catch up to him.

The loud scream pierced the dead silence around the cottage as Hannibal dropped the book he was reading by the fireplace, he stood up to look out the window. A white spectrum caught his attention, switching his head to the side he saw the kid cross the field into the woods, running away in the middle of the night. Hannibal was dumbfounded by the kid´s actions as he opened the door of the cottage, shouting out but the boy kept running not daring to look back.

-"FOXGLOVE!"- Hannibal called out, heading to the stable and waking the startled animal as he mounted him as it was, racing after the runt.

The snow looked blue in the moon light, a thin mist covered the naked trees as the branches scratch his face like claws trying to imprison him. The silence of the deep woods seem to enlarge his horrified state of mind. His run came to a stop when he reached the river up ahead, it had frozen solid making the layer of ice glow with the full moon right down the middle where it was most

thin. He looked behind him, the forest closed down on him, threatening to crush him where he stood when a dangerous roar reached his sensitive ears, calling out to him and making the boy backup in terror. Will started to run across the river, trying desperately to reach the other side but the skin of his feet glued painfully to the ice, slowing him down.

The doctor pull Foxglove to a stop when he spot the boy trying to cross the icy river. Lecter shouted again, jumping off the horse and approaching the kid. The ice crack, threating to break when Hannibal placed his foot on it. The boy turned around, crying out as he laid eyes on him, the large tears on his eyes unable him to see clearly, deforming the doctor´s silhouette into a more beastly and dangerous one, the one from his nightmares.

-"Come here!" – Hannibal ordered furious, pointing a finger at the ground but the kid didn´t listen since he backed away more from him. The ice started to snap, spreading web strings around him.

-"STAY AWAY!"- The kid howled frightened, backing further away from the man. Then, with a raged crack, the thin ice broke under his feet, taking the boy under.

-"KID!"- Lecter ran toward the drowning boy, reaching his arm to grab his arm and pulling him up to breathe.

The kid grabbed hold of him, desperately clinging to his neck while the doctor laid on the ice trying to push his body way from the water. In seconds the layer on ice under Hannibal began to crack violently, breaking and dragging him also.

The black cold water stabbed him repeatedly, choking him in an agonizing pain forming powerful cramps along his legs enabling Hannibal from floating or swimming on the surface. It would take seconds for them to freeze to death. He grabbed the kid and threw him over his shoulder, freeing his hand to whistle at the stallion to come forward. The animal immediately obeyed, carefully stepping on the ice. Hannibal reached for the reins of Foxglove, grabbing them while the stallion started to push them out of the water to safety. Time stood still at the same time Hannibal tried to catch his breath, the adrenaline started to wear off and he began to feel the deadly stabs of the cold on their body more fiercely.

-"WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING!"- Hannibal screamed at the boy, who was still clinging on to him. He was shaking uncontrollably, his thin shirt had frozen solid still attached to his bodyand his skin had turn grey and his lips a dark shade of blue. They needed to get out of those wet clothes and close to a fire. Hannibal lifted the kid and got him on top of Foxglove as the animal penetrated the forest again into a full run.

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Jack Crawford

The captain was sitting at his desk in the guard's quarters, when an arrow hit the surface of the table, startling him and make his hand hit the ink-pot, spilling its contents along his hands and paper underneath as he looked up.

-“Did you know the Needle Bodkin Arrow can pierce through armor at an incredible speed? We actually use it here in the military.”

-“ DAMN IT, ZELLER! THE HELL´S WRONG WITH YOU! ”- Jack roar at the soldier holding the bow by the door, followed by Jimmy Price. The needle point still shaking and stuck to the wood.

-“They´re dead!”- Price said as Crawford looked up waiting for an explanation.

-“Two of Grutas´s gang members were found dead in a pit up north. It seems they were in a very ugly fight. One with a blow to the head and the other with a broken neck.”– Jimmy continued. -“However we still have three to go.”

-“Our units’ weren´t up north…”- Crawford didn´t finish when another arrow hit the surface, making Jack stand to his feet.

-“SON OF…!”- Jack spat, this time it was Jimmy who threw it. The arrow head completely different from the previous one.

-“Swallow Tail Arrow! When piercing the skin the shape makes it impossible to rip it off.”- Jimmy said melodically.-"It´s use it for hunting larger animals."

-“WHAT DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH ANYTHING?”- Jack roared angrily.

-“Whoever attacked them, activated the wolf trap with an arrow, launching it and ripping the rope to set the trap.”- Zeller said.

-“Wolf trap? Since when do we use wolf traps to catch bandits?”

-“Exactly! It wasn´t military. The Needle Bodkin Arrow isn´t the one we found on the spot.”- Zeller said looking at Jack´s confused expression.

-“We also know, it wasn´t hunters or other outlaws, because the arrow doesn´t match the Swallow Tail.”- Price smile.

Silence set between them while Jack tried to gather all the information.

-“Which arrow was used, then?”- Crawford said intrigued while the two looked at each other, eagers to reveal the last piece of information as they placed it on the table.

Jack exanimate it holding the arrow in his hands. The arrow´s length was shorter, clearly belonging to a crossbow instead of the usual longbow. But what distinguish the arrow from the others was the moon shape of the arrow head-Crescent Arrow Head. These were used to hunt birds and found mostly in Europe. These were very rare around here. Jack Crawford began to pale, he had seen this particular arrow before. He knew one man who used these types of arrows and more than the physical proof, he also had the right motivation to go after them and the insanity to do it alone.

-“Send one of the soldiers to check on doctor Lecter, if this belongs to him there is a high chance he could be injured from the fight.”

-“Yes sir. We´ll send Franklyn…”

-“No! Send Matthew Brown! I want a good tracker on the spot.”- Jack finished while the two soldiers frown, clearly not liking the captain´s choice.

-“Oh and one more thing. – The two guards stop to look at him.

- That arrow display just cost you both your week´s wages.”- The captain smiled seeing the men about to protest, but they knew better.

- - -

Warm water embraced Will´s body like a baby inside the mother´s womb. Warm and safe. His head felt foggy and heavy while he remembered the events that unfolded, the nightmare and the frozen river, he remembered being stabbed by the dark gelid water and fainting shortly after it.

Groggy and weak, he opened his heavy eyelids and noticed the walls of the copper hip bath surrounding him and the crackling of the flames by the fireplace. The water laid just above his shoulders while he was facing down, resting his front on a warm breathing surface as it raised up and down. Will jolted awake when he felt light fingertips trail his spine all the way to the back of his neck. His captor knew he was awake. He lifted his head, blushing when he realized he was laying on Hannibal, stranding his legs and their naked skin pressed together. The doctor kept staring at him with his features unreadable.

-“What got you so terrified that almost made you run into your death out there.”- The doctor whispered, still puzzled by his actions, noticing the terror in the kid´s eyes growing more.

Their naked bodies brought back the senseless nightmare and the pain from Will´s rape. He didn't wanted to happen again yet his nightmare hit him like a premonition, as if warning him he was met for such a fate in the hands of this man. He could see the same lust on the doctor´s eyes, the need to dominate and mark him as his own, the same vile hunger the beast-like men from his sleep possessed. Hannibal caressed his finger over the boy´s nape again, urging him to answer but Will recoiled from his touch. The panic raised in his eyes and he shoved the doctor´s chest away in attempt to get away from him and out of the bath but the grip around his nape was firm and unyielding.

-“Did I manage to break you? ”- Hannibal whispered in the boy´s face.-“That now even the slightest touch makes you shiver in fear?”

The doctor cupped the kid´s cold cheek only making the runt´s fear grow more out of hand, he started to shake uncontrollably.

-"...Stop...please..."- His voice cracked, to afraid of having Hannibal deliver him to his demons.

-“Is that it? Did I tamed you?”-Lecter provoked, curious to discover what haunts him.-“I was hoping your stubbornness would last longer. Especially when I haven´t even explored your body to its fullest.”

Will yelp at the implication, struggling to move away just for the other man to grab his face, forcing him to lock their eyes together.

-“Or felt your defiant mouth wet around me while you struggle to swallow what I give you.”- Hannibal slid his thumb over Will´s bottom lip, tormenting him more when tears started to run down the boy´s eyes.

-“...P-Please…”- His voice came out shaky, breaking at the end.

-“You’re begging already?”- The doctor whispered wickedly. Grabbing the runt´s jaw when he averted his gaze.

- “Yes, you will say that in time… *Please* and *more, Sir.*”- Sliding his hand down the boy´s spine, stopping at the curve of his ass.

Will shivered in his grasp, his mind recalled the helplessness he felt from the nightmare, and his limbs trapped at Hannibal´s mercy. Lecter however grin at his fear, it was the first time he ever saw the runt act submissive in contrast to his arrogant self. He circle the boy´s ass cheek and maked him buck his hips to avoid his touch, however he ended up colliding against the doctor pelvis instead, making Hannibal release a low groan of pleasure. He enjoyed provoking him but more than ever, he missed his prideful personality. Gone over a meaningless nightmare.

Hannibal stood up, letting the water drip down his body before he left the tub, walking to the table. Will crawled to the opposite side of the bathtub, hugging his knees at the same time he averted his gaze from the naked man. He took the time to look at the room, their soaked clothes created a path from the door to the fireplace and heavy furs had been spread on the floor next to the fireplace. Clearly the doctor had laid Will in them before switching to the tub.

-“Drink!”- Will jolted, Hannibal stood next to him with a cup in hand, waiting for him to take it.

His thumb grazed the doctor when he took it, smelling its contents. The fresh smell of green tea invaded his nostrils but he frowned when he placed the cup to his lips. The taste was bitter, clinging to his tongue. Lecter came to sit on the furs, the damped surface clued to his naked body while he stood by the fire with his back turned to the kid, leaving enough space for the boy to join him if he wanted, although Hannibal knew he was already shaken up so he allowed the runt to have his space.

-“The brothel owner...”- The boy said almost in silence. -“… He said something about a *charcoal treatment*…”

Hannibal turned his head slightly letting the boy know he was listening, but Will couldn´t see his face.

-“What did he meant?”- He finally asked.

-“It’s a method! Used to break rebellious boys in a whorehouse.”- Lecter whispered.

He ended the conversation with that, hoping it would be self-explanatory. Will turned his head to the opposite wall, Hannibal silhouette danced fiercely against it. The water had gone cold with the absence of the doctor´s body heat as the cold darkness from his nightmare started to fill the room. The shadows by the corners grew bigger, reaching the tub. Will shivered as they resembled the beast-like man from his dream, tormenting him, trying to catch him still.

Hannibal felt the furs next to him sink slightly when the kid sat by the corner of the warm fur, away from him but within reach. He kept hugging his knees protectively, hiding his nakedness from the

other man. His frighten eyes set on the fire, occasionally switching to the dark corners off the cottage, staring at something Hannibal couldn´t see.

Will tensed when the doctor leaned over him, his arm going behind his frail back. He anticipated the touch but it never came, instead another heavy fur felt over his shoulders, covering and keeping him warm. The kid grabbed the cloak bringing it more closely as they let the crisped flames fill the room.

-"When a male prostitute his defiant and refuses to obey, he is broken down by force."- Hannibal continued slowly, bringing the boy´s attention back to him.

-"They gather a couple of men who proceed to rape him repeatedly as they see fit and after each man is done they marked the boy with a piece of charcoal. One line mark for each man he receives. The boy can be brutalized, beaten, every method can be used to break their spirit and make them accept their fate in the brothel. In the end they count the marks of charcoal on the boy to know how many men it took to break him. It can last a day or a month, depends on the kid´s will to resist."- The doctor kept looking at the fire, but could feel the boy´s terrified gaze on him.

-"It´s unhuman and barbaric. Most of them die within a month from their injuries and the ones who comply get emotionally if not physically damage for life."- He continued. The doctor never agreed to this method but it was not his place to speak what happened inside a brothel.

-"I´ve lost count of how many boys I treated from that single method alone."- Lecter let out a nervous sigh, rubbing the back of his neck.

-"...W-What happens if they keep their stubbornness? "- The kid asked, it was obvious he didn´t want to know the answer, but he had to know what his defiant behavior would lead him into.

Hannibal slowly turned his head to the kid, locking eyes.

-"You're marked as a *White Charcoal*- a boy who can´t be broken down, who is resilient and defiant. Then you suffer the same fate of a horse who refuses to be tamed… They slit your throat and throw you into the nearest ditch!"- The doctor said motionless as the boy let out a cry, his eyes spilled a few tears, now fully conscious of the consequences.

- - -

Will brought the hammer down hard, hitting the nail as it disappear into the wooden shingle.The black V-shape coat the doctor lend to him flew against the breeze, too large on his slender body, he rolled up the long sleeves of Hannibal´s coat since they constantly fell over his hands, slowing him down. The night had been long for them since they stayed awake the rest of it near the fireplace until the sun raised up, they didn´t talk after the last subject. There was no need to, they weren´t friends nor did they share a relationship based on trust and respect. They were strangers. There was no need to fill the awkward silence between them.

After the snow storm, they had a lot to do around the estate, starting with the shingles around the roof of the cottage, the heavy layer of snow had destroyed some of the shingles letting the snow fall inside from the cracks.

Will inhaled deeply, the fresh scent of the woods filled the morning air. Looking behind his shoulder he could see Hannibal by the field, removing the snow from the crops and far awy he could see the meadow all the way to the first line of trees where the woods started and the frozen river further down. He climbed to the top of the roof, looking further away. The low sun painted the snow yellow, melting the first layer. He closed his eyes, to absorb the breathtaking view, the perfect picture of freedom. He felt at peace and for a few seconds he forgot about his harsh life, the pain, his fear, his empty name.

-“IF BREAKING YOUR NECK IS WHAT YOU´RE AFTER I WILL DO IT FOR YOU!”- Will jumped almost falling off the roof. The doctor´s voice reached him from below. Hannibal was next to the ladder looking at him, shovel in hand.

- “You seem to be in a mood to try and find new ways to get killed this morning!”- The doctor said examining the runt as he shyly averted his gaze, focusing on the task.

-“Lucky for you I just dug a hole in the field. Your own personal grave if you feel like dying.”- The other man provoked him, smirking with all his teeth.

Will just slammed the hammer harder trying to block the doctor´s voice, his knees bruised with the friction against the shingles.

-“I´ll make sure to bury you in it after I´m done, old man.”- The boy mumbled to himself. Smiling at the bold remark.

-“You said something, boy?!”- Will snap his head back when the voice came from behind him.

Hannibal managed to climb half the ladder unnoticed as he stood with crossed arms, supporting them on the edge of the roof.

-“N-No... I didn´t!”- Will babble, tripping on the words when he was caught off guard.

A blush began to spread on his face, he couldn´t shake the events from this morning from replaying in his head, notably the heat from the other man invading his own. Will shivered, closing his eyes while he pressed his legs together.

-“Are you this submissive only because of that nightmare?”- Lecter questioned.- “Was it related to you being afraid of your fate in the brothel?”

The kid tensed at the subject, lowering his head to prevent the older man from noticing his cheeks growing paler from fear and the reaction didn´t escape the doctor´s attention. Hannibal put two and two together, clearly the kid had dreamed of being used by multiple men, raped and forced against his will, it obviously affected him and their visit to the brothel didn’t help his imagination either. For a brief moment he felt sorry for him but then again, it’s what he deserved for what he did to her.

-"Are you afraid of being held by a man?"- He provoked.-“It´s just sex, runt! There´s nothing to be afraid of. Plus, you should be happy you will never see me again when I sell you there."

-"Do you only open your mouth to insult me?"- Will hissed, not liking the provocation at all.

-“Says who? My mouth does a lot more than that.”- The hammer slip from the boy´s hand, colliding with a loud racked.

The doctor just laugh, he genuinely enjoyed tormenting the boy, contemplating his naïve reactions. He knew it affected the runt so it did bring him a little pleasure. Hannibal´s face started to darken when he looked ahead, a rider came into view heading towards the cottage.

-“Stay here and don´t make a sound!”- Hannibal hissed grabbing the boy´s ankle, squeezing hard. The boy just stared at him, confused at the doctor change of tone.

-“DO YOU HEAR ME?!”- He urged him, making Will recoil.

-“Y-yes.”- The runt managed to whisper the word before the other man released him, hastily going down the ladder and picking the shovel nearby. Will laid on his belly, eyeing the scene from above. They had company.

The rider entered the estate at full speed, stepping on the crops the doctor had been working earlier. The red leather armor shined in the opening as the soldier stopped the animal too close to Hannibal ´s front, almost knocking him to the ground.

-“Doctor Lecter!”- The guard greeted with a mocking tone.

-“Matthew.”- He replied motionless. He knew trouble was coming just by Matthew´s presence alone.-“Did Jack send you?”

The rider didn´t even dismounted the horse, he just kept his dominant position, looking down at the man with scorn, creating an invisible hierarchy between them.

-“Two of the bandits that killed your brat of a sister were murdered in cold blood a few days back. Your arrow was found on the spot so don´t bother denying it. What were you doing up north, doctor?”- Matthew smirked, seeing the anger grow in the man´s eyes when he insulted Mischa, but Lecter kept his cool, he couldn’t lose his temper, especially not around this bastard.

-“What do you want, Matthew?”- Lecter hissed low.

-“The other three...are they here, doctor?”- The soldier drew out his sword, eyeing it with pride.

- “You won’t find them here. But I will inform your captain if they come around. Thank you for your visit Matthew.”- He confirmed, bidding farewell.

-“I see.”- The soldier frowned, clearly displeased with his answer.

It bothered him the self-control the doctor was managing from rebelling against him. Without a warning, he connected the sword handle with Lecter´s cheek making the doctor fall on his knees from the blow.

-“You know what the penalty for harboring deserters is, doctor?”- Matthew asked, sliding off the horse and circling the man while Hannibal grabbed his jaw, still keeping his rage at check.

-“I don´t give a shit if you’re keeping them for revenge or self-righteousness justice. I will send you to the gallows if I discover you´ve been associating with any of them! I can chop your head off right now without needing the captain´s permission!” – The sword connected once more with the top of Hannibal´s head as he grunted in pain, blood dripping down his forehead.

-“And I can search anything on your property to find them. Your cottage! Your sister´s things! Even your horse´s ass if I need to! So don´t try to dismiss me or order me around!”- Matthew kicked the doctor in the ribs.

He abused his authority again and again until a hammer hit his chest out of nowhere, making the guard back up a few steps and look up.

-“GET AWAY FROM HIM!” – Will roared furious, running to Hannibal´s side.

Matthew looked astounded while he watched the young man in front of him, kneeling to assist the doctor.

-“And who might you be?”- The guard asked melodically, eying him up and down and definitely liking what he saw.

Will placed his body in between the two men, checking the doctor´s wounds before the cold point of the sword touched Will´s chin, forcibly making him look at the man.

-“I never forget a face and I never saw you here nor in the village before."- The young guard hissed, pleased to see the boy focusing exclusively on him.-"Either you travel a lot or hide a lot in the woods, like an *outlaw*. So I will ask again. Who are you?”

Will swallowed nervously, he was sure they have never met before and there was a high possibility none of the guards recognized him since he had change under the doctor´s “care”, he had lost his masculine features making him look more boyish than a brute young man, and the doctor´s clothes he wore, to large on his body made him look like a stable boy than a dirty bandit. He could hide in plain sight. Will preyed on that. It was his best chance to get them both out alive.

-“H-He's my uncle!”- Will blabbered, saying the first excuse that came to his head.

-“Uncle?” – The guard repeated, taken back by the answer and positive the doctor didn't have other living relatives.

-“Yes. After…Mischa´s death, my mom sent me to live with my uncle to help out around his estate.”- Will hesitated to speak Misha´s name in front of Hannibal, he didn´t knew how the man would react.

Staring back at Lecter, the man stood on his knee looking at Will without saying nothing, if he was surprised or angry at his reply he did not show it.

-“Is that so?”- Matthew licked his lips, ogling Will´s frail body wrapped around in the doctor´s clothes.

-“He was letting himself go. Grieving, you see. And you can´t be too careful at his old age.”- Will glanced at Hannibal once more, smiling innocently when the older man pierced him right back, warning him not to overdo it.

-“Such a good kid you have here, doctor! I guess I´ll leave our argument on standby for now. Besides, your nephew just did your work for you. ”-The soldier kept laughing at his joke, insulting the man by seeing the kid fight his battle while the doctor stood there defenseless.

He pulled the reins, setting the animal into motion and rided back, leaving the two alone again. The peaceful silence felt strange to the boy's ears again while the dust settle down again.

-“Uncle?”- The doctor questioned.

Will turned around, Hannibal was grabbing his ribs, slightly hunched over, his white shirt was covered in blood around the two buttons fastened at the collar from his bleeding head.

-You´re bleeding! – Will ran up to him, grabbing the other man´s face, carefully not to bump into his wounds while he tried to see the gravity of his injuries.

A hand wrapped around his wrist making look at the other man´s face. The doctor stare back at him with a not very amused expression. Will was so distracted he didn't realize the proximity and manage to forget the person in front of him and invade his space.

-“R-Right!”- The kid backed away, lifting his hands up protectively.-"You’re the doctor, so..."

Hannibal just stared at him, the fact that he came running even after Hannibal specifically ordered him to stay put, clearly showed this kid still had problems with authority and following orders. However, it was not the first time that he stood up to someone in order to protect another, and that alone intrigued the doctor. The kid didn´t win anything by coming to his rescue, on the contrary, he risked getting recognized and sent to his death. This boy was neither too reckless or right down stupid.

-“Good kid my ass!”- The doctor frown, grabbing him by the back of his neck while he guided him inside the cottage.

Will stumbled on his feet, ironically he resembled a kid who was about to get spanked for misbehaving. Hannibal opened the medicine cabinet, spreading the bandages over the table next to a large jug of alcohol.

- “Come here!” - Lecter ordered, filling the washbasin with alcohol before he washed his hands and wrists. -“I need you to disinfect your hands. You’re going to stitch my wound.”

- “What!”- Will blabbered, obviously not hearing the man right. -"...H-Hold on a second... I can ´t…"

- “I can't see the wound! Stop whining and get over here!”- Hannibal sat on the bench, placing the stiff string over the curved needle when the boy approached his side.

He lend the needle hook to the kid before grabbing him by the hips and pulling him closer to his front, he could smell the fear on him and the tension in his breathing, obviously not expecting the touch.

-“Grab that bandage, soak it with alcohol and clean around the wound. I will guide you through.”- Will examined the open wound on top of his head as the doctor instructed.

He cleaned the injury, throwing the bloody rag away and replaced with a new one while he kept feeling the doctor´s hands still holding him in place.

-“Why didn´t you fought back?”- Will thought out loud. Hannibal managed to break every rule in the name of justice. It didn´t made sense to Will that the man didn’t fought back against the abuse

of power from the king´s guard.

-“It´s not my place to rob him of his pound of flesh.”- Lecter said, leaning his forehead against the runt´s belly.

He smirked when he felt the boy´s hands tremble suddenly with the intimacy.

- “Matthew had a brother who got badly injured in the war when I was prioritizing another soldier in worse state than his, so he ended up dying. I presume young Matthew still holds a grudge until this day.”

They stayed in silence for a few minutes, through the kid´s tense touch Lecter could tell the runt didn´t approved of his passive behavior. That’s what separated them, the boy was hot headed and impulsive, while Hannibal had to keep his head cool. Will grabbed the needle, looking anxious at it and not certain of what to do.

-“Start from the top and work your way down.”- Hannibal slowly instructed, circling his finger on Will´s hipbone, mimicking the needle shape while the boy kept working between the man´s legs.

He did as he was told, piercing the flesh and working the needle, joining the flesh together. He could feel the doctor squeeze his palms around his soft skin, letting out a low groan, he knew Hannibal was in pain but he didn´t recoil from his touch. He kept working in silence until he got to the last knot, finishing up.

-“It´s done.”- He whispered waiting for Hannibal to retrieve his hands away. But the doctor didn´t move, he kept holding him, enlacing his arms around the boy.

-“In your nightmare, did you fought back? Or did you begged them to continue?”- Hannibal whispered, curious to know if what scare him was the thought of taking multiple men at the same time or wanting it to happen.

-“Let me go!”- He struggled in his grasp, trying desperately to break free.

-“It can be enjoyable, you know. If you let me guide you.”- Hannibal muttered, almost to himself.

He didn´t want to admit but he was lonely, two months without any human contact made him hungry for touch and physical pleasure, the need to hold a warm body in his arms and join their bodies together to feel ecstasy. He thought his revenge had robbed him of his humanity and will to feel anything that wasn´t hatred and anger, however this runt made him crave his body like a starved man. But he grew frighten of him, almost plunging to his death out there. How childish. He was arrogant and prideful yet a dream was enough to break him into submission, not his hand or his body.

Hannibal opened his arms making the boy fall on his ass while the kid crawled away from him until his back hit the wall behind him. The doctor´s features started to darker, more predatory like, he didn't like it, that carnal hunger in his eyes, watching him as if he was his prey. He saw it before on that table, in his dreams. He was frightened of him.

-"Stop...I´m not your whore!"- He growed, knowing what the doctor had decided to do.

-“I can't seem to pull you out of that nightmare that got you into this state of paranoia to the point where you even endangered yourself.”

-“Stop! You bastard!”- Will covered his ears and shut his eyes, blocking the man from his sight.

-“LOOK AT ME!”- Hannibal hissed. - “I´m only a man! I´m not a monster nor am I one of your demons!”

-“...I-I wish you had just let me drown.”- The boy whined, he was hyperventilating, averting his gaze from him. Hannibal stood up and looked down at the curled up runt.

-“I don’t blame you from trying to go against me but you can´t always run away from what I’m about to do to you.”- The boy yelped, trying to find a place to hide. But there was none. He laid there hopeless, surrounded by the dark corners and by Hannibal intimidating presence.

-“It´s time you face your fears and let go of that nightmare.”- The doctor crossed the room and sat on the bed, extending a hand to the kid.

-“Come here!”

To be continued...

DreamCatcher

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone,
Heads up! This chapter is Explicit!
I almost missed the headline because of the photoshop, but I know you will enjoy it. I sure did *cough cough*. Well I leave you to it! :)
And again, please COMMENT to tell me what you think.
Bye for now,

Chapter 6

-“Come here!”- Hannibal ordered in a low voice as he lifted his hand for the kid to take it.

The boy just kept to himself, hugging his slender frame across the room by the fireplace. His oversized chemise was still covered in Hannibal´s blood when the doctor rested his head against it. He sigh, picking up a leather saddle bag from under the bed and cleaning the dust covering it. He eyed it for a few minutes before throwing it at the runt´s feet, making him jolt.

-“Put that on!”- The doctor said resting his elbows on his knees, glancing at Will.

With trembling fingers, the boy started to unwrap the belt of the bag, spreading the length of the leather in front of him and revealing a thin white fabric, a woman´s nightgown. The cloth was light as Will slide his palm along the soft material, almost transparent. A line of buttons were sewed along the sternum area and wrists and the elaborate embroidery was nicely done, giving the piece an expensive touch.

-“I was going to give it to Mischa, when she wed.” – Lecter claimed, answering the confused look on the boy´s face.

-“I´m not wearing this.”- Will said under his breath.

-“You can be naked for all I care. But if you want to risk having me rip your clothes off and make you work on the field naked, we can do that!”- Hannibal warned cold and low.

Will clenched the thin material leaving small wrinkles along it. He began to undress, the stained chemise felt to the floor followed by his pants. It was not the first time the doctor had asked him to bare himself in front of him, however, unlike that time in the brothel, Hannibal got his gaze fixated on him the whole time, eyeing him up and down. He quickly grabbed the nightgown, eyeing it hesitantly before placing it over his head, closing every button and letting it cover his nakedness. The see-through fabric didn´t hide much since he could see his nipples through the thin fabric. He swift nervously waiting for Hannibal´s next order but the other man didn´t say anything. He just kept staring at him, devouring him with his eyes. Frightened, Will felt his body respond, his member pulsed under the thin nightgown, staining it with the first drops of pre-cum. Will tried to cover himself with his hands, frigidly pulling the nightgown down.

-“Get your hands behind you and straighten your back.”- The other man´s voice cut the silence like a sharp blade. Will did as instructed, displaying his shameful body to the doctor.

Lecter rested his chin on his hands, switching slightly on the bed while he ogle the boy in front of the fireplace, his cock throb with interest at the exquisite sight laid out for him. He could hear the kid´s rapid heartbeat from across the room. The boy´s beauty could put any lovely young maiden to shame. The smooth face glowed as the light from the fire caressed his flushed cheeks. The flames behind him unlighted his slender figure, he could see everything through the thin material. The slim neck, the small nipples peering with the cold of the room, the curve of his penis poking the gown and gluing the fabric to the pink tip. The fact that he was so embarrassed to the point of hiding his body made him smirk, he still thought he could hide his dignity from him. He was so naïve.

-“Now, we´re going to try this again...” - Hannibal replied extending his hand once more.-"Come here."

Will walked to him, slowly but hesitant. He reached the doctor but he didn´t take his hand. He allowed the boy that small act of defiance, for now. Hannibal stood up, towering over him.

-“Undress me!”- The low demand was enough to startle Will´s every cell. He swallows loudly. He didn´t want this. Any of this.

Will released the top button of Lecter´s chemise, working along the other two, the last one giving a little resistance when his hands started to tremble vigorously. With a shaky breath he parts the edges exposing his broad shoulders and chest, the tanned skin glowing with the flames. He looks up, waiting for Lecter to lift his arms so he could pull the chemise over his head but he didn´t move. Will knew the doctor was punishing him for his stubborn act earlier. Will frowned, lacing his arms around the man´s torso, the proximity made the boy´s hard length poke the man´s leg, their chest grazing against one another while the kid grabbed the end of the cloth and pulled it upwards from Hannibal´s torso.

Will could see the unmistakable bulge on the doctor´s trousers as he unlaced the strings. The sound of the friction between the straps felt too loud to Will´s sensitive ears. He delayed the task as long as he could, he didn´t want to remove the only physical barrier between their bodies. Will whined after he pulled the doctor´s trousers down, releasing his pulsing cock and the cold temperature of the room didn´t manage to bring it down. The last piece of cloth hit the floor while Hannibal stood naked in front of him. Will looked away, short of breath. He was brought back when Hannibal grabbed the first button around the collar of his nightgown and began to open it, one by one.

Will stopped him almost immediately, clutching the doctor´s wrist. The grip wasn´t forceful or threatening, more like a reflex, pleading him to not go further. Lecter stared back at the kid, waiting for him to drop his hand. He could feel the runt´s heartbeat, beating violently against the sternum, fear evading him to his very core. With a stranded cry, he release the doctor´s wrist and Lecter resumed his task, patiently parting the buttons until he reached the last one above the navel. Hannibal placed his hands on the boy´s shoulders, opening the edges as the thin nightgown slided along his arms leaving him completely bare. More than shame, Will felt intimidated as they both stood naked, no physical barrels to protect him, he could feel the heat radiating from the other man ´s body.

-“Lay down on the bed.”- Hannibal stated, his voice came out hoarse but soft as a whisper.

Will let his back hit the bed, the wooden bedframe creaked under his weight while his hands clenched around the soft sheets, the mattress was too hard enabling him to sink further to hide his trembling frame from Hannibal´s eyes as the doctor stood there, ogling him. He gaze over the window above the bed, the angry clouds robbed the sky of its light. A storm was coming.

Will clenched his fists harder as he felt Hannibal´s hands sink into the mattress next to his hips as the man leaned over him, placing himself between his legs. He moaned in surprise as he felt Lecter breath hitting his abdomen, dangerously close to his aching member. Hannibal kissed him there, open mouth trailed along his belly, his hot tongue worked around his tight muscles as one of his hands wrap around the kid´s hard penis. Lecter stroked him, pushing the foreskin back, squeezing the tip as he continued to lick his stomach. He could feel the kid tremble uncontrollably under his touch. Hannibal looked up, the kid had his eyes clenched shut, his head swinging to the side in

denial while he chewed on his lower lip. He was trying to distance himself from the frighten reality he was in. Smart move but Lecter wouldn´t allow him to run away. Not this time.

Hannibal laced his arm around the runt´s waist and turn him around, placing him on his elbows and knees. Will struggled, it didn't matter how many times he exposed himself to this man, he could never overcome the embarrassment of being on display. The mattress cricked loudly when Lecter crawled further up the bed, positioning himself between the boy´s legs, spreading his thighs further apart. Will could felt the heaviness of the other man´s chest on his back, pressing him against the bed, hosting his ass in the air with a firm hand around his hip.

-"...S-Stop ....please."- His voice broke down as he buried his flushed face into the sheets, the doctor´s hard length throb against his entrance. Will expected to be penetrated at any second but it never came. Instead he felt Hannibal kiss the back of his neck. His open mouth nibble and suck, trailing down his spine as the man reached the curve of his ass. Panic froze Will´s blood when he realize with horror what the man intended to do.

-"PLEASE DON´T!"- Will screamed, his spine curved upward while he tried to shelter his trembling body.

-"Calm down! I´m just going to have a taste."- Hannibal lowered his voice as he kept the boy pinned against the mattress.

-"Please don´t do that!"- His skin tingled at the thought of the level of intimacy.

If he already felt mortified from what the doctor made him go through in the brothel, exposing him to the prying eyes of repulsive men, this was right down cruel and shameful.

-"Ease your struggle!"- Lecter petted the boy´s ribs, calming him down.- **"**I want you comfortable on my bed not damaged**"**

Hannibal parted his knees making the boy´s legs spread wider as he lowered his mouth to his sacrum kissing him there. Lecter trailed his hands along the boy´s bottom, squeezing lightly as he spread him apart. And with a grunt, he connected the tip of his tongue with the boy´s entrance. Will moaned loudly, he squirmed in Hannibal´s hold, pushing at the sheets to get away but the doctor pinned him in place, his hungry mouth never losing contact with the boy´s most intimate place. Hannibal stare forward, the kid was resting his forehead on the sheetswhiles his hands covered his mouth to avoid any sound from coming out. Lecter circled the boy´s hole eagerly, tasting him, he was mad with need as he controlled his hunger, trying desperately not to devour the kid whole. He could feel his self-control fading with every throb of his swollen cock. He wanted to thrust into him, every nerve on his body screamed for him to take the boy and slam into him hard, making him remember the shape of his cock. He craved the hunt. But he couldn´t afford to lose control, he needed the boy comfortable and relaxed. If he wanted to pull him out of the frighten stage he was in, Hannibal had to take him down with pleasure, not by force.

The doctor slided his tongue up and down Will´s entrance, slicking him as his mouth worked franticly, his short beard scratch the sensitive skin there making the runt yelp. With a persistent force he trailed the entrance and pushed his way in past the tight ring of muscle.

-"AH!" – Will cried out, arching his back while his hand came up to Lecter´s head in attempt to push him away.

Hannibal grinned at his useless efforts, he could feel the kid clench down on his tongue and is pulsing member drooled pre-cum, staining the linens below them. He was so close. He was determined to drown the kid in pleasure but he wouldn't let him come, not yet… not from this. The doctor slip out of him as he got to his feet, cleaning his mouth with the back of his hand as he eyed the boy. The young man laid there, his hips shaking, humping the air while his hole clapped down rhythmically, seeking something that wasn´t there…yet.

Will was light-headed, his body felt impossibly hot as if the devil himself was embracing him. He fixed his gaze on the door across the room, he want it to run outside and plunge into the snow, to let the cold embrace him and freeze him solid before his demons got the chance to take him. He had nothing to hold on to anymore, not his shame, his dignity or his pride.

Behind him, a small pop sound reached his ears and the air around them was filled with the sweet scent of lavender. He didn´t have time to see when the liquid dripped down his bottom, looking behind him he could see Lecter empting a bottle on him, the purple oil dripped down his thighs making his cock pulse at the sensation.

-"You only know pain when it comes to sex. I will teach you to let it go. I´ll guide you through your orgasm. So scream, beg and struggle if you have to, but I´ll rip your demons out of you until you're bucking your hips willingly against me and begging for me to do it all over again."- Hannibal coated his fingers, moistening them before bringing them down on the boy´s ass, spreading the oil. The kid mewled at the sensation, still over-sensitive from before.

He pushed a finger in tentatively, testing the boy´s reactions. He still felt tight around him, the kid´s grip alone could drive him to insanity. Lecter shoved another finger stretching him further, exploring the tight entrance. Will whined, biting the sheets, the oil was getting warmer with the friction, making the boy´s skin grow softer and loosen. He smirked, when they returned to the apothecary he had to thank Gideon for the souvenir. He could hear the boy whining under him, trying desperately to fight the pleasant sensation from rushing through his spine, blabbering some uncoherent words of denial, but they wouldn´t last, Hannibal would make sure of that. Now… It´s time.

He removed his fingers and grabbed the runt´s waist, flipping him abruptly over on his back. He was an alluring sight, all spread out on his bed, his parted lips gasped for air, his eyes were wet and unfocused while he grabbed the sheets next to his head, resting his head on a pillow. His thighs spasmed along with his purple cock waiting for the sweet release. He was going to make this boy come undone. Hannibal licked his lips, he was going to embrace him like you would a lover, he want it to see his flushed face and burn it in his memory forever.

He exhaled, positioning himself on top of the runt, spreading his knees apart while he nested there. He guided his hard cock to the slick hole, sliding up and down soaking it with oil. The hot member poking at his entrance was enough to jolt Will out of his trance as he suddenly hold out his arms, pushing the doctor´s chest away and stopping him from going further.

-"I beg of you…please s-stop!"- Will´s voice came out as a whisper, frighten as if death itself was squeezing his throat.

-"You were doing so well."- Hannibal whispered disappointed - "Did I hurt you? Ever since you laid on my bed until now, have I harmed you in anyway?"

The kid whined, knowing that wasn't the problem but acknowledging he didn´t had a right to deny him.

"I´m holding back even though nothing prevents me."-Hannibal growled impatiently.- "I´m not going to make you take the initiative, at least not today. But don´t fight me. Don´t deny me your body."

Hannibal felt a shiver slide down his spine at the idea of having the kid wanting him eagerly came to his mind. He wanted the boy to be comfortable enough to take the lead himself, to have him move his hips on its own, riding him willingly, eagerly as Hannibal lays on his back, enjoying the breathtaking view. But if he wished to take him there he needed to teach him the pleasure of it before that. And right now he need to pull him out of that nightmare.

Hannibal leaned over the trembling boy, supporting his weight on his hands, next to Will´s shoulders before he lined his cock with the kid´s hole, pressing determinately as the tip slowly entered.

Will could feel it passing the first ring of muscles, pressing against his body. His hips jerked, in attempt to flee just to have Hannibal push further into him, pinning him against the bed, his body solid and strong, chest on chest. He stretched him wide, inch by inch until he was fully buried inside, stopping there and waiting for the kid to adjust to his length.

Will was sobbing, he could feel every inch and vein of Hannibal´s cock, pulsing as if it had a life of its own. He felt so full but only to the point of discomfort, not the sharp pain he felt when Hannibal slammed into him against the table. Will opened his eyes, expecting to find the doctor looking down on him, smirking victorious but Will didn´t find any of that. Hannibal´s jaw was clenched tight along with his eyes while sweat dripped down his chin. He noticed his features were twitching, he looked like he was in pain. Hannibal slowly opened his eyes, a low groan escaped this throat while he locked eyes with Will.

-"You´re hurting me, kid." – Lecter let out a heavy sigh, throwing his head back in abandonment.
-"So tight…Relax for me."

Steading himself, he began to move his hips with a steady rhythm, controlling his urgewhile his breathing was ragged and uneven. The runt gripped him like a vice to the point of torment.He could feel him wriggle restlessly beneath his weight, gripping the sheets as he clenched around him. The doctor could sense his self-control wearing off, the tension coiling deep in his abdomen. Lecter changed his pace, thrusting with long strokes and rocking the boy when the oil was getting warmer and warmer, easing the way.

Hannibal looked down, trying to read his body language, the runt was hiding his flushed face in the pillows around him, biting down hard and sheltering his body from his predatory gaze. Still trying to run away. He stopped him on his tracks, grabbing the kid´s waist and, with a quick jerk, he dragged his slender body to the middle of the bed, exposing him on the open sheets where he couldn´t hide.

-"...You b-bastard…"- Will cried out, Hannibal could hear the honey drops on his voice. He smirked, the boy was starting to feel it.

-"Don´t avert your eyes. Acknowledge me!"- He intertwined their hands together, caging the runt´s head with his arms and started to move more freely while he stared down at the boy, piercing the kid with his gaze.

His pace quicken, strong hips slammed more fervently against the white sensitive skin. The room was filled with their groans and wet noises as their flesh collided, one more eagerly than the other.

Hannibal changed his angle, circling his hips, searching until he hit what he was looking for.

-“OH! ”- Will cried out as he arched his back out of the bed. A jolt of pleasure hit him like a rage wave at the same time his body jerked uncontrollably. He couldn’t understand what happened. How could his body betray him this way.

Hannibal pulled out, until the tip of his cock remained and slammed back in, grazing against the kid ´s prostate while the runt mewled under him, clenching uncontrollably.

-“P-Please…”- Will begs, his small voice almost silent from his dry throat, sobbing as the man above him slams into him mercilessly, drowning him in pleasure.

Hannibal sinks into him, lowering his torso before he releases the boy´s hands. He pushes the kid further into the mattress, widening his legs and leaving no space between their trembling bodies. Lecter could feel the runt´s hard penis trapped between them, leaking into his belly. Supporting himself on his elbows, one arm goes behind the young man´s head while he resumes his thrusts, eyeing him, their noses touch as they breathe the same air.

The boy´s eyes were unfocused and the doctor couldn´t find the fear that it was there minutes before, it was almost as if the boy had forgotten, for the moment, the demons that haunted him. He lowered his mouth biting Will´s chin, nibbling and sucking on the shaved skin. He felt him squeeze around him, moaning blissfully while he worked his mouth. Will brought his hands to Lecter´s head, petting his silver hair and brushing away from his eyes. Hannibal was mesmerized by the boy ´s gentle expression, eyeing him as if he was precious to him. He was truly beautiful. He slowly lowered his mouth connecting it with Will´s parted lips and worked his mouth eagerly, slipping his tongue inside, tasting the boy when he gasped into Lecter´s mouth. Hannibal resumed his thrusts, hitting the kid´s prostate vigorously and the impact, so powerful it made the kid accidently crawl at his head.

-“You do have bad manners regarding your hands.”- Hannibal grunted devilishly, releasing the boy ´s mouth and holding Will´s hands to guide them to his back.

-“Here! If you want to scratch something do it here.”- Lecter untwined his fingers on the kid´s sweaty locks, pushing his head back to bury his face on his neck, running his tongue there.

Child's play was over, it was time to fuck him seriously until none of them knew were one ends and the other begins. With a low groan, he thrusts deeper into the sobbing kid, his thrusts powerful and demanding, knocking the air out of the runt.

Will cried out loudly while he crawled at the man´s back, feeling Hannibal´s muscles clench and release against his hands while he hold on for dear life . The blissful pleasure was overwhelming, striking every nerve in his body. The layer of sweat coated their bodies making it glow with the fire. The grunts and pants from the doctor against the sensitive skin of his neck drove him into insanity as he started to thrust his hips against the man´s brutal thrusts, matching his movements. He was so close. Will descended one of his hands to Lecter´s ass, scratching and groping him in attempt to push the man´s hips deeper into him.

-“Such a spoiled brat, you are.”- The doctor grind wickedly into the white porcelain skin.

Hannibal obliged the runt's demands, driving into him brutally, taking what he wanted from him, feeling the boy grip rhythmically and milk his throbbing cock. Then suddenly, Will bucked his

body off the bed, jerking uncontrollably and choking on a moan as he comes undone all over his belly and chest.

-“...H-HANNIBAL!”- The boy moans his name, throwing his head back, his spine completely arched as he rides his orgasm.

Lecter watches him fall on the bed, boneless while the time stood still for a few seconds as he heard his name leave the boy´s lips for the first time, the sweet coated voice ringed in his ears like a siren calling out to the sailor to meet his demise. Names are a powerful thing to use, and this runt dared to use his with such a sweet voice. Every last shred of self-control he was holding onto disappeared, there was no going back from this anyway. Will laid on the sheets, breathless, his body spasmed but he could still feel the man pulsing inside him. Fatigue started to reach his muscles but he wasn´t going to rest yet. Hannibal grabbed his arm roughly and pulled him onto his lap, sinking the boy down on his swollen cock once more as he continued to thrust roughly into him.

-“I haven´t come yet.”- Hannibal hissed against Will´s ear, lacing an arm around his waist to push him down.

Will let out a piercing cry, the angle was different since the doctor´s thick length impaled him impossibly deeper, making his weight sink down on his cock, knocking the breath out of him.

-“...It’s too d-deep!”- He sobbed holding onto Lecter´s shoulders, rocking his hips along with the man´s thrusts.

Their chests collided, trapping Will´s penis, he could feel his orgasm building up again as Hannibal rubbed violently against his oversensitive prostate. He rested his chin against Lecter´s shoulder, surrendering himself completely at the doctor´s mercy. The window above the bed was blurry, all fogged up concealing the view he knew it was there minutes before. The hot temperature of the room created by their burning bodies blurred the glass and suddenly, Will screamed loudly, forcing Hannibal to stay still, curious to know the reason behind it. A cold drop felt on the boy´s spine, looking up Lecter could see the loosen shingle on the low ceiling. The snow melted through the crack and managed to fall precisely on the runt´s back. Loosen shingle that he order the kid to fix this morning.

-“Serves you right.”- Hannibal whispered into Will´s ear, making him shiver from his voice alone.

His hand trailed along his back, grabbing his hair and tugging it with a firm grip as he pulls Will´s head back and forced him to present his neck. The melted snow felt again, however this time it hit the kid´s neck, sliding erotically along his chest and belly. Hannibal kept him there as he moans, scratching his shoulders, begging him to move his hips. He resumed his rough mating, the boy was too exquisite for this to last any longer. He shoved his hips one, two and three more times before he buried himself up to the hilt, releasing deep inside the boy´s sore ass with a groan. Filling him fully as he tugs firmly at Will´s hair, making him arch his back while he eagerly receives all the doctor as to give.

-“Good boy.”- Hannibal pets the runt´s head, rewarding him before he loosens his hold.-"You did well kid."

Will´s back hit the bed, followed by Lecter as they laid there, exhausted, trying to catch their breath. Will sighed to himself, he needed to return to the small lodge to sleep, Hannibal wouldn´t

let him stay here, he made that very clear last time he approached the bed. He tried to sit up, testing the strength on his boneless body before Hannibal caught his wrist.

-“Stay!”- The doctor ordered, his voice still rough as the boy eyed him in confusion.

Will looked around the room, the fire still burned in the fireplace, illuminating the room. It felt strange to share the bed with the doctor, however he didn't want to return to the lodge, it was humid and cold and the straw pile there didn't seem to warm him much either. He turned to the doctor who was still laying on his back, his eyes closed but still holding his wrist. Will laid back pulling the sheets over them, curling up in a corner before he let darkness embrace him.

To be continued...

Bedside Manner

Chapter Notes

Hello everybody!
This chapter is mid-Explicit…more or less.
I´m sorry for the spelling error.
I know I missed the deadline…again. The photoshop took me ages and robed me of my writhing time.
It´s really difficult to find good quality photos of Hugh Dancy in his 20´s, that´s why I use more modern photos of him in the photoshop. I know it´s a little late to say this but, in my story I view Will when he still had a baby face, much like in “Kavanagh QC”. Please stick to the Twink baby face Will Graham :)
Please comment, suggest, leave kudos or criticize if you have to.
Bye for now,

Chapter 7

“Bedside Manner”

The cold temperature of the room shook Will from his sleep when a shiver ran down his spine. He was laying on Hannibal´s bed, facing the wall while the morning light illuminated the bedframe and the fire by the fireplace had long died, leaving the room cold again. He over slept, he should have been working on the field hours ago but he couldn´t remember how he got there. Will yelp as he tried to sit up, his whole body ached, he lifted the sheet looking down on his body, his belly was covered with a thick layer of dried cum and his thighs felt damped with what was left of the lavender oil. He panicked, connecting the dots. A soft breathing reached his ears as he turned around, Hannibal was lying asleep on his side, a peaceful look on his face at the same time his chest raised up and down in a calm pace. The sight of the doctor beside him was enough for the memories to come back.

A bright shade of red started to appear on his cheeks, grabbing his head to escape the shame, too mortified to remember. His loud pleading moans echoed in his head, their mouths connecting, he could still feel the doctor´s throbbing cock pounding into him, hitting that place inside while the man forced the pleasurable moans from him. His muscles clenched involuntarily at the memory. This couldn´t be happening. He was so ashamed and confused. How can a man feel pleasure from being penetrated? He felt like a common whore. That was not how sex worked. He didn´t understand it.

-“Did you had another nightmare?”- Will jolted when the doctor´s hand touched his lower back, his voice still hoarse and deep.

-“Y-You’re awake?”- Will turned rapidly, surprised as he faced the doctor, a light smirk just about to rip on Hannibal´s mouth since he eyed the kid´s startle reactions.

-“I was awake since an hour ago. In the meantime I spent trailing a finger down your spine in hopes you would wake up.”- Hannibal smirked finally showing his teeth as the boy´s flushed face grow brighter.-"...making you shiver every time."

-“I-It´s late! We have work to do!”- Will jumped out of bed, running away after he felt Lecter´s hand slide lower.

His legs hobbled from the lack of strength when he stepped over the doctor´s legs as if the sheets were on fire. However, his lower body gave in when his foot touched the cold wooden floor, making the boy fall clumsily across the floor.

-“So lively today!”- Hannibal said resting on his elbows, looking down on the kid while he was gripping the sheets in attempt to steady himself on his knees, next to Lecter´s leg.

He kept his eyes low, avoiding looking at the doctor with a lovely color on his cheeks as he tried to take control of his limbs. A sudden whine left Will´s throat, all that wiggling made the doctor´s semen leak out from him, dripping down his thighs.

Hannibal throw the sheet to the side, stepping away from the tangled bed as he crossed the room to the heavy table, the bloody bandages and needlewere still scattered on the surface. Lecter grabbed the porcelain jar and filled the wash basin with fresh water. Cupping his hands together, he dropped them into the water, collecting the water there ant he lowered his face into them, washing his face.

Will stood petrified in place while the doctor cleaned himself. His eyes widen when his gaze stopped on Hannibal´s back, hungry red scratches stood along his shoulders, ribs and ass. Will brought a hand to his mouth, suppressing a whine, he couldn´t believe he was responsible for that display of red lines. He kept looking while the man finished washing up. Hannibal brought his wet

hand to the back of his neck, scrubbing there, the water trailed his solid muscles making his wounds burn. He smirked at the pain, Hannibal remembered the boy moaning uncontrollably, holding on to him as he slammed into him eagerly.

Lecter dipped his hand again into the basin, the water danced around his palm as he guided to his abdomen, cleaning the boy´s semen. He could feel the kid stare at his body while he cleaned himself, he didn´t mind, however it proved the boy didn´t seen enough last night. He dipped his hand again bringing it to his belly, sliding down until he grabbed his cock, stroking it as the water escaped from between his fingers, cleaning the remains of his semen and the balsam oil. He smirked when the kid gasped, clearly not expecting the doctor to do that in front of him. The boy really needed to learn how to control his innocent curiosity, his virginal reactions only made Hannibal want to corrupt him more. He turned to the kid who was pulling himself up, sitting back on the bed and his hands sheltering his genitals in attempt to keep them out of sight.

-"Do you know you grab the headboard while you sleep?"- Hannibal smiled when the kid turned his head toward him, clearly taken aback at the doctor´s observation, his eyes switch to the log bed frame above the pillows.

-"It´s viewed as a sign of insecurity."- The man commented, the way the runt grabbed hold of it indicated an old long habit, children who lack motherly affection tend to replace it by hugging the pillows or something similar. A clear sign of negligence during his childhood. The kid switch his posture, tensing his muscles, Hannibal knew he was making a mess out of the sheets, leaking his seed into the linens.

-"Maybe next time you can let go of it and hold on to me."- Hannibal provoked, crossing his arms while he rested his body against the heavy table, regarding the runt.

-"I´m not a child! I don´t need to embrace anything in order to sleep!"- Will yield, not liking the idea of having to spent the nights in Hannibal´s arms.

The older man walked to him, his wet body glowed with the morning light rushing through the window and stopped a few steps from the boy, making him jerk in anticipation. Lecter picked his chemise still laying on the floor where the kid had drop it. He regard it for a few second before kneeling and leveling his head with the kid.

-"Clean yourself up! We´re going to the woods!"- Hannibal finished, fondling the kid´s messy hair. The boy clearly not happy with the childish gesture.

- - -

He grabbed the edge of the bed, steadying himself as the man behind him fucked the life out of him. The room was filled with wet skin colliding against one another and their obscene moans.

-"Oh…please! Harder! Fuck me harder!"- He gasped, arching his back while he pushed his ass against the doctor´s thick cock.

-"Such a good little whore."- The man groaned, slapping Randall´s bottom roughly, making him clench tightly around the length.

The hungry man fucked into him with full long thrusts, bruising the kid´s hips as he buried himself up to the hilt before coming inside.

-"...D-DOCTOR LECTER!"- Randall moaned, releasing on the messy sheets as he let the man above him empty himself inside for the third time.

His throat was raw as he felt the slimy semen hit his insides, but the man behind him was too far gone to notice Randall calling out the wrong name. It was not the first time he had replace a customer with the image of the doctor. It fed his lust and helped him deal with his harsh reality. Checking behind him, he finally acknowledge the customer he was with, another pig who assaulted him when he was asked to bring a drink to one of the rooms in the brothel, the glass was broken by the door and the beer spilled on the floor. He had to clean that up.

Randall got up, his legs hobbled as he walked to the door, glancing one more time behind him. The pig was laying on his back, snoring with his pants still down and his flaccid cock all exposed. Disgusting, he thought. He went down the stairs, eyeing the salon when he spotted three men sitting in a nearby table, the red leather armor stand out in the room, king´s guards. Randall leaned over the staircase, eavesdrop on the conversation as one name came up.

-"…The doctor is clearly hiding something. I´m telling you Tobias, that fucker is harboring deserters!"- Matthew blabbered to the soldier in front of him, slamming the empty cup down.

-"You suspect the kid is not who he says he is?"- Tobias asks circling the glass with his finger, the drink still untouched.

-"I know he isn´t! The kid was wearing the fucker´s clothes, I looked at the clothesline hanging outside when I arrived, and not one piece of cloth was his."- Matthew raised his voice.

-"So according to you, that makes him an outsider?"- Dolarhyde said, not very interested in Matthew´s argument.

-"If he was sent there to help his "uncle", don´t you think he should have packed at least one piece of clothing? You know him longer than I do Francis! Besides that little bitch of a sister, did you ever heard of any relatives?"

-"You just want the kid for yourself!"- Tobias joked, leaning on the chair.

-"Well I wouldn't mind a piece of that fine ass. But if he is an outlaw, you bet he will be staying in the jail cell next to my dorm room!"- Matthew laugh, rubbing his thigh.

The men kept laughing until Randall dropped a new fresh beer jar on their table, leaning on his elbows and letting the soldiers acknowledge him.

-"What are you boys talking about?"- He whispered with amusement and he leaned further on the table surface, arching his spine.

-"None of your business, boy! Get the fuck out of here!"- Matthew hissed, not liking the boldness of this kid.

-"Such hostility! Especially when I have something that might interest you."- Randall said melodically.

-“I doubt it!”- The young guard laugh, eyeing the kid´s bottom. Tobias laugh along with him but Francis just managed a pitiful smirk.

-“Not even to know about the doctor selling the kid here? ”- The boy smirked wickedly grabbing the men´s attention. Silence stood between them while they stare at him, the long smirks and pathetic jokes were long gone.

-“Talk!”- Dolarhyde ordered, setting the tone of the conversation.

- - -

Will placed his hand underneath a large chunk of moss, ripping it into one big piece, revealing the humid dirt underneath it. Foxglove stood by near him as the boy dropped another sheet of moss into the wooden cart attached to the stallion. He was covered in dirt from head to toe. Will protested while he pressed his legs together, keeping the oil and semen from leaking out and stain his trousers any further.

Lecter had ordered him to clean himself up before they left, however Will only managed to clean his face and upper body. He couldn´t gather the courage to wash inside while the doctor was still in the room with him. He would die of shame before that. He dressed quickly, putting on the doctor´s clothes over his body before he followed Hannibal out the door. He hoped the doctor wouldn’t notice him acting strangely with his seed still inside, with a little luck he would sneak into the trees and find a place to clean himself properly.

It was all this bastard´s fault. He glanced over his shoulder, frowning and looking at the doctor while he worked. Lecter kept working the thick layer of green moss, spreading it on the cart while he calculated the length of the roof he needed to cover with it. Much like Will, his thick coat was dirty with stains of brown and green, the sweat over his brow glued the soil to him like a second layer but his arms worked none stop, ripping the heavy chunks and making the doctor groan while trying to lift a fallen log out of the way.

-“You keep looking at me like that and I will give you a good reason to stare!”- Hannibal smirked with his back still turned to the kid.

Will backed up harshly, tripping on a log as he felt and landed on his ass. Hannibal heard the fuss behind him, trying to hold a laugh. The kid blushed uncontrollably not realizing he was staring intensely. He resumed his work, ripping the moss with more power, the heavy chunks broke apart with the excess of strength, leaving his arms empty as if he was embracing the air.

-“Why do we have to pick moss? The weather is nice. We should be working the field before the snow sets in again!”- Will complained, huffing in a frustrated matter as he petted the excessive dirt from the large coat.

-“Since someone did a half-assed job with the shingles yesterday. I need to cover the roof with moss to avoid the cold from creeping inside.”- Lecter mocked, finally turning to the boy, grinning maliciously.

-“But I bet your scalded back remembers that incident better than your mouth does.”- Hannibal sneered, his voice sultry and smooth as he recalled the boy shivering on his lap.

-“YOU´RE ABOMINIBAL!”- Will screamed, turning away from him, his face grew brighter and his eyes wetted with shame.

-“I´m almost tempted to risk my neck, dragging you to the gallows with me and watch you hang, old man!”- Will cursed, piling the layers of moss on top of each other, to avoid bringing them to the cart next to the doctor.

-“Well I hope you don´t mind sharing the rope…considering whatever else we shared together.”- Hannibal smirked wickedly, seeing the boy work more fiercely and cursing at him under his breath, completely out of control. Rebellious as ever, Lecter thought.

Hannibal sat on the edge of the cart, spreading his legs in attempt to steady himself. He tilted his head, opening the leather sack with water while he examine the boy. The runt wasjust as he was from the previous days, defiant and stubborn. The doctor did actually manage to rip him from that nightmare and in return he was presented with an exquisite sight Hannibal didn´t knew the boy possessed. He felt his throat dry at the memory of him calling out his name, moaning and crawling eagerly at his back. Lecter cleared his throat with a hoarse growl before he brought the water sack into his mouth.

-“…I-I need to go and relieve myself.”- Will whispered, clenching his thighs closer together, he could feel his trousers damped with the lavender oil.

-“Am I stopping you?”- Hannibal eyed the boy with mischief.

Will smiled lightly to himself when the man approved. He would take the chance to clean himself. He started to walk away, eyeing the dark discrete ditch further away, just to be stopped two steps ahead.

-“Kid!”- Hannibal called out, admiring the boy´s confused expression. - “You can do it there.”

Will looked astonished at the doctor´s hand, pointing at the tree next to the cart, literally four steps away from Hannibal in plain sight. The boy cursed at him when Lecter let out a genuine laugh. Tormenting him was too easy.

-“What are you ashamed of? We´re both men and you haven´t got anything I haven´t seen yet.”- Hannibal jeered, getting one more gulp of water, trying desperately not to choke on a laugh. -“The only difference between you and me is a matter of sizes…”

-“DO WE HAVE TO TALK ABOUT THIS?!”- Will yield trying to end the conversation, slightly offended by the man´s remark.

-“I´m a doctor! Who do you want to talk these subjects with, if not with me?”- Lecter shift, making the cart squeak slightly, the boy had no sense of humor but on the other hand Lecter was clearly enjoying himself.

-“Doctor my ass! I wouldn´t discuss it with you even if you were my mentor, old man!”-

-“Such a trouble child you are, *dear nephew*. Come! Sit on your uncle´s lap and we will talk about what´s upsetting you.”- The doctor smirked, slapping his hand on his knee, his voice dripped with

sarcasm.

Will turned toward him, his face bright red with shame as he picked a handful of moss and threw it at Hannibal. The moisture chunk hit the doctor right in the head, coming apart all over his lap while Lecter stared at the kid, completely dumbfounded by his actions.

-"You little shit!"- Hannibal got up and started to run after him while Will dodged the irregular soil, running away from the older man and the doctor hot on his heels. The brat ran and jumped over obstacles, still giggling at the astonished doctor.

-""What´s the matter, old man? Is the age getting to you? – The brat joked as they ran around in circles.

The loosen clothes around Will´s body started to slow him down, making him trip and fall into the soft soil. Hannibal was on him in seconds, he pushed one hand into the kid´s shoulders keeping him down.

-"Oh you think that was funny, did you?"- Lecter smirked as the runt continued laughing at his mischief.

He grabbed a fistful of moss and stuffed it inside the kid´s clothes. The cold, moisture soil against his back made the runt shiver but that didn´t stop Will from laughing. The kid managed to turn around, looking at the doctor as Lecter switched and did the same to his belly, a grin ripping in his face. Will tried to grab the doctor´s wrist, but his giggles made the job difficult while the doctor kept filling him up with moss. Will looked around and copied the doctor´s actions, snatching the wet dirt and rubbing it all over Hannibal´s face and laughing uncontrollably. They were an earthy mess, covered in mud and green clumps of moss. They had more dirt on them than a dug up corpse. Both of them jolt when the unmistakable sound of a horse's gallop approached them, the rider calling out to Lecter in an alarmed voice.

Hannibal grabbed the runt by the arms and lifted him up, signaling their presence to the messenger. They saw the rider approach them and a panic expression on his face.

-"Doctor Lecter, there has been an accident in the village! "- The messenger gripped the reins in dismay, the agitated animal walked in circles.

-"An accident?"- Hannibal asked.

-"Peter Bernardone, doctor!"-

-"Go ahead first and bring him to my study. I will follow ahead!"- Lecter ordered the rider as he obey the doctor´s wishes. Hannibal ran to Foxglove, detaching the cart from the animal. Will stood in place, dirt still in his hand not sure what to do when he saw the doctor mount the stallion and stop next to him, extending a hand to him.

-"Let´s go!"- He rushed him.

Will didn´t think twice as he grabbed Hannibal´s hand, allowing the other man to pull him into the saddle, holding on to the pommel of the seat, his back turned to Lecter when he commanded Foxglove into a full run toward the village.

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Hannibal pushed the hood of the fur cloak over the boy´s head, covering his face when they entered the village. This village has been Grutas prime target so there was a high chance the villagers would recognize the runt from their past actions.

Through the narrow sight of the cloak, Will could see the old half-timbered houses, surrounding them, even though it was a quiet morning around the streets, Will felt overwhelmed by the excessive noise. He shivered against the saddle, the rocking of the horse made the oil around his bottom and thighs to warm up and their little running game didn´t help much either. He was going to skin the doctor alive for this. He notice the horse coming to a stop when he saw the messenger´s horse up ahead.

They dismounted below the hanging sign with the figure of a raven stag attached to the two-story house – Lecter´s coat of arms. The boy followed the doctor up the narrow stairs when they entered the house. Hannibal´s cabinet was in the last floor and the closer they got the clearer the painful grunts could be heard. The door was open as they rushed inside, the messenger and another man stood next to a young man lying flat on a thick heavy table next to the window. Hannibal reached his side in seconds, placing a hand on the man´s head as he examined the obvious wound on his leg.

-"How did this happened?"- Lecter asked, looking at the exposed bone on his leg.

-"He was working on the meadow, doctor! When his horse stepped on a trap and felt right on top of his leg."- The blacksmith that helped carry the wounded man confirmed his suspicions.

-"I see."- Hannibal discarded his dusty coat, grabbing the nearby apron and tied it firmly around his waist- "Boy!"

-"R-Right!"- Will jerked into action, looking around the place as he tried to guess what the doctor would need to do his job.

-"Gentlemen, thank you for bringing him here. You can go!"- The doctor said professionally, lifting his sleeves up as the two men nodded and left.

Hannibal washed his hands on the porcelain sink that Will prepared for him, the kid worked hard and fast while he prepared the tools, the scissors, needle and bandages were spread out in the nearby table, mostly in the same fashion Lecter had presented when he required the help from the boy yesterday. Quick learner.

-"Put on the over sleeves and come here immediately."- Lecter instructed while Will disinfected his hands, staring at the soiled sleeves of his coat.

Hannibal grabbed the scissor and started to cut the cloth of Peter´s trousers, exposing his leg. The shinbone was broken in half, leaving the white bone exposed as it pierced the skin.

-"Peter can you hear me?"- Hannibal asked, holding the young man´s face examining his pupils.

-"...It hur-hurts…!"- He whispered, clenching his jaw, he was pale and sweating.

-"Hold him steady! I need to put that bone in place."- Hannibal set a hand on the man´s ankle and the other right below the calf, ready to pull.

-“Wait!”- Will stopped him while the doctor faced him confused.

The boy grabbed a bandage and rolled it up into a thick cylinder, placing it gently between Peter´s teeth. He pet the young man´s head to calm him down before pinning his hands against Peter´s shoulders, nodding to Hannibal and with one quick jerk, Lecter aligned the two bones together. A muffled grunt echoed in the small cabinet when Peter jerked violently before easing his struggles. Will came to Hannibal´s side, holding the two wooden splints, straining the leg while the doctor bandaged it, leaving the open wound free.

-“Is he going to be ok?”- The boy asked, leaning on the heavy table.

-“He´s going to be fine! I´ve been patching this kid ever since he was young!”- The doctor smiled, disinfecting the needle before bringing it to Peter´s skin, stitching the flesh.

Will took the chance to look around the room while the doctor finished. It was a fairly small room, not much bigger than the brothel room they stayed in days ago. Looking up, he could see the wooden structure, holding the low roof. On the opposite side of the room, stood an old canopy bed, the curtains were dusty and the original color almost gone. Will wondered if Hannibal slept in there when he had too much work to deal in his study.

-“All done!”- Hannibal confirmed, petting Peter´s shoulder. The doctor walked to the window and called out the two men waiting by the cart. The blacksmith and the messenger helped Peter on his feet and carried him out the door. Will sigh, removing the over sleeves, eyeing the doctor as he cleaned his blooded hands on the basin.

-“Do you sleep here?”- Hannibal faced him, directing his gaze to the bed Will was eyeing.

-“That bed is for the midwives.”- The doctor said, cleaning the empty table. - “Male doctors aren’t allowed during the delivery, so I leave the tools ready and lend them the room.”

Will walked to the bed, sitting on the edge while the doctor put the tools away. Hannibal took the soiled apron off, placing it on the table.

-“Right! You´re next!”- The doctor said eyeing the boy.

-“…What!?”- Will looked around, confused at the comment. He looked at his limbs, looking for a bloody wound he wasn't aware off but found none.

-“You have been squirming since this morning! Don´t you think it´s time to clean you up properly?”- Lecter grinned wickedly as he filled the small basin again.

-“…Y-You! ”- Will blushed brightly, gripping the sheets harder. He jerked when the doctor picked the basin and walked to him.

-“It’s not that I don´t find the idea of having my seed deep inside you appealing.”- The doctor said, placing the porcelain basin in front of the bed, kneeling by the kid.

-“However, unless you grew a uterus in the last few days. I doubt my seed is going to make your belly swell.”- Hannibal smirked sinfully, locking eyes with the anxious kid.

-“That´s immoral, old man!”- Will blabbered, his eyes watering with shame as he stood up.

-“Right! Right! Be a good kid and take off your trousers.”- Hannibal laugh, dipping the piece of cloth.

-“I can do it myself!”- Will stood up, clenching his clothes tighter to him and Lecter raised a brow.

-“If you had done it when I asked you too, we wouldn´t be having this conversation, now would we?”- Lecter turned the boy around, yanking the kid´s pants and throwing them on the bed.

-“Unless you were after an excuse for me to touch you.”- The doctor whispered behind him, just to have Will kick his shin bone with his heel.

-“You little…”- The doctor bounced surprised, a clear smirked stood on the boy´s face, mocking him.

Hannibal brought the dripping cloth to Will´s thighs, rubbing vigorously, making the runt shiver with cold. The boy stood still, arms cross in a controlled position while Lecter cleaned him truly. He knew the kid was hiding this since this morning and the way he pressed his legs together while in the woods, he could tell. Furthermore, while Lecter got dressed, waiting for the kid to clean himself, he notice the kid´s shaky hand descending to his side to clean inside. But he choose not to from shame for having him watch. Hannibal looked up, the runt kept the upright position, trying to act in control. How appealing.

The doctor pressed a hand to his lower back, urging him to bend over and support himself on the bed. The kid complied but it was obvious by the tension in his breathing that he was uncomfortable. Hannibal spread his cheeks, slipping a finger inside and circled it around feeling the slippery entrance since his seed coated the boy´s insides.

-“Do you…Do you work here a lot?”- Will whispered in attempt to break the uncomfortable silence, his face flushed and his eyes closed.

-“I bought this room when I began to practice my medical skills. I was about your age.”- He pulled his finger out, letting the thick semen drip out and returned it back in.

-“I work here mostly throughout the year, near the villagers in case they need assistance and return to the cottage by nightfall. Then I close the establishment for the winter.”- Hannibal grabbed the boy´s thigh, steading him and rubbing his finger against the wet skin.

-“However this winter the timing was different.”- The doctor whispered to himself, knowing he hadn´t return here since Micha died.

He slipped his index further inside then Will let out a moan when Hannibal rubbed his prostate. The intrusive finger kept pressing there, making his cock pulse, the doctor could see the confusion in the runt´s face. This kid was mortified of the pleasure that spot brought to him and he didn´t understand why. His innocent mind actually believed that only depraved and immoral men could feel this kind of carnal pleasure.

Hannibal pressed more persistently, feeling the boy clench harder against him, his breathing came out in pants and his fists grabbed the wool covers roughly. Will bit the sheets hard in attempt to muffle a cry when the doctor suddenly gripped his tip before he released all over his hand, keeping the bed immaculate. Hannibal twisted the piece of cloth, resuming his task and cleaning the boy´s cheeks and his front.

Will´s legs hobbled with effort in attempt to keep him steady on the bed. He looked behind him to see Lecter grab the basin and stand up, walking to the table. He sat on the bed, pulling his loosen chemise down when the doctor approached him with a book in his hand. Hannibal sat on the bed next to him, searching for a particular page when their knees almost touch when the doctor found what he was looking for, placing the book on his thigh so the boy could see.

The handwritten notes were well distributed along the page, giving a personal touch to it. Although Will couldn´t read any of them he conclude this was more likely Hannibal´s study notes than an actual book. However the notes weren´t what Lecter wanted him to see. In the middle of the page stood an ink drawing, in what it looked like a man´s genitalia seen from the side, but this one was weird looking. He recognized the outline of the penis, coming down to the testicles and ending on the ass-cheeks. The confusion struck him on what was represented inside. Hannibal brought his index finger up, tapping it on a particular oval shape in the drawing.

-"Prostate!"- Hannibal affirmed, looking at the kid´s puzzled face. - "This is what´s causing you to feel that overwhelming pleasure when I stimulate you."

Will stared at him, switching his attention from the doctor to the page, collecting the information given to him.

-"You have it, I have it and any other man has it. It doesn´t matter if you´re a male prostitute or a altar boy, if I choose to touch this part of you, you will respond willingly or unwillingly. It´s not something you can control. So don´t feel guilty or ashamed of anything regarding your body."- Hannibal leaned his head forward, studying the boy´s reactions. The kid swallowed, he want it to answer the doctor, but chose to nod instead.

-"Good. End of lesson! "- The doctor finished, closing the book with one hand and standing up once more.

Will brought a hand to his neck, rubbing it there. He felt slightly better with the doctor´s explanation however there was still one subject that has been on his mind that they needed to talk.

-"The day we went to the brothel…"- Will placed his words with thought, almost like moving the pieces on a chessboard. – "After I went upstairs, you stayed with that bastard."

Hannibal turned to him, he leaned on the table, his arms firmly crossed while he listen to the kid, the change of subject didn´t surprise him. Hannibal knew what he was about to ask, it had been a matter of time.

-"Did you struck the deal?"- Will asked, waiting for the doctor´s reply.

Hannibal just stood still, staring back at the kid, the embarrassed posture and flushed cheeks were long gone. The boy was trying to act brave while addressing this subject. The doctor switch his weight into the other leg before he gave the boy his final answer.

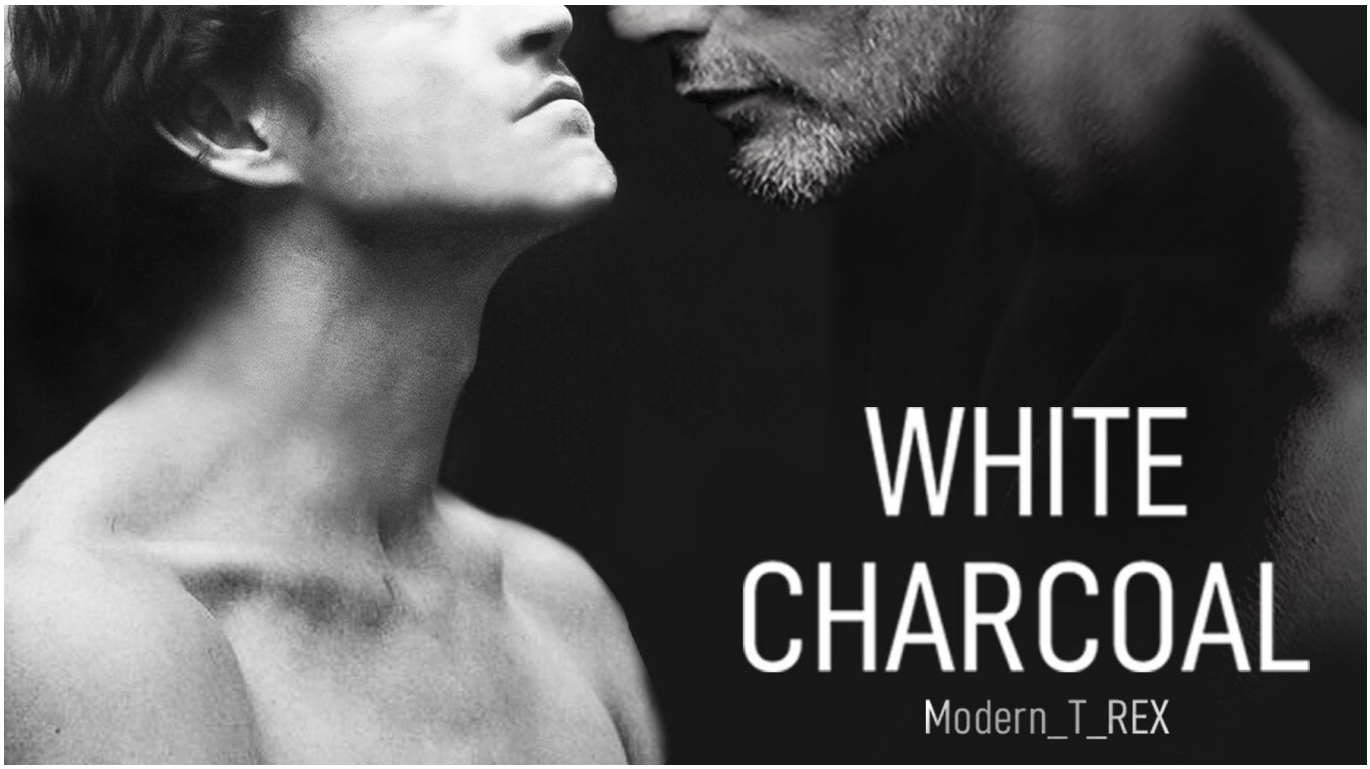
-"Yes!"-

To be continued…

Mad Honey

Chapter Notes

Hello Darlings!!
I wanted to thank you all about the comments, Kudos and support you have been giving me regarding my story, I REALLY love hearing from you. :)
Fair warning, his chapter contents EXPLICIT CONSENSUAL SEX and it´s FILTHY as hell, from top to bottom ! And NO, I regret nothing.
I will keep the tags updated and if there is any major change in my story (ex. Relationships, Tag warnings…) DON'T WORRY I will mention it here before you reach the chapter. .
Please continue commenting, give feedback and ask questions, It helps me know you're here with me!!! :)
Bye for now,



Chapter 8

"Mad Honey"

-"Yes."- Hannibal replied motionless. -"You'll stay with me during the winter, paying off the rest of your debt. Then, when spring comes, you'll go."

Will spread the wet sheet along the clothesline, pinning the thin fabric with pegs while the doctor´s words replayed on his mind. Small snowflakes felt from the dark grey sky, shaking the linens violently and flapping them against the boy´s dirty clothes, dirting them again. The harsh winter was upon them and it was going to be a harsh cold night. One that would bring the wolves out.

His hands hurt, redden and rough with the cold while he tried with shaky hands to secure the sheets. After returning from the village, Hannibal ordered him to wash clean the sheets and hanged them, the same linens they spend the night before. Will had a hard time scrubbing them, washing their cum and the oil. In the meantime, Hannibal covered the roof with the moss they had caught this morning, grabbing the heavy chunks and spreading the green layers on top of the shingles to isolate the heat inside. Will frown, noticing the green stain there, he had to clean it again. He kept looking at the soiled cloth, driving his mind elsewhere, he wondered what would happen when the winter passed and how could he make Hannibal change his mind about selling him, but he wondered if the man really want it that.

-"After you´re done eye-fucking the sheets, come inside! The storm is getting closer."- Hannibal said while crossing the yard to the front of the cottage, eyeing the kid from a distance.

Will ran to him while the doctor hold the heavy door as they rushed inside, bolting the door shut. The room was warm and cozy and the fire burned vividly. He inhaled deeply noticing the air was filled with the scent of fresh moss and soil from older man finishing up the roof. Lecter walked to the fireplace, lifting the hot caldron there, carefully not to spill it before he pour the steaming water into the copper tub already half-full.

-"I´m sorry about the sheets. They won´t be ready with this weather." - Will eyed the naked bed devoid of fresh linens.

-"We can always use the furs to cover it. It's probably better in this weather."- Lecter said staring at the heavy fur covers still lying next to the fireplace, from the time they felt into the ice.

Will clenched his fists in effort to release the tension and cold from his fingers, his clothes were wet from the snow, much like every other part of his body, gluing the dirt to his face and hair. The doctor wasn´t any better, the right side of his face was covered in dried mud and Will could spot tiny pieces of moss stuck to his beard. He giggled, remembering the mud fight they had this morning. That lighten his spirit. Will leaned against the window, looking at the blizzard outside, the ragging wind hit the window, screaming loudly in a fearful growl and the wet sheets he just hanged had frozen solid, completely immobilized.

Hannibal took off his clothes, letting them pile on the floor next to the tub before he stepped inside, the hot temperature of the water relaxed his aching muscles, making him groan in delight. He brought the sponge to his chest, scrubbing the dirt off his skin, switching to his biceps.

-"Weren´t you cold?"- Lecter said regarding the boy by the window, his hands purple and swollen.

Will pitched his wet chemise, pulling it away from his torso as the remains of moss and dirt dropped to the floor loudly from inside his clothes.

-“I don´t want to dirty your water.”- Will whispered, he didn´t mind waiting for Hannibal to wash himself first.

-“Right! Since you´re doing a much better job dirtying my floor.”- The doctor teased scrubbing his neck.

Will let out a stranded sigh, his chest felt blocked with the cold. He parted the edges of Lecter´s coat, letting the dusty cloak rest against the bench by the table. Piece by piece he freed himself from the heavy clothes. He walk to the copper bathtub when the doctor stopped to look at him, slightly amazed by Will´s quick decision. He set one foot in, sinking deeper and letting the warm liquid bliss relax his muscles. The tub was narrow as they sat up with their knees bent, practically touching. Will hugged his knees while leaning his head back, a loud sigh escaping his lips. They laid there in silence, listening to the crackling of the fire over the raged howl of the wind outside.

-“You still have dirt on your face.”- Will grin, eyeing the dried stain along the doctor´s cheek.

-“You’re not too good yourself, you dirty runt! ”- The doctor replied, raising a brow.

Will smirked slightly at the doctor´s response, he was right they did look a mess. Hannibal dipped the cloth in the water, twitching it as the excessive water felt down again.

-“What did Randall say to you when he escort you to the room?”- Hannibal asked, leaning back while he regard the kid.

Will looked at the doctor, caught back at the question, he remembered the vile words and the threat the guy whispered at him that day. The boy squeezed his knees further, resting his chin there.

-“He told me to murder you while you slept.”- Will lied sarcastically, looking at the other man from the corner of his eye.

Hannibal managed to grab the kid´s ankle and push it towards him making Will´s upper body slide along the copper walls, sinking underwater until his back and head hit the floor of the tub. Coughing and gripping onto the tub edges he managed to pull his head up. Hannibal kept his hold on his ankle, placing it on his shoulder. He rested his chin there while their eyes never left one another, the hot skin of the doctor´s neck pierced his chilled bone.

-“Hardly! Randall knows how to behave. He´s a good kid!”- Hannibal rubbed his lips against the boy´s cold ankle. - “Unlike some!”

The kid gasped, swallowing loudly as the doctor brought the wet cloth to his leg, scrubbing it along the side.

-“Oh I bet he is! … Generous too, considering how he left the door *open* for the whole pigsty to ogle.”- Will hissed, trying to keep his head above the water line under the doctor´s grip.

-“Did you not enjoy it? ”- Hannibal said with a smooth voice, petting his trapped leg.

-“Of course not!”- Will yield when he remembered the humiliation the doctor forced him to live.

-“You should be flattered. All the men had their most devoted attention on you. It´s a pity you didn´t enjoyed it when everyone else did.”- Lecter released the hold when he switched to the other leg,

lifting it to his other shoulder. Will kept the previous leg in place, not moving as both his legs were raised to Hannibal´s shoulders.

-"...Did you?"- The boy asked curious, frowning at the sadistic idea of Hannibal enjoying his suffering.

The doctor turned to him, smirking wickedly, leaning over the boy and making their pelvises touch.

-"Greatly!"- Hannibal whispered, his voice deep and low. –"I savored it to its fullest. I devoured the image of you whole, while you shivered under my hands, scenting you and drinking you in. You should let yourself be spoiled in the pleasures of men more often. You were desirable after all. "

He was obviously provoking him but the way the doctor had said he was desirable to him somehow made Will shiver. He had reserved nothing but insults to him ever since he arrived here and now he was telling him he was appealing to his eyes. It annoyed him. Will brought his hand to Lecter´s face, changing tactics and slowly cupping his cheek in a gentle touch. Hannibal eyed the boy´s movement cautiously while he rubbed his thumb there, the dried chunks of mud falling into the darken water.

The doctor leaned into the touch, giving the kid more access when Will slid his palm along his silver hair and played with it. He could see the doctor was lonely, really hungry for touch and warmth. The runt felt hurt, he wasn´t hungry for *his* touch since probably any warm body would do it. He wasn´t especial in anyway, only a burden. He was just using his body to fill his sexual needs, ready to sell him after he was done. Will slid his hand over the top of his head, reaching the stiches and pressed down hard in anger, making Lecter winced with pain and Will smirk with his pain.

-"Your hand manners haven't improved much since last night."- The man hissed, pulling the boy underwater again when he locked his arms around the runt´s legs, crushing them against his chest.

Will struggled against his hold, the water slamming violently against the tub walls before the doctor released him.

-"Damn you old man!"- The brat cough, removing the water from his eyes.

Will didn´t have time to register anything when the doctor grabbed his waist and lifted him onto his lap as the kid´s legs stranded his pelvis.

-"HEY!"- The boy yield, bracing himself on the bath edges, trapping Lecter´s head for balance.

-"My legs are numb."- The doctor smiled eyeing the kid on top of him and stretching his legs while he leaned his head back, petting his slender waist.

Will cursed, upset by the doctor´s liberties, he grabbed the piece of cloth resting on the bottom of the tub and started to roughly scrub Hannibal´s face, annoyed by the dry stain there.

-"Maybe you should leave before you get all wrinkled, you old bastard! "-

Hannibal laugh under his breath while the boy cleaned him harshly. He trailed his palms over Will ´s back, stopping by his bony shoulders, the porcelain wet skin was cold… freezing… shivering every so often. Will dipped the cloth again before bringing it to the doctor´s forehead but gasped when Hannibal laced an arm around his bottom and lifted them both up.

-“W-What are you doing?”- Will grabbed on to his neck, lacing his legs firmly around his waist when Lecter stood up, letting the excess water trail down their bodies.

-“Hush! You will fall if you keep struggling.”- The doctor stepped out of the tub, careful not to slip on the wet floor.

He gently dropped the boy on his feet, grabbing a large wool blanket and placed it over the kid´s slender frame, rubbing Will´s arms to increase the circulation.

-“Warm yourself by the fire.”- Hannibal whispered, opening the cabinet and collecting a small jar, placing it on the table along with two wooden cups.

Will grabbed the blanket closer to his body, looking around the room while the doctor was busy. The dry-herbs attached to the ceiling shook slightly when a few gusts of wind managed to escape through the ceiling. At the end of the room Will spotted a peculiar object, its shape wasn´t familiar to him, the thick wooden structure was simple with an horizontal bar, but this was too thick and its height reached almost over his waist.

-“Here! It will warm you up.”- Hannibal hold out one of the cups to him, his body still exposed to the chilling air.

The boy examined its contents, the stimming sweet smell lighten his senses as he guide it to his mouth, tasting it. His eyes brighten when the hot liquid hit his lips.

-“It´s delicious! What is it?”- Will licked his lips, the sticky favor coated his mouth, sliding down his throat.

-“Salvia with mad honey.”- Lecter said, bringing the cup to his lips, enjoying the kid´s sweet-tooth while he gulped the tea eagerly. - “A gift from Mrs. Pimms, she believes this particular kind of honey can be used for medicinal purposes. I usually prescribe it to depressed mothers who lost their baby during child birth. It works as a hallucinogenic, it helps the mind to relax when it´s under high levels of stress.”

Hannibal turned the cup around, looking at the beautiful orange color.

-“It also works wonders when dealing with nightmares. I used to dip a handkerchief in honey and bring it to Mischa´s mouth, for her to suck while she slept.”- The doctor said with a nostalgic smile planted on his face.

Will however, had a gloomy expression when he remembered with a blush, the different kind of method the doctor used on him to release him from his nightmare. Hannibal stared at him over the cup with a full grin on his lips. He knew what the kid was thinking. He waited for the brat to complain about it, having a provocative answer right on the tip of his tongue. But the kid knew better as they let the silence embrace the room once more.

-“What is that?”- The runt asked curiously, taking another sip while the doctor eyed the peculiar object that got the kid so curious.

-“It’s a breeding bench.”- Hannibal snort a laugh, leaning on the table when the kid choked on the tea, clearly regretting the question.

-“You see, Foxglove is a purebred stallion with a long and remarkable linage. So during the spring and summer the villagers bring their broodmares here to breed them, expecting a strong foal from the mating. He's quite popular with the mares.”- The doctor joked taking the empty cup away from the kid´s hand, placing it on the table and he walked to the bench, signaling for the boy to follow.

-“Here! I will show you.”- The doctor said waving his head.

-“I don´t want you to show me anything!”- Will recoiled when Lecter grabbed his wrist and dragged him to the front of the bench, cornering him while he kept the boy between the wooden structure and himself.

-“Foxglove is very confident of his abilities, however some of the mares are shy even during the estrus period.”- Will quivered when the doctor´s breath hit the little hairs on the back of his neck, making him clench the blanket more strongly as it offered the only protection from the doctor´s naked body.

-“Much like you they tend to kick and struggle, it’s not that they don´t want it, they’re just timid and require someone to lead them.”- Will looked behind his shoulder, piercing the doctor.

Hannibal gently laced his arms around his frail body, grabbing the boy´s hands before he guided them to the breeding bench, placing them on the wooden surface of the bar. The heavy blanket felt to the floor while the kid´s hands were busy somewhere else.

-“The bench is placed between the hind legs and her belly, strapped down, making sure she can´t move…”- Hannibal whispered, trailing the boy´s hands along the rough wood where the mare´s belly would be.

-“…As the stud approaches, he scents her, trying to calm her down… ”- Lecter rubbed his nose along the runt´s nape while he brings his hips closer, closing the space between them, the boy jolted when their damped skin connected.

-“…She then welcomes him, lifting her tail to give him full access…”- Will mewled, lowering his head when the other man circled his finger over his tail bone.

-“…And then, as she lays there responsive, the stallion does what he does best…”- He murmured smoothly. –“… He breeds.”

Hannibal pushed him further against the bench, humping him once before he backs away. Will turned back slowly seing the doctor move to the fire place. He didn´t notice how much he was panting until he placed a shaky hand on his throat, supporting his upper body against the bench while his legs shook.

Hannibal laid out the heavy furs by the fire, spreading them on the cold floor in an attempt to turn it into a bed. His skin was still damped making his body glow in beautiful shades of gold and orange. He walked to the bed grabbing the two pillows over the messy bed and threw them on the fur covers. He parted them, stepping in between them and letting the warm furs involve his tired body before he closed his eyes.

-“Don´t make me come and get you!”- Hannibal sign as he placed his arms behind his head.

Will approached the doctor, looking at the display of covers, the doctor stood in the farthest corner, saving the warmest spot for him, closer to the fire. Throwing the fur layer away he laid his cold

body next to Hannibal´s, facing away from him. The heat emanating from the fire and the flesh body next to him made him feel secure and at peace. He observed the fire, dancing franticly.

-"… He said I should enjoy you more."- Will whispered to himself, closing his eyes as he let sleep embrace him.

-"Good advice indeed ..."- Hannibal smirked behind closed eyes.

- - -

Hannibal opened his eyes to the darkness, the cold, dead emptiness closed down on him, drowning him in the black waters. Through the dead silence he could hear a scream far away. He knew that voice. The unmistakable cries of Mischa put him on full alert, he followed them, running in the darkness but he never reached her. The thick darkness slowly transformed into black shadows, turning into stag-man creatures with dark glowing skin. They cornered her, throwing her around in their grasp as if she was a lifeless rag-doll.

He howled at them and begged them to stop while she cried out desperately. He could see them, their faces burned in his memory, stabbing his mind like a sharp blade. Suddenly, they stopped! Eyeing Lecter with disdain and mockery, there white orbits glowed in the emptiness. They launched at him, crawling, digging, ripping his flesh to the bone and splitting his organs out. Lecter was in extreme agony, but he didn´t care as long as they left his sister alone. They continued their butchering, moving around in a frenzy, he could feel all four of them…four… there was one missing. He looked back where his sister was laying, next to her was another one of this creatures, but smaller and slenderer. Hannibal roar as a pair of bright blue eyes grabbed Mischa and dragged her out of his sight, leaving his companions busy with him while the youngest stag-runt involved her in darkness, her screams echoed away until silence crushed what was left of him.

Hannibal jolts awake, startled and panting uncontrollably from the nightmare. His stomach convulsed and he felt sick when he struggled to breathe. His body was covered in a thick layer of sweat as he pushed his damped hair back. He examined his surroundings, looking out for Mischa, he was laying naked on the fur covers but there was no sign of her. The room was dark as the fire went out, with only the blue moonlight outlining the inside of the cottage.

He felt a cold hand on his bicep, jolting him into action. In a second, Hannibal turned around, getting on top of whatever was there with him. The dark bony creature from his nightmare stood under him, struggling fiercely when Lecter grabbed it´s throat and squeezed hard, pinning it between the furs. Hannibal could feel the rapid heartbeat, punching against his hold. He contemplated the idea of breaking its neck and get it over with. However, why would he do that? This creature swallowed Mischa whole…It deserved to suffer. He liked seeing it struggle, fighting for its life. The cold claws, dig into his wrists, squirming as the bony hips tried desperately to buck him off, it wouldn't take long for this pitiful creature to die.

-"…H-Hanni…"- The weak, hoarse voice reached his ears, pulling him to reality.

Slowly the doctor´s eyes adjusted to the darkness and he stared at the creature´s face. Hannibal gasped when he realized what stood under him wasn´t a flesh-eating monster but a kid, a very frightened kid.

Will cough violently when the doctor released his hold on his sore throat. His eyes burned with hot tears from the struggle while he massaged the bruised skin. Lecter was on his knees eyeing him with a perplexed look realizing what he almost did. Hannibal quickly got up, stumbling on the furs and ran to the wood pile next to the fireplace, lighting the oil lamp there before he returned to Will ´s side. He placed it on the floor next to them, letting the light embrace them both. Will´s eyes widen when he saw the expression on Lecter´s face, lighten by the small flame. He was pale, sweating with a concerned look on his face, clearly he was more surprised than he was.

-"...It´s ok…Hannibal... It´s ok."- Will managed to whisper when the doctor grabbed his face with both hands, tilting his head to examine the damage he just did. Dark ugly bruises claimed his white slender neck.

-"I almost killed you!"- He hissed. His features were hard and cold.

Will was shaking slightly with the doctor´s words piercing his mind, he didn't want to admit he was a little scared of what had happen but somehow he felt the need to comfort him and he didn't know why.

-"Lay down."- Will placed his hands on Lecter´s shoulders, pushing him down on the furs.

He laid back, his breath was still uneven while watching the runt get up and walk to the cabinet and returned with the honey jar. He opened it and dip a piece of cloth in, coating it with honey.

-"What are you doing, kid!"- He sat up, gripping his wrist when the runt brought the honey coated fabric to his lips in a childish effort.

-"You said this works! Don´t blame it on me if you were fooled."- Will managed a nervous smile, returning the cloth to Hannibal´s mouth.

He wasn´t expecting the doctor to hurt him, especially out of the blue. Ever since he arrived here, Lecter never attempted to kill him and their evening actually had them on good terms so the sudden display of violence really caught Will off guard. He was still shaken up by the turning of events. But he had to be strong, he didn't want to worry Hannibal more. Lecter lowered his head, resting is forehead on the runt´s chest. He exhaled, the air tickling his skin and robbing a shiver out of the boy.

-"Do I frighten you?"- Hannibal whispered, feeling the kid´s heart beat speeding. It was a rhetorical question of course.

-"...N-No."- Will tried to sound certain but his voice came out shaky.

The doctor lifted his head, looking at the brat´s face, searching for the truth. The boy´s words didn´t really mean much to him. All his honest responses came from his body. If he want it an honest answer he would have to ask his body directly. Hannibal kept his gaze when he gripped the boy´s waist and pushed him onto his lap, connecting their groins once more, skin on skin. Will´s body tense to the touch.

-"And now?"- He whispered, his voice hoarse.

Will knew his body was betraying his words, he was trembling and it was getting difficult, almost impossible to keep the eye-contact. He knew he was going to lose this argument and the doctor knew it better than he did. Lecter gave up, lowering his head with a sign.

-"Get some sleep kid! We have work in the morning…"- He didn´t finished his sentence.

When Will cupped the doctor´s face gently, bringing it upwards and toward him before the boy lowered his mouth and connected their lips together. The kiss was tentative first, moving his lips gently over the doctor´s, tasted like honey. Hannibal didn´t move, he let Will take the lead while he studied the boy´s movements. He could see the kid was flushed, his heart was beating even faster, but not from fear, arousal maybe. Will rubbed his hands along the other man´s neck and his tongue naively trailed Hannibal´s bottom lip. That´s all it took for Lecter to respond. He laced his arm around the boy´s waist, bringing him closer to him before he opened his mouth, sliding his tongue inside Will´s mouth and forcing the kid to let out a moan, surprised at the intrusion.

He explored Will´s mouth greedily, bringing his free hand to the runt´s nape, holding it there in case the kid recoiled, but he doesn´t. On the contrary, his actions turned more confident and bold as he begins to suck on Hannibal´s tongue, bringing it to his mouth and making the man grunt in pleasure. His cock started to throb against Will´s bottom making the runt shiver while he bucks his hips to meet him.

-"You should know better than to provoke me, boy! "- Hannibal whispered, breaking the kiss while a trail of saliva coated their lips.

Hannibal dipped two fingers into the honey jar before bringing it to the boy´s mouth, rubbing them along his lips.

-"Open!"- He murmured softly.

Will obeyed, the blush growing brighter in his cheeks as he parted his lips letting the doctor push his fingers inside, the honey coated fingers pressing against his tongue.

-"Suck!"-

The boy wrapped his tongue around them, sucking and nibbling, he could feel the honey mixed with his saliva trail down his throat. Lecter pushed his fingers further inside making the boy gag and his eyes water.

-"Get used to it. Soon you´ll have something bigger inside your mouth."- His voice was dripping with desire.

He kept thrusting his fingers in, mimicking another part of his body while he thrusted his hips upwards, rubbing their cocks together. The runt shivered, averting his eyes away when he felt Hannibal grab their cocks and jerk them together.

-"Keep your eyes on me!"- Will swallowed involuntarily when his mind pictured himself on his knees, taking Hannibal´s hard length in his mouth while the doctor made him keep their eyes locked.

Lecter smirked at the kid´s innocence, he could never have enough of it. He withdrew his fingers as a thick string of saliva join them together. He trailed them down Will´s spine until he reached his ass, circling the tight ring of muscle. The runt laced his legs firmly around the doctor, arching his

back when the doctor penetrated him. His saliva eased the way while the doctor worked his hand, matching his thrusts while he jerked. He could feel the brat´s length start to throb rhythmically. Close so very close. Hannibal pulled out, sliding his hands along the boy´s thighs while he laid on his back on the furs and took the time to ogle the beautiful view on top of him.

-"What do you intend to do?"- Will yelp nervously, feeling suddenly exposed and vulnerable.

-"You're going to ride me."- Hannibal groan devilishly.

Will looked around anxious, sex with Lecter was still embarrassing and up until now, he didn´t had to do anything, he just laid down and let the doctor take the lead and give him pleasure. The doctor could see he was hesitant, out of shame and clearly not knowing what to do next.

-"Take me in hand and guide it to your entrance."- Will looked behind him, grapping the doctor´s hard cock as it pulsed in his hand.

He stroked him, feeling the strong member of flesh leak into his hand while he squeezed the tip, his own penis throb when the hoarse groan escaped the doctor´s throat.

-"Don't play with it! I want to finish inside you."- The other man said, squeezing Will´s bottom, warning him to obey.

The boy guided the man´s cock to his entrance, he adjusted his legs, aligning his hips when he felt the burning tip poke at his hole. The kid steaded his body, placing his palms on the doctor´s abdomen and slowly started to sink himself, letting the doctor´s length impale him deep. He stopped when it was half in, catching his breath. He felt so full and impossibly stretched but Hannibal wouldn´t allow him to rest. He grabbed the boy´s hips and slammed him all the way down, burying himself completely inside him and knocking the air out of the kid.

-"AH!"- Will let out a piercing scream, his back arched back and his muscles clenched violently around Lecter, trying to adjust to the doctor´s size.

-"Did you really think I was going to let your little mud display go unpunished?"- Hannibal whispered roughly, smirking when the kid scratched his belly involuntarily.

-"…You bastard!"- Will´s voice broke down when the older man rocketed his hips, encouraging him to move on his own.

Will gasped, he could see tiny stars in his vision while his mind was going blanc. He started to move his hips shyly, up and down but with no rhythm to it. He could feel Hannibal´s eyes on him, watching while he fucked himself on the man´s cock. His penis jerked with every move, slapping against his belly and the doctor´s abdomen, leaving white strings of pre-cum. He closed his eyes, hiding behind the darkness, to him this was a shameful view, all exposed, the wet noises their bodies created when they slammed against each other, losing himself him in Lecter. But to Hannibal it was an exquisite view, the runt moaned and arched his back while pushed his ass against his thick cock. He was absolutely delicious.

-"Eyes on me!"- The boy let out a whine when Hannibal pinched the inside of his thigh, hard enough to sting, forcing Will to stare at him.

-"Keep this pace."- Lecter worked his hands around Will´s waist, moving him in a circular motion.

-“When you go up, squeeze your muscles, clench them around me…”- He lectured. -“…Then slam your hips back down hard against me.”

Will moaned loudly, the change of angle made the throbbing length hit his prostate with full force. A thick layer of sweat coated their entire bodies, gluing their skin together while they worked in a synchronized pace. The small flame by the oil lamp outlined their clenched muscles, it didn´t lighten much around them, nonetheless Hannibal could see perfectly the bright blushed on Will´s face, painting him beautifully across his neck and all the way to his chest, emphasizing his pure white skin.

Lecter shivered, trailing his eyes lower, looking at the place where their bodies connected, he could see his throbbing wet member glittering as it disappeared inside the boy. He squeezed the runt´s ass cheeks, spreading them further apart when he saw Will arch his back more while he braced his hands against the doctor´s belly, mewling with every thrust.

-“You’re always trying to defy me yet you know you can't outrun me…”- He whispered, crawling the tender flesh of Will´s ass.

-“If you really want to win against me this is how you do it! Ride against me! Let me know you’re enjoying it! Make me burn with the sight of you, make me addicted to your body and I promise …I will worship you and do as you please.”- The doctor secured him.

Will whined loudly when he felt Lecter grow bigger against his sore rim, the veins on the swollen cock pulsed as it stretched him further. He kept his pace, piercing his hips into a more brutal rhythm, stimulating his prostate non-stop. His slender frame started to shake uncontrollably on top of the doctor, his legs were aching and tired from having to support himself. He couldn´t take it anymore. He was so close. Will descended his hands, rubbing Hannibal´s abdomen as he took the ooportunity to reach further down and grabbed his own penis. However, Lecter stopped him immediately with a firm grip around his wrist.

-“Don´t! You come on my cock or you won´t come at all!”- Hannibal smirked when the runt whined displeased. He pushed the slender hand away and replaced it with his own, gripping firmly around the base to keep the kid from coming.

-“…Y-You’re evil!”- Will gasped breathless, leaning over the man and wrap his trembling hands around Lecter´s neck, squeezing slowly.

A wide grin started to rip on Hannibal´s face, he knew that game so well, the runt was trying to rub his tip against his belly, trying to create friction in order to release, but it was no use, as long as Lecter had his fingers clenched tight around him, he wouldn´t come. He wouldn’t allow it. Will bounced frenetically on the doctor´s lap, riding him eagerly as he drived his hips up, leaving the tip inside just to slam roughly back down until the doctor is balls deep inside him, knocking his breath out of him once more.

-“You’re doing so well.”- Hannibal groan when he felt the boy strangle him more passionately.

Lecter trailed his free hand along the boy´s ribcage, sliding further down until he reached his sacrum, circling the wet skin there. The runt moaned, squeezing down on his leaking cock, over-sensitive from their rough mating. Wickedly, Hannibal thrusted his hips up, burying himself to the hilt while he matched his thrusts with the hot mess above him. Absolute perfection! The runt shivered, moaned and begged for him to keep his brutal pace, aiming at his prostate with every pounding.

-“So eager!”- He gripped the brat´s waist roughly, pulling him upwards again to devour his sight fully while the runt rides him into bliss.

-“Please … let me come.”-

-“Not yet! You will work for *my pleasure* before I let you have yours.”- The doctor released a feral sound from his throat as the kid clenched down rhythmically, almost to the point of pain.

He couldn´t last anymore. Hannibal pounded into him, moving his hips upwards with a brutal and merciless force. The kid was going to be bruised in the morning, he could see them forming in his slender hips matching the ones on his neck. But that didn´t slow him down. He kept pounding, as he knocked the air out of the runt, making him cry out lovely and louder than the ghastly howls of the blizzard outside. He pounded and pounded feeling his orgasm rush over him, and finally with an animalistic grunt he comes undone.

Will smirks when he feels the doctor´s cock throb against his stretched rim, he braces his hands on Hannibal´s belly and, before the other man breeds him fully, he pulls out feeling the hot thick spent hit his spine while the doctor´s pulsing cock slaps wetly against his ass cheeks with every throb, painting his back with white wet strings.

Lecter rides his orgasm before he realizes what the little rascal denied him of, wondering where the kid got the balls to defy him in such a way. Will eyed the doctor´s expression, his jaw was clenched shut, trying to control his breathing and he wasn´t happy. Will lowered himself, placing his hands on each side off Lecter´s head and eyeing him with a cheeky expression.

-“Your pleasure before mine!”- Will joked breathless while the doctor stared at him, his eyes darken with his words but still holding the boy´s purple cock firmly in hand, waiting for his release.

-“You messed up, boy!”- Hannibal grin wickedly.–“Now what will we do about that?”

To be continued…

Buck Breaking

Chapter Notes

Hello my darlings!!
I´m sorry but I haven´t had a lot a time recently so the Photoshop image is poorly this time.
The notes from the previews chapter can be use in this one as well (Explicit sex).
Note: In this chapter the topic of Forest Law will appear. Put it shortly, it was an actual law. Royal Forests were huge hunting areas reserved for the monarch and aristocracy. No peasant or low birth could enter without permission. They weren´t allowed to hunt or pick woods from these areas. And if they were caught they would be blinded and their hands cut off and in some cases they were sentence to death. :/
Just keep in mind this law didn´t came from my imagination it actually happened.
Well I´ll leave you too it then!
Please comment, ask questions and leave feedback. I love hearing from you! ;D
Bye for now,

Chapter 9

"Buck Breaking"

The sharp arrow ripped the wind and it connected with a nearby tree, the hollow impact echoed around the forest when the wooden length on the arrow broke, leaving just the iron head stuck to the trunk.

-"I missed!"- The boy exhaled, lowering the old longbow and seeing the lucky rabbit hopping away. Will pulled the dusty string repeatedly, testing its flexibility.

-"This bow is completely useless. The string is too stiff and unraveled in the middle!"- He examined the multiple cracks along the wood, to dry and neglected to bend properly. No good. - "Besides that stupid crossbow of yours, didn´t you have another bow from this century that I could use?"

-"That bow is much older and far wiser than you! Have some respect kid!"- Hannibal walked ahead, the black wooden crossbow firmly in hand while he spotted for any sign of movement. Foxglove neighed happily while the loyal animal strolled beside his master.

-"It´s old! And much like *old things*, it needs to go. It can´t perform well anymore."- He looked at the doctor´s back to see if the insult got though, but the other man didn´t seem to mind.

On the contrary, the doctor let out a breathy laugh as he walked ahead, clearly the boy wanted to pick a fight with him. He was so close to bend him over his knee and spank the obnoxious brat but Lecter hold it together, after all, he got what he wanted last night.

-"Be grateful I let you borrow it. I´m still not comfortable placing a weapon in your hands, considering how a lousy shooter you are!"

Will snort, disappointed at the other man´s passive comment. He aimed to upset or even annoy the man but failed to rip any reaction from him. They roamed in silence. Will felt disappointed.

-"Why do you hunt with a crossbow?"- Will asked eyeing the hunting tool in Lecter´s grasp.

-"It´s practical! Unlike the long bow, you can stay hidden since you don´t need to expand your arms and chest to pull the string. It doesn´t give your presence away. "- Hannibal mimicked the clashing longbow movement.

- "The knot on the tiller of the crossbow, that holds the string, allows it to stay stretched until the right moment. So you save strength unlike a regular bow that you have to keep pulling until the right time. - Lecter finished, walking along the dense forest.

-"I see. It must be tough with your old age that you need to require a more "practical" hunting tool to save strength."- Will joked behind his teeth, looking at the irregular soil as he followed the

doctor.

-“Maybe next time you will require a pony because you can´t mount Foxglove…”- Will giggled imagining Hannibal on top of a *Falabella* pony but didn´t finished his sentence when he smacked his nose against Hannibal´s chest.

-“You´re all talk and no bite, you know that?”- The doctor smirked, towering over the runt, lowering his head to level it with Will´s.

-“I didn't hear you complain last night on the subject of my age, when I was pounding deep and rough inside you.”- Will gasped at the comeback, clearly expecting the doctor to keep ignoring him.

-“Why do you wait to be on a safe distance to insult me? Why not do it when we're closer? In bed. *Connected*. At least then you have my *fullest* attention.”- Hannibal whispered, emphasizing the last word, seeing the boy grew anxious of the implication, his bright blue eyes widen at the sudden memory.

-“Hey!”- Will tried to back away but Hannibal laced his arm around his bruised neck, making their foreheads meet.

-“Instead of insulting me why not be honest and tell me you enjoyed yourself last night.”- The doctor whispered, relishing the boy´s sudden shyness.

-“ You know I didn´t!”- Will scream, intimidated by the proximity.

-“Oh but *I know* you did! Why do you keep denying it?”- Lecter could hear the blood pumping rapidly in the boy´s heart while the runt clenched the bow tighter to his slender frame.

-“Even though I'm older than you I can still perform greatly in bed. If that's what you were implying. So don´t run your mouth just because you feel the need to protect your dignity, especially with false arguments.”- Hannibal eyed him up and down.

-“...I´m not r-running my mouth…”- The stressed kid tripped on his words, taken back when Hannibal lowered his mouth to his ear, still eyeing him.

-“You challenge me out in the open because you are naïve enough to believe that I need four walls to fuck you senseless. And believe me I don´t! I have been wondering how you would look on broad daylight as I take you from behind against a tree. So don´t provoke me unless you really want to go all the way. ”- Hannibal trail his tongue along the runt´s sensitive ear, making him yelp.

-“And don´t worry! If I can´t ride Foxglove I will mount you instead!”- Hannibal blinked an eye at the boy, before he released him, making Will trip over and land on his ass.

-“You´re dreadful, old man!”- The kid screamed, trying to get up.

-“Hush boy! You will scare the animals away.”- The doctor laugh grabbing the reins again and returning to Foxglove side.

Will gripped the bow fiercely as his mind brought him to the events of last night.

Will cried out when the doctor slammed him against the cold window of the cottage, the freezing temperature of the glass against his scalded front made his body tremble while the ragging storm howled outside, matching his moans. He braced himself on his hands, trying to push his face away from the glass while his chest slammed repeatedly against it. He couldn´t move. Lecter kept him in place, pinning him against his body while he pounded mercilessly, knocking the breath out of him.

-"I have rules, boy! And I expect you to abide them."- Hannibal groan, grabbing a fist full of hair and pulled down, making Will tilt his head up.

Lecter kept his grip firmly around the runt´s cock, keeping him from coming. After what the runt pulled off, Hannibal was determined to empty himself inside the kid and drown him in his spent multiple times before he tolerate the idea of having the boy come. The game was simple, the doctor breeds him fully and he gets to come afterwards. Simple. But this rascal, that moaned and begged under his strict grip, had the courage to deliberately pulled out and deny him what was his for the taking. Bad move.

The doctor punished him severely, thrusting brutally against his prostate, stimulating the boy until he felt the runt throb in his hand, reaching his peak just for Hannibal to change his angle completely avoiding it altogether. Will whined and struggled in his grasp when the wicked man behind him denied him the chance to come for the fourth time. His whole body was shaking violently, completely out of it, he was a wet mess. They both were. He just want it to come, he needed it more than he needed to breathe.

Desperate with need, Will lowered his hand, aiming for his aching penis, still hold prisoner by the doctor´s hand. Hannibal released his hair, slapping his hand hard on the boy´s ass for the audacity. The runt cry out loudly, arching his spine, clenching around him with the harsh pain.

-"Keep your hands up against the window!"- Lecter hissed in his ear, biting his bruised neck.

Will´s tummy was swollen since the doctor kept filling him up with pre-cum, he could feel it slide down his legs.

-"I´m almost tempted to make you carry my seed deep inside you for a whole week. Since you're so fond of it. Would you like that? "- The doctor groan into the slender shoulder, licking and nibbling there.

The runt mewled when Lecter stroked his aching cock, matching it with his brutal thrusts. He could feel it tighten, pulling his balls up, his tummy tensed as he felt it coming, almost there and again the doctor clenched around the base, forbidding him.

-"P-Please…"- Will couldn´t speak properly, his mind was blank. The couldn´t form a single word or think clearly as the man slammed more brutally against his sore and burning rim.

He yelp when the other man hold his chin in his hand and made Will face the window. He could see his reflection in the glass, staring right back at him. Will´s eyes widen, he didn´t recognize himself. His mouth was partly open, drooling, panting heavily and his lips were stained red with desire. It matched his flushed cheeks, his eyes were watered while heavy tears ran freely with the blissful pleasure. Hannibal resumed his merciless thrusts, bringing the runt to reality, hammering his prostate once more while Will shivered in his grasp, unable to turn away.

-"What a ravishing sight!"- The doctor whispered, looking at Will´s reflection as they locked eyes.

-"No…no."- He muttered incoherently.

That wasn´t him. The desire across his face, the glass blurring with every moan and gasp. It couldn´t be him. He wanted to avert his gaze, ashamed, but Hannibal didn´t allow it! The doctor clenched his jaw tightly, forcing him to look, to acknowledge his predatory gaze. They looked like beasts, mating wildly in the most primal and animalistic way. The doctor changed his pace, slamming with short and quick thrusts, piercing the boy´s insides and impaled him savagely. Will cried out, throwing his arm back, grabbing at Hannibal´s ass cheek, urging him to pound into him harder and rougher.

-"Have you learned your lesson, boy?"- Lecter grin, feeling the kid crawl at his ass, so greedy. But the boy choose not to answer him. His pride wouldn't bent.

-"Stubborn as always!"- The doctor kicked his feet further apart, spreading him up while he pounded into him more forcefully. Forbidding the boy to create friction with his inner thighs against himself.

-"I´m almost there so I´m going to give you a choice. "- The doctor whispered in his ear, still holding the boy´s jaw as he slip his thumb in, pressing against Will´s tongue. His raspy voice sent a jolt of pleasure along the brat´s spine.

-"Tell me you're enjoying this and I will let you come."- Lecter squeezed the boy´s hard cock, making him mewl with the touch, giving him a taste of bliss to persuade him. He knew the kid was enjoying himself greatly. But he needed to make him acknowledge that. He had to make him admit it.

- "Choose not to and I will strap you down and make you remain the rest of the night with your cock untouched."

-"It's simple! So try to choose wisely this time."- The doctor nibbled his earlobe, feeling the kid tremble uncontrollably.

Will closed his eyes, blocking the doctor´s reflection. His whole body and mind was burning up, driving him insane. He hated the idea of having to decide, to do it would make him right down submissive, obedient to the man´s desires. He couldn't admit it, but deny it would only hurt him more, Hannibal would come in the end so it was a win/win situation for him.

Hannibal examined the boy´s flushed face, he could see the runt battling his thoughts, still resisting his urges. He enjoyed his rebellious and stubbornness, Lecter wouldn't deny that, it made his blood boil. However, right now that wouldn't do the boy any good. He need it to learn how to be honest. The doctor exhaled, changing his rhythm, circling his hips as he worked the runt´s sensitive prostate non-stop, jerking his cock slowly and making Will cry out at the change of angle. He smirked at the runt´s delight.

-"Admit it! There is no shame in assuring your master that you're enjoying him fully and that he is doing a good job."- Lecter could feel him clench madly around his swollen cock.

-"Go on. Your body can't defy me anymore nor can your mouth at this point. You already cried out my name once, there is nothing more intimate than that…so just say it."- Hannibal breathe into the runt´s ear, making him crawl harder against his ass.

-"…P-Please…"- Will whined almost in silence, pushing his hips more eagerly against the doctor´s thick cock, curling his toes. He was so close, so close to the edge.

-"Say it!"- Lecter grunted, the hot air hit the boy´s ear when Hannibal squeezed the tip of his penis, milking him as the pre-cum drooled out, staining the wooden boards.

-"Oh please…It…feels so good!... Harder…Please!"- Will cry out loudly, moving against the doctor and riding Lecter´s hand. He didn´t care. The pleasure was too great and too intense for the boy to be bothered to care.

Hannibal smirked, his canines glowing brightly at the runt´s surrender. With a wet pop, the doctor pulled out from him, leaving Will gapping while his pre-cum slides down erotically along the white milky thighs. But the kid didn´t have time to question him.

He grabbed his waist roughly, pulling the slender hips away from the window, making Will arch his back at the same time he gripped the window frame for support. He hold the kid´s chin more violently, clenching his fingers around the jaw while he pulled the runt´s face upwards, locking their burning mouth together. He was impossibly arched, he could feel the doctor nose graze against his chin while the other man hold him tight, fucking him brutally. Their tongues wrap around each other, making the runt choke when their saliva gathers in his mouth, sliding so very slowly down his throat. The doctor was filling him up from top to bottom.

The room was filled with wet noises from their bodies, slapping into each other. Hannibal crawled at the porcelain skin on his hips, bruising him even more as he fucked the runt hard and quick at rabbit-pace. The boy´s warm wet core was too much, gripping him rhythmically. He could feel the blissed wave building, tensing all his muscles, the runt screamed delightfully against his mouth, clenching around his throbbing cock just perfectly…then Lecter came, shooting his seed deep inside the brat. Finally. He groaned inside Will´s mouth, followed by the runt when he release his purple penis from his hold, letting the boy have his release.

The kid choked violently on a moan, rolling his eyes to the back of his skull when he spilled his thick cum along the window. His whole body trembled violently, their avid mouths sucking and biting obscenely. He didn´t knew himself anymore. He could feel the doctor´s burning semen hit his insides while Lecter´s member inseminated him truly. It felt so good. He grabbed the boy´s penis once more, stroking him more quickly giving him no time to rest.

-"…N-No…stop! I just came! …P-Please give me a minute."- Will broke the kiss, he couldn´t come anymore. It hurted. It was too overwhelming. -"I beg of you…I CAN´T!"

-"You wanted to come. So come!"- The doctor hissed, not stopping for a second while he stroked the boy´s oversensitive cock.

-"PLEASE DON'T!"- The piercing scream hit the room when his frail body buck against Lecter´s chest, trembling uncontrollably as if he was being exorcised.

The doctor stroked him, squeezing the wet tip while the boy drove his second orgasm, but no semen came out this time. Hannibal grin wickedly, eyeing the runt´s expression when the kid had a dry orgasm. He laced his arms around the kid´s waist before they slid along the window, too tired and spent for their legs to hold them up. Lecter adjusted the kid onto his lap, brushing his sweaty locks away from his face while Will tried to catch his breath. He was truly beautiful. Hannibal brushed his thumb along the bruises on his neck from strangling him minutes ago matching the ones already forming on his hips.

-“KID!”- Will looked up startled when he heard Hannibal calling out to him, but it was too late. The boy smashed his front against a tree, making him recoil while cursing. He guided his hand to his nose, making sure it wasn´t bleeding with the impact.

- “You’re not concentrating enough today. - Hannibal laughed, resting the heavy crossbow on his shoulder.-“What´s on your mind?”

-“None of your business!”- Will hissed, seeing the doctor contain a chuckle.

-“It must have been a very good memory.”- Hannibal examined the flush over Will´s cheeks, the kid completely oblivious to it. - “Are you sure you don´t want to share it with me?”-

-“Drop it old man!”- The rascal warned him.

-“Just make sure you don´t fall behind. ”- Hannibal turn forward.

Will groomed his hair and clothes, trying to hide his half-hard penis from remembering the events of last night. The uprising shape was more than obvious, poking his large clothes. This was humiliating. Hannibal suddenly stopped, holding out a hand to the kid, signaling him to stop. The doctor looked around the heavy forest, analyzing their surroundings.

-“We have to turn back. We can´t enter this part of the woods.”- The doctor said, pulling the reins of the *Orlov Trotter* to follow him.

-“Why can´t we?”- Will asked confused, still pulling his coat down.

-“If we walk further down we´ll enter Royal Forest grounds. You don´t want to be caught trespassing these woods when they are under Forest Law.”- Hannibal explained to the naïve brat. - “Let´s go!”

-“But it's where the game animals are!”- Will complained.- "Are you afraid of a bunch of nobles?"

-“IT´S FORBIDDEN!"- He raised his voice, not risking their lives over the kid´s stubbornness.

-"It has different system laws! You get caught hunting on common land, you pay a tax. You get caught hunting in here your punishment can go from blinding, to cutting of your hands and in some cases death!”- Hannibal scolded a child. - “We´re going!”

Will snort as they turned around, he wasn´t used to having people put obstacles when he hunted, he always spent his life in the woods, hunting and providing for his cruel mother and shortly after to Grutas and the others. There were no such thing as lords of the forests, the woods belonged to nature only. Not to one man or more.

Will and Hannibal stopped when they heard a roaring scream a few meters away. Will smiled since he recognized the sound instantly. They lowered themselves, belly to the ground, side by side as they spotted a shadow moving around the dense trees, a red deer stag. The magnificent animal roamed around, rutting and bellowing while he tried to call out for a mate.

-“Beautiful!”- Will whispered to himself, mesmerized by the quarry while Hannibal glace at him, admiring the boy´s enthusiasm, the boy really was a free spirit.

-“Do you hear the long grunts? This one is still a juvenile.”- The boy said, placing his hand on Lecter´s shoulder while they eyed the hart, the doctor flinched slightly, surprised by the touch.

-“Dominant older bucks use shorter grunts to stake out their territory and intimidate rivals. This one lacks confidence so he tries to make up by bellowing louder.”

Hannibal licked his lips, still grazing at the boy´s bright face, the runt was so hypnotized that he didn´t notice the doctor smirking at his lecture, the cockiness of the young stag, reminded him of a certain stubborn runt. The fact that this young stag couldn´t win against an older buck but still had the need to show off, made the perfect connection. Suddenly, the animal raised his head aware of their presence and locked eyes with Will. They stared at each other for a short time before the agile animal starts to run away.

-“Damn it!”- Will cursed under his breath, getting up and chasing after the buck when it entered the Royal Forest.

-“Kid!”- Hannibal shout out but the runt kept running ignoring the doctor´s order, entering the private grounds. Lecter rised up and ran to Foxglove.

The buck kept running when the arrow hit it´s quarter, making the frighten animal slow down. Will cursed, he tried to aim and kill, sparing the animal the pain, he didn´t want the hart to suffer. The boy jumped over logs and sprinted throughout the damped soil. They ran together, one after the other as if the young stag and he were one, sharing the same body and soul. Their breathing matched and the boy swear the blood pumping in the buck´s veins was the same that rushed inside him. Beautiful he thought.

Will aimed the old bow once more, praying it would hit his heart and be done with it. But before he could release the arrow, three black hounds came out of nowhere and pounce on the hart. Will screamed, sharing the stag´s pain when the raging dogs bit and crawled at the animal´s flesh, gripping his neck. Will could feel everything, every talon and every tooth, slashing him from the inside out. The young stag squirmed and yelp in agony, still trying to escape. Will didn´t waste any time and pulled the old string of the bow and release the sharp arrow into the young buck´s heart. Putting him out of his misery.

Will stood there, panting uncontrollably while he looked into the dead animal´s eyes. Empty. Lifeless. The dogs released the buck soon after, knowing that it wouldn´t get up again. They switch their attention to the boy, growling at him as the kid approached the deceased youngster, petting the beautiful short fur, stained with blood. Will acknowledged them for the first time, with their brutality Will almost thought they were wolves, but they were German Shepherds. This breed wasn't used for hunting, they were too violent and blood thirsty for that. These were guard dogs, train especially to kill and destroy slowly and painfully. Whoever used them wanted a bloody show. The boy clenched his teeth aiming his arrow at one of the growling hounds,his mind remembering the savagery the stag was put through.

-“Now look what we have here! A peasant! In my woods!”- Will looked forward, completely oblivious to his surroundings that he didn´t notice the man on top of a horse, a noble followed by his servant.

-“Nasty creatures these, aren’t they, Lord Mason?”- The servant joked, shaming the boy´s lower class rake just by the rags Will used.

Will lowered his bow, panting furiously, his vision turning red while he faced the two men. He saw the leashes in the servant´s hand, dangling in the chubby hand.

-“These muds are too dangerous to be used to hunt down animals.”- The kid hissed, pointing a finger at them while they kept growling and showing their teeth.

-“You hear that, Cordell? This dirty scoundrel thinks he can lecture me on the principles of hunting. In my own forest!”- Mason raised his voice, slightly offended by the brat´s boldness.-"I can have you whipped for your insolence!"

Will felt a hand grab his wrist when the doctor pulledhim back abruptly, placing his strong body between the kid and the noble. Examining the expensive attire, Hannibal knew exactly who this man was and it was not good at all.

-“We have no quarrel with you! We were just passing by.”- Hannibal´s face was hard and impenetrable.

Foxglove snorted nervously behind Will, close to its master. The kid noticed the white knuckles on the doctor´s hand while he clenched the crossbow tightly in his hand, probably debating if they could get out of this with a simple bargain or if it would come down to brutal force.

-“You´re trespassing into Royal Forest and that makes it our problem now! I can have you both amputated for this!”- Verger said, raising his head proudly while two more servants joined the noble, one carrying the horseman´s arrows and the other the fresh quarry they just hunted down, two pheasants and a badger.

-“…You little son of a whore!”- The man carrying the weapons cursed, getting a glimpse at Will. - “THAT´S THE KID THAT BROKE MY NOSE!!”

-“Shit!”- Hannibal cursed under his breath when they both recognized the man.

The furious servant beside the noble was the beast that days ago raped that boy in the brothel, the same fucker Will almost punched to death trying to defend the kid. If their situation wasn´t bad already, now it turned darker. They were in serious trouble.

-“That puny thing? - Verger laugh loudly, pointing at Will.- “That rascal was the one who attacked you?! I was expecting a bear-sized beast from all you’re whining about it. I´m disappointed Matteo.”

-“I´ll not stand for this, my lord!"- Matteo roar, letting the arrows and bow fall to the floor.-"He has to be punished for what he did! I want retribution!”

-“Enough Matteo!”- Verger order annoyed by the servant´s whining. - “You see what you´ve done, kid?”

Will´s eyes darken with the superior tone this royal was displaying toward him, he hated to be looked down upon, especially by someone of higher birth.

-“You´ve cause me great pain, you little shit! - The noble frowed, shaking his head in disapproval. - “You interfered in my hunt, trespassed into private land, denied Matteo his pleasure. Are you satisfied? Not to mention ending my fun regarding my game buck…”

-“That´s my stag! You have no right to take it!”- Will shouted out, over Hannibal´s shoulder before the doctor shoved him further behind him.

-“Keep your mouth shut, boy!”- The doctor warned him.

-“I would listen to your master if I were you, little fucker!”- The noble mocked. - “Actually I should be bargaining with him on the subject of your penalty, not with you!”

Will clenched his teeth, knowing he didn´t have a right to decide anything. He was a slave. He was lower than any person here, even the noble´s servants had more rights than him. He was no one. An empty name. Mason grin widely seeing the boy´s face grow darker before he turned to Hannibal.

-“You are familiar with the consequences of your disobedient and stepping on royal grounds without permission. However I´m not a merciless lord. So here's what's going to happen. I will let you walk away in one condition….”- Mason gestures dramatically.

Hannibal and Will waited anxiously for Verger´s deal, knowing beforehand neither way they were in a dilemma. The tension cut the air around them.

- “You will have to choose between your horse and the little shit!”- Mason said, eyeing the beautiful stallion.

-“You have no right!”- The boy screamed before the doctor squeezed his wrist harder, making his hand go numb with the brutal grip.

-“Hey I´m being far too generous here! I could just take the horse and rip your eyes and hands off afterwards. But Matteo deserves his pound of flesh. Just end him over and let them work out their problem. You can have him after he is done.”

Will was scared for his life, he knew that between him and Foxglove, the doctor would never give Mischa´s horse to them, the stallion was what was left of her on this earth and it meant everything to him. It was over for Will!

-“Take the offer, doctor!”- Cordell grin at their troubled expressions.

Will shook his head in denial, he could almost hear the doctor´s thoughts, hitting the walls of his skull. Time stood still in what looked like an eternity until he heard Hannibal exhale- his decision was made. Lecter let go of Will´s wrist to grab the back of the boy´s neck before Hannibal dragged him forward while he waited for the man to take him.. Will whined, looking at the other man´s face, cold and indifferent.

-“No! No!” – Will pleaded, trying to take the older man´s hand away from the collar of his shirt.

-“You have 10 minutes! Make it count!”- Mason said to Matteo, who already had his hand under his trousers, eager for the boy.

Matteo Deogracias walked to the frighten kid, thinking about the brutalities he was going to make the boy go through.

Will whined in Lecter´s grasp when the beast man approached them, he felt like the young stag, ready to meet his fate. But he knew that unlike the dead hart there was no merciful arrow that would pierce his heart and spare him from what was about to happen.

To be continued…

Needle End

Chapter Notes

Hello everybody!
Here is chapter 10! I can´t believe I managed to get so far regarding this story. I´m really grateful for everybody's support and warm heart. YOU GUYS ROCK!!
Furthermore I hope my story inspires other readers to start write their stories just like other writers inspired me! In the beginning I was REALLY really close to not write this story, I spend a lot of time every day reading Hannigram fiction for months, always with "White Charcoal" on my mind, but I didn´t believe it would be good in anyway so I choose to not write, especially because it was my first fanfiction. But afterwards I gathered the courage to start writing it. And I´M so glad it was so Well accepted by my amazing readers!! So this is my request to you! Start writing. I would love to read your stories too!! :)
PLEASE comment and give feedback. It´s really important for me to hear about my readers' opinion. :)
Well I leave you to it.
Bye for now,

Chapter 10

“Needle End”

Will was petrified, trembling in Hannibal´s grasp while Matteo approached them. The fucker licked his lips with a nasty expression before he unlaced the straps of his trousers pulling his dick out. Will felt his stomach convulse, fighting the urge to vomit and soil the doctor´s clothes he was wearing. It was stupid to think about such a trivial thing, especially when the doctor was holding him out and throwing him to the wolves. But he couldn´t blame him, it was obvious that the doctor would choose to protect Foxglove. So he couldn´t care. He wouldn´t care! Time dragged itself slowly, the sound of the dogs growling and barking seemed so far away and every little movement around him moved impossibly indolently.

-“I´m going to make you bleed boy!”- Matteo hissed. – “But you’re going to grip me real good!”

Every step the man took closer felt like a stab to him, he could almost smell the rotten disgusting stench from him, it didn´t changed much since last time. Matteo closed the distance in seconds, reaching a hand to grab Will´s clothes, he licked his lips again at the same time his hand grip around the fabric of the boy´s coat.

And at the last second, Lecter throws Will to the ground, the leafs fly around the boy when he hits the soil. But before the kid could understand anything, Hannibal raised the crossbow to the Mateo´s head and pulls the trigger. The boy yelps as the man crashes to the floor with the arrow firmly attached to his skull. Dead before he hit the ground. Time stood still when Hannibal gripped the heavy crossbow, aiming it at Mason.

-“CARLO!”- Verger warned, understanding the situation he was in.

Hannibal changed his aim to the servant next to the noble who was picking a bow ready to attack. Before Carlo could reach it, the doctor shot the arrow into the man´s neck, making him stumble backwards, choking on his own blood. Will just stood there, eyeing the doctor moving around while he worked his weapon. He was mesmerized, still confused with the course of actions but the way Lecter moved around brought him back to that time in the pit, when he fought Kolnas with an avid calm and control.

-“CORDELL! THE DOGS! CORDELL!”- The noble roars turning the horse around to flee.

Will turned to them at the same moment the loyal servant whistle his deadly command, the dogs strike into action with open jaws as they charged at the doctor.

-“HANNIBAL!”- The boy´s desperate voice reaches his ears, making him turn to the boy, but the warning came to late when they pounce on him.

With a muted sound, Lecter crashed to the ground, the ragging hounds bit his limbs though the thick coat, pulling and dragging him along the moisture soil. The doctor grunts in pain, the agony was just like the one from his nightmare, ripping him apart, the savage teeth snapping at much skin as they could find. He attempt to grab his crossbow to shot them, but the dogs kept their savagery, crawling at the skin of his legs, biting and pulling while the doctor protected his neck with his bruised arms.

Suddenly, a whine echoed around the forest and one of the hounds felt inanimate against Hannibal ´s chest, the arrow head firmly attached to its head. Will stood next to him, the old bow firmly in hand whie the runt grabbed another arrow to shoot.

-“You little shit! I will have the skin of your back whipped!”- Verger howled before an arrow hit the tree behind him, inches from his head.

-“Call them out! - The boy roar enraged, pulling the string with another arrow. - "Or the next sound you´ll hear is this arrow pierce your skull!!”

The two remaining dogs growled at him with their mandibles dripping blood as the boy kept the bow ready, aiming the arrow head towards their master, if the noble order them to attack him he would make sure the arrow on his hand would meet his target before that. Mason pulled the horse´s reins making the animal walk anxiously in circles. He looked nervous, clearly not questioning Will ´s aim. Good!

-“You will pay for this, you little shit!”- Verger put the horse into action, nodding for Cordell to call the muds before he run away.

The ragged hounds followed the command as they showed their teeth one last time before retrieving after Mason, followed by the displeased servant Cordell. Hannibal laid on the ground, grunting in pain and holding one of his shoulders. Will couldn´t see the damage in his lower body, although he spotted the wet glittery blood on his trousers.

Will ran to Foxglove, grabbing the reins to bring the animal closer to the doctor but the animal grew agitated of Will´s proximity, standing on its hind legs, neighing loudly as he warned the runt to stay away.

-“Stop please! He needs help!”- A few tears clouded his eyes, acknowledging the animal´s lack of trust towards him. The boy tried to grab the dangling reins, missing them when the stud kept pulling them out of his hand.

-“F-Foxglove!”- Lecter managed weakly, calling out to the animal and staring into the stallion’s eyes in attempt to calm him.

The horse let out a frustrate snort, relaxing and trusting his master. He allowed the runt to grab the double bridle and they walked up to the doctor. The boy tried to lift the doctor by his shoulder to help him get on the horse but soon regret it.

-“UGH!”- Hannibal grunted loudly, scarring the boy and forcing him to be still, too afraid to hurt the doctor more. Cautiously, he helped Hannibal on his feet, avoiding the other shoulder since the doctor sucked on the air in agony.

-“It´s…d-dislocated.”- Lecter hissed between clenched teeth, leaning on the boy, his legs felt too heavy to hold him and he could spot an alarming injury there.

The brutal muds managed to bite and pull with such frenzy that they pop Hannibal´s shoulder out of place. Will trembled, he knew that sooner or later he was going to need to pull it back in place, but he didn´t know how. He had helped him before with minor injuries but placing a bone in place looked painful and difficult. Lecter´s painful grunt cut the silence around the woods when Hannibal used the remaining energy to push himself up on top of Foxglove. The sharp pain stabbed every inch of his skin to the point of making him stop breathing with the agony.

-“Good b-boy.”- The doctor gasped, petting the remarkable stallion´s neck at the same time Will picked the doctor´s crossbow, placing it on the saddle bag before he mounted the wary animal.

-“Hold on to me!”- Will grabbed Lecter´s good arm unlacing it around his torso, feeling his heart quiver when the man´s rapid breathing hit his nape since the doctor rested his chin on his shoulder. He could feel the heaviness of Hannibal´s chest on his frail back and his body still remembered clearly the warmth and weight of the older man´s frame on him since last night. Will would certainly object to the proximity if it wasn’t for the painful grunts that escaped from Hannibal. They needed to hurry home!

The boy glanced behind, eyeing the dead stag once more before he grabbed the reins, pulling the horse into action, he could feel the stud stubbornness to obey him but he managed to guide the animal correctly. They bounce with every movement Foxglove did, Hannibal hissed from time to time, feeling his right shoulder jerk up and down. Will yelped when the doctor clenched his fist

around him, crawling at the boy´s belly involuntarily in pain with every fierce jump the horse took. But he couldn´t be bothered, the doctor was in extreme agony. Will had to endure it!

- - -

Foxglove entered the cottage grounds at full speed, stopping abruptly when they reached the yard. The boy dismounted the horse in a worry, securing the reins to make sure it wouldn´t run off. He switched his attention for a few seconds, and that was enough to miss the doctor sliding off the saddle and hitting the soil. The boy managed to grip his coat, softening the fall.

-“Geez old man! Get a hold of yourself!”- Will grunted, trying to lift the man out of the soil. Luckily he felt on his good side, sparing the dislocated right shoulder. He petted the doctor´s sweaty forehead, it was too warm. - “Damn it! You’re running a fever.”

The boy kicked the door open, rushing the wounded man to the heavy table, Will shoved the dishes off the surface, letting them crash to the floor before he helped the doctor lay down on it. He grabbed Lecter´s knife and started to cut the fabric around his legs, in attempt to spot the damage there.

-“…k-kid…not there...my shoulder…”- Hannibal tried to sit up and place his palm on the brat´s shoulder.

Will clenched his jaw, ignoring the man´s request as he kept cutting his trousers. He was afraid to touch the dislocated shoulder, it was a serious injury, one that done wrong could break his arm and torn the muscles. He wouldn’t risk it!

-“KID!”- Hannibal shouted, bringing the boy´s attention back to him. –“I-I know you’re afraid… but my arm feels like it has sharp blades inside… ripping it apart…I will guide you through…”

The heavy drops of sweat trailed down Lecter´s face, the intense pain stabbed his lungs, making him stop breathing while he stared at the boy´s frighten expression.

-“I will guide you!”- Hannibal assured him one last time.

Will bit his lip and released his leg, nodding his head in approval, waiting for his instruction. If the doctor believed he could do it he would. Hannibal smiled, letting out a sigh.

-“I need you to tell me… if the d-dislocation is interior or posterior…”- The doctor threw is head back, trying to breathe deeply. Will made a face, not understanding the difference at the same time he opened the bloody chemise, exposing the injury.

-“…the head of the humerus bone…is it behind or in front of the acromion?”- The older man asked. The boy looked around the bloody skin and spotted the round shaped bone, palpable to the touch and clearly out of place.

-“Behind.”- Will looked up, seeing the doctor´s brow frown in the same time he exhaled.

-“It´s posterior then…”- Lecter said extending his hand to the kid.-"Grab my arm… you’re going to pull it!"

Will took the doctor´s hand before the other hand grabbed behind his elbow.

-"…Pull it towards your chest…and rotate upwards afterwards."- The other man ordered under his breath, squeezing the runt's hand weakly.

Will exhaled, positioning himself and steading his legs, ready to pull. He locked eyes with the doctor before he pulled violently. A low grunt escaped Hannibal´s lips when the runt aligned the joints, Will could feel the man´s nails pierce his hand, crushing his palm with his forceful grip. This was the worst part, Will screamed as he rotate the bone upwards and finally, heard the bone lock into place. It was done!

They were both panting, sweat dripping along their faces while they both stare at Hannibal´s shoulder. The doctor moved it slowly, testing it´s mobility, the pain was gone the moment it went into place and a numbness sensation started to take over the injured area.

-"Well done!"- Lecter grin as the boy who grabbed a piece of cloth, wrapping it around his torso and neck, supporting his arm.

-"I hope you're not right-handed."- Will joked pushing the man back, so he laid against the table. –"You won´t be able to jerk off for a while."

-"Witty, aren´t we!"- The doctor managed to smile. -"Pass me the string and needle."

-"Stay still!"- Will pushed him again when the doctor tried to sit up again.-"You can´t do much with one hand. Just lay down I will do the rest! Geez you're old and stubborn!"

-"Your bedside manners are lacking, kid!"- The doctor smiled while he let him address his wound, trying to play doctor.

Will took the knife and ripped Hannibal´s chemise to fully examine his torso, ugly bruises started to appear on the tanned skin, the black and blue marks were clearly visible. Lecter was lucky the coat was thick enough to avoid any teeth from actually rip his flesh. The kid switch his attention to the doctor´s legs, cutting the remaining of his pants and exposing his naked body to the morning light coming from the window.

-"Shit!"- The runt cursed whne he saw the full picture.

The man´s upper body was mainly bruised however the legs suffered much worse through the thin fabric, the talons managed to crawl deeper, leaving very ugly scratched there. But the worst injury was the visible bite on Hannibal's inner thigh, dangerously close to his genitals. That needed stiches. The doctor lifted himself on one elbow eyeing the concerned look on the runt´s face.

-"How unfortunate, old man!"- Will sighed, soaking a bandage with alcohol. - "They almost manage to rip your dick off. Pity they missed!"

-"Don´t give me that look! You would be missing it more that I would."- Hannibal threw a wicked look, his canines showing while the boy disinfected the wound, the alcohol felt like icy fire on his open wound, making him hiss.

The boy kept rubbing the injury, the white cloth coming back more redder every time. He worked, resting his elbows on the table, his torso laying over the doctor´s good leg. Will snatched the curved needle and string and placed his hand on Lecter´s naked thigh, turning it around to examine the

clean wound as he brought his face closer. A dark bruise circled around the gash and the open wound was still bleeding. The boy slid his hand higher, pressing his thumb on the open flesh, testing the skin as he visualized the imaginary path of the needle.

-"Kid…If you are that eager, patch me first so we can get back to that later."- Hannibal exhaled, throwing his head back when he felt the boy´s breath on his inner thigh, sinfully close to his cock.

-"Can you take anything seriously?"- Will screamed, his face turning red with rage when the doctor laugh at him.

The boy started stitching him, the room was too dark for him to see anything so he blinked his eyes, trying to focus. The laceration was much bigger and deeper than the one he had to sew on Lecter´s head. The skin on his thigh was harder to work since the soft surface of the muscle was unstable to work the needle.

-"You´re so stupid, old man."- The runt whispered to himself. - "Why didn´t you just let him have me? You would have kept Foxglove and you wouldn't be in this mess."

-"I think the answer is obvious!"- The doctor said still laying on his elbow when the brat looked at him, waiting for his answer, his heart shivered slightly.

-"It would be troublesome! You already do a half-assed job around here."- The doctor let out a tiring sigh, laughing at the boy´s surprised expression. - "Imagine after he was done with you. I would have to do everything, while you rested your ass in bed."

Will frowned, piercing the needle deeper and making the man groan in pain. They kept to themselves while the runt worked the needle, closing the wound back together. Lecter occupied his time looking out the window, trying to block the pain away. He could see Foxglove outside, scraping the soil with his hoof, playing with the small stones there.

-"…I´m sorry…"- Hannibal turned to the runt, surprised by the small whispered that just left Will´s lips.

It was the first time the brat actually apologized to him, the doctor knew that it took a lot of courage for this kid to actually admitted. Days ago, the runt would have choose to bite his tongue off than to admit defeat to him. That was great improvement!

The doctor kept looking at Will while he worked the string, pulling it delicately to spare him the extra pain. He was concentrate, focusing fully on the task. Hannibal trailed his eyes along the runt´s frame. The boy was leaning his upper body on his good leg, his elbows between the man´s legs while his back arched completely, a smirked beginning to appear on Lecter´s face.

-"Are you trying to tempt me?"- Lecter grin wickedly, placing his palm on the brat´s ass.

-"You bloody…"- The brat tried to crawl away.

-"Keep working!"- The doctor order him firmly.

Will knew he didn´t have any saying in the matter so he resumed his task, eager to get away from Hannibal when he felt the hot palm trailing along his body. The doctor slid his hand along the boy´s spine, feeling the vertebras meet every stroke of his hand. He turn to Will´s neck sliding over from the back to the front then he stopped at the button on the collar of the white chemise. His chemise.

He enjoyed seeing the runt in his large clothes, the long fabric imprisoning the boy when his body wasn't doing it. He played with the button, pitching it, rolling it over his thumb and index finger. He trapped it and with a precise move he opened the thin shirt and exposing the boy´s neck and chest.

-"Your hands stopped!"- Lecter whispered without switching his attention when the runt trembled trying to concentrate harder, resuming his hands.

Hannibal could feel the runt´s anxious breath on his palm while he exposed his shoulder, spotting the love bites around the slender neck and collar-bone. The angry red bruises claimed the white skin there, more visibly than the hand prints from the strangulation. He brought his mouth closer, connecting his burning lips with the cold skin of the kid´s shoulder.

-"…Y-You keep that up … and I´m going to stitch your cock to your thigh!"- Will warned weakly while he managed the last two knots, grabbing the scissor to cut the string.

Hannibal grinned into his shoulder, nibbling and sucking the porcelain skin, making the kid shiver.

-"I doubt it! "- Lecter whispered, trailing his mouth over the kid bruised neck, feeling the boy´s heartbeat against his tongue. He trailed further up stopping at Will´s ear.

-"Is it intimidating you in any way? - Will could feel the doctor´s breath on his ear, tickling it.

Hannibal cursed, shifting on the table when he felt the tip of the needle pierce his groin on purpose before Will took the chance to get away from him.

The doctor grinned at the runt´s defense, looking at him over the shoulder as Will walked to the cabinet looking for an oil to help the wound to heal faster. He bit his tongue, he acted so fast that he forgot he needed the doctor´s help to read the labels. To hell with that! He certainly wouldn´t ask for the mischievous man´s help. He turned the bottles there, looking at the labels in hope his instinct would point out the right one.

-"The small bottle on your left. "- The doctor guided him.

Will picked the bottle with the St. John´s wort balancing in the yellow oil. He returned to the doctor ´s side, pulling the cork before he brought it to his nose. The acid and fresh scent of the flowers made his nose itch.

-"*Hypericum*!"- Hannibal laughed seeing the ugly face the boy made. - "It´s an anti-inflammatory. It´s not supposed to smell nice".

The boy coated his fingers, the slippery liquid danced around his hand before he brought it to the fresh stiches. He could see the muscles on Hannibal´s thigh tense from the pain, but this time he didn´t hiss. Will applied the sticky oil to the wound a second time before he switch to the other wounds along Lecter´s legs. He could feel Lecter´s eyes on him, studying his every move.

-"What are you staring at?"- The boy asked locking eyes with him.

-"It´s a waste."- Hannibal whispered motionless, leaving the kid inquiring. - "You would've made a great doctor."

Will stops his hands, surprised at the doctor´s confession.

-“You’re a quick learner and you have the basic skills and instinct."- He takes a lock of hair away from Will´s face. -"The rest would come with time."

Caring for people has always been Hannibal´s passion, even though it wasn´t his parents´s craft, Lecter had grew closer to the village physician and learned the art. For a few years Hannibal had been looking for an apprentice to help him out and take on the craft after he was gone. It wasn´t easy since he was the only doctor in the village and the nearest one was the King´s physician, who worked with the nobles and wasn´t allowed to mingle with the peasants. Looking at this runt, he was exactly what he was looking for and he would´ve had no problem approaching him and made that offer, if only the kid had grew in the village and followed a more honest life.

-"It´s a pity you choose a life of crime and threw such a promising future away. I would’ve been proud to see you work beside me in my study.”

The runt felt his throat itch when a few tears clouded his vision. Ever since his birth he was always used to be called useless and that he would never amount to anything. He himself didn´t even believe he had a better future waiting for him. It was the first time that anyone genuinely praise him for a job well done. Especially coming from this man alone, after all he made him go through.

-“You lack bedside manners but that we can work in time.”- Lecter finished leaning his head to the side.

The doctor spoke the truth, he was slightly clumsy but the runt had a gift, even for a rookie. He would have loved to turn him into his apprentice however the way they met had shaped the way they coexisted today, they were still strangers and both Hannibal and Will had to face the fact that they would never be more than that. Lecter was brought back to reality when the boy brought his hands to Hannibal´s face, petting his cheeks and forehead, moving them around this face and neck.

-“You´re delusional old man. I guess your fever must be more severe than we originally thought.”- The brat joked nervously, however the doctor could see his words did in fact touched him.

They stayed like that for a few moments, before the kid helped him clean his face and back, in attempt to lower the fever. Lecter could see a flash passing through the runt´s eyes, but he couldn´t detect what it was. Usually it was easy to know what he was thinking, he couldn´t hide anything. But not this time. Lecter was curious with the expression planted on the brat´s face. It wasn´t shame. It wasn´t rage, or fear, or even cockiness. It was peace.

- - -

Jack Crawford

-“I will not tell you again, Matthew! We will discuss this after my meeting in Court. ”- The captain hissed impatiently, the long angry footsteps echoed in the wide corridor of the royal palace, followed by Price and Zeller, who escorted the captain. - “I´m already late for the king´s Council.”

Matthew followed behind, trying to convince his point when he looked over his shoulder, eyeing Dolarhyde and Thobias, waiting for them to back him up.

-“But sir! If you would just authorize the capture and allow us to detain them…”-

-“Enough!”- Crawford growled in the soldier´s face.-“I won’t allow an interrogation based on uncertain facts and a word of a whore! I have more urgent matters to attend to.”

-“And I´m warning you Brown! Leave the doctor alone! I don´t care if Lecter got himself a house mouse or a fuck boy for the time being. The doctor already suffered enough. And mark my words, if I discover that you have been snooping around them again, I will kick you out from the king´s guards. Are we clear?”

Price and Zeller smiled to themselves, eyeing with joy the other soldier´s expression. Matthew was enraged but he didn´t dare to go against his captain´s word.

-“My my Captain Crawford!”- A melodic voice was heard approaching them. - “You can scare the plague away with your authority.”

-“Queen Margot!”- Jack bowes down as the queen approach them, gracefully floating with her loyal Irish wolfhound next to her.

-“Please!”- She raised a hand for the soldiers to stand up. - “My king thanks you for coming. We imagine having the time is difficult, especially with all the military tactics and the task to protect the kingdom.”

-“It is always a pleasure to attend Court and hear from the king and yourself, my lady.”-

The soldiers rolled their eyes, witnessing the captain´s soft side, very rare and almost none existent to them. Suddenly, the large palace door opened and enraged screams echoed around the hallway.

-“It´s outrageous!”- Mason howled at Cordell when their heavy steps hit the palace floor like an earthquake. - “I want that fucker dead! They can´t get away with this.”

-“What seems to be the problem, dear brother?”- Margot smiled, seeing her brother´s despair.

-“I was attacked by two commoners under Forest Law! In my own land! He killed Carlo and Matteo! I want to assemble the Court! Their actions will not go unpunished! ”-

The soldiers exchanged looks, Zeller nodded to Price who immediately understood the reference. Two commoners the noble said, three members of Grutas gang were still at large. Could these attackers be what it remained of the gang of outlaws? They hoped it was them, they had a solid case if they were. Harming the villagers was one thing, the justice turned slowly outside the royal grounds. However if these outlaws were stupid enough to attack nobles and monarchs, especially the brother of the queen, they already had their execution rope ready for them.

-“Who attacked you, my lord?”- Jack asked, slightly amused by the sadistic noble distress.

-“Two fuckers! How would I know who they are! That´s your fucking job! You coming here and asking me their identities! Who da hell do you think your talking to! You do your job and find them! That´s not my problem!”- Mason moved his arms around franticly, blabbering uncoherent

words while he walked in circles. Clearly spoiled rotten. The servant walked to the Queen and Crawford, rubbing his hands as a grin started to appear in his chubby face.

-"It´s the same kid who attacked Matteo in the brothel, a few days back but the boy´s master was the one that killed Lord Mason´s servants."- Jack could see a spark of bloodlust in the servant´s eyes.

-"I see. And the kid´s master? Who is he?"- Crawford asked, hopping he would point out Grutas.

-"He´s the village doctor!"- Cordell grin, finally reveling the last piece of the puzzle.

Jack paled visibly as he tried to swallow the tension accumulated in his throat. Matthew on the other hand started to rip a smirk on this face. The day was going to be a promising one, after all. Especially for the doctor.

- - -

Will opened his eyes in the darkness of the night, feeling the soft furs embrace his body, next to the fireplace, he saw Lecter sleeping on the bed across the room. He managed to convince the doctor to sleep separately from him with the excused that he would bump into his injuries if they shared a bed. It was half-true.

He parted the furs slowly, trying to be silent when he got up, heading to table. He took a piece of cloth and spread it on the table surface. Silently, the boy started to pack it with supplies, half a bread, apples, cheese, ham and a bottle of wine. Filling the improved bag with as much food as it could handle. The journey ahead was long so he needed food and warm clothes, especially if he planned to ride all night.

He walked slowly to Hannibal´s resting body, stopping at his side to look at him. The doctor was laying on his back with his injured arm resting on his belly, his breathing was calm and steady while the chest heaved up and down. The moonlight lighten his face, he looked at peace, no sign of pain or discomfort. Will stepped closer, placing his palm over the man´s forehead with a feather light touch. His fever had gone down. Good. Will holds his breath before he lowers his face closer to the doctor´s, grazing his cold lips with Hannibal´s, but never touching. He couldn't afford to wake him up or even the courage to explain his actions afterwards.

He takes a lock of Hannibal´s silver hair and moves it away from his eyes before he retrieves his hand. The olde man woundn´t aprove of this plan but Will was doing it to save him and that was enough for him. He walks to the table grabbing the food supply and Hannibal´s heaviest coat before looking over his shoulder, eyeing the doctor one last time and walks out the door.

Foxglove wakes up startled when it spots a slender figure by the entrance of the stable. At first, the drowsy animal believes the presence was the little girl that always managed to sneak from her bed at night to sleep with him. However the frail body approaching wasn´t the small child. The animal is suspicious of Will when he enters the stable, pushing his ears back when the kid approached it. The runt holds an apple to the stallion´s nose, hoping it wouldn´t make a fuss while he smelled his palm. He smiles when Foxglove accepted the gift and the runt rewards it by stroking its head, bringing their foreheads together.

-“Hannibal is in danger.”- Will whispered into the stud´s forehead, emphasizing his master´s name. - “We need to go!”

Slowly, the kid guided the animal outside, trying to make as little noise as possible. It was a beautiful night, even for a cold winter´s night. Will inhaled deeply letting the cold breeze fill his lungs. It felt like the first time in ages that he contemplated the moonlight. The other times, he was oblivious in the doctor´s arms to even bother to look outside. He strapped the bag with food to the saddle, petting the animal´s neck before after he pushed his body up into the saddle.

The boy smiled, straightening his spine while he adjusted his heavy cloak behind him. He managed to mount Foxglove without help and much fuss, he felt accepted since he saw the animal´s trust towards him. The easiest part was over. Will sigh, gripping the animal´s reins while he looked ahead to the first line of the trees, his back to the cottage. It was where all this began. In the woods. He could almost spot his younger self staring back at him, hiding in the woods, waiting fearful of Grutas´s command. It felt like so long ago. He switch slightly in the saddle when he felt so small sitting on it. There was too much space. As if something was missing.

-“Going somewhere, runt?”- Will shivered when the voice pierce the silent night, gripping the reins harder, he didn´t bothered looking back. There was no point.

-“For a minute there, I thought you were going to smother me in my sleep.”- Hannibal said wittily.

Will wasn't surprised. Of course the doctor was awake the whole time. He blushed remembering what the doctor witnessed earlier.

-“Judging by your supplies I´m guessing your planning a big trip.”- Lecter said walking to the boy ´s side. He limped visibly, stroking Foxglove´s neck. - “I see you managed to enchant my loyal stud as well.”

-“...I wasn´t trying to run away.”- Will whispered, looking at his hands and avoiding the doctor´s gaze.

-“I never said you were.”- The doctor grinned, staring at the boy´s defeated expression. - “Where were you going, runt?”

-“I´m going to the Verger´s state to negotiate your life. If I bargain with my life they will forgive our actions and let you go.”- The boy trembled while he tried to reason with Hannibal -“Please let me go.”

Will swallowed, knowing perfectly well his life was at risk but he didn´t mind, he would offer his body to save Hannibal´s life. He owned him that.

-“Are you really that stupid, boy!”- Hannibal´s voice suddenly dropped low and dangerous since the runt avoided his gaze. - “Do you think they would bargain with you and sent you on your way back with Foxglove afterwards? While they wave you goodbye and wish you a safe return home?”

-“This is not about owning a debt. It´s about power! It´s about knowing they control your life and that they are above you. They want blood! They don´t give a shit if you´re guilty or innocent. If you go to them they will rape and torture you for the pleasure of it. A cornered mouse cannot bargain with a starved cat. You´re still naïve if you think you can feed their bloodlust and call it even…”

-“IT´S MY FAULT!”- Will exploded when a few tears felt from his eyes. –“I disobeyed your orders and went after the stag! I stepped on forbidden land! I threaten Verger! They will come for us! I will not have your death on my hands because of what I did!”

-“Runt! I really don´t care.”- Hannibal exhaled calmly.- “Let them come! Right now I´m too tired and wounded too do anything else. I would rather spend the rest of the night with you on my bed than to get myself killed.”

Will finally met Lecter´s gaze, his blue eyes widen at the obvious teasing, making his cheeks blush. Completely at lost for words.

-“That´s the most honest expression I got from you in a long time.”- He had to admit, this kid managed to surprise him even after all this time.

-“Get off the horse.”- Lecter said softly, raising a hand to the boy.

The kid looked at it, it was obvious the gesture was a statement, Will knew how to slide down a saddle just fine. The hand raised to him was a question the doctor threw at him, one the boy would either accept or deny. It replaced words, it was pure communication based on touch. Will slowly reached for his hand, covering the doctor´s palm with his, he exhaled loudly not noticing he was holding his breath the whole time. It was hot to the touch. Hannibal pushed him gently when the boy slid along the saddle, his foot hitting the soil almost impossibly slow. Will stood still between the doctor and Foxglove.

-“Are you angry at me?”- The boy whispered, eyeing his feet, too afraid to look up.

-“I´m not surprised by your actions. Although I still think you´re stupid for risking your neck without a single weapon to protect you. ”- The doctor said petting Will´s head.

– “Return Foxglove to the stable and come inside…And bring the wine. I´m guessing you will need a lot of alcohol on the subject we are about to discuss.”- Hannibal turned toward the cottage, trying his best to support his weight on his good leg.

-“Subject?”- Will hold the horse´s reins when the doctor turned to him, his hand on the door.

-“Yes. You’re going to tell me where Mischa´s body lays!”-

To be continued…

Stable Boy

Chapter Notes

Hello fancy people!!!

Thank you so much for keeping up with this story and I seriously hope it´s still able to surprise you. I´m really happy how the chapter turned out and the Photoshop as well. I hope it's worth your time :)
I´m guessing Vanilla sex is no longer an option for Hannibal and Will, but I will let you be the judge of that. However it amazes me how creative Hannibal is when it comes to tormenting poor Will.

Quick notes:
Firstly, I rewrote the rape scene in chapter 4 "Judas Goat" (I just developed it more. So please give it a second glance if you want to.) Actually it´s was really shocking for me to return to the first few chapters where Hannibal was REALLY CRUEL regarding Will. The character development was really huge! I didn´t notice until now.
Second: In this chapter we will have the topic of leech treatment, bear in mind it was an actual medical practice in medieval time as they used it to extract the "bad blood" and control "raging hormones".

Well that´s all folks!!
Please comment to tell me what you think or ask questions if you're confused about any aspect in the story.
Lots of love!!

Chapter 11

"Stable boy"

-"This is torture!"- The boy gasp, short of breath because of the freezing water pierced his bared legs.

The still water reflected the frustrated expression on Will´s face while the runt stood inside the pond with the water around his knees. The wind rustle the leaves of the nearby trees, bringing the dewy sweetness of seasonal berries and pine and flapping the kid´s long chemise while he tried to pull it down, sheltering his nakedness since his trousers laid on the shore.

-"Quit whining and repeat it again!"- The doctor instructed, not taking his eyes of the book resting on his lap.

Hannibal sat on a fallen log a few meters away from the shivering boy, his right arm was still firmly wrapped, making the task of holding the book and turning the page difficult. The dense forest around the foggy meadow painted the grey landscape with dark shades of blue and brown from the bloomed cornflowers, dried grass stalk and pampa grass. Foxglove ran freely along the meadow, jumping around and kicking its hind legs in the air in blissful joy as if he was a foal again. Will exhaled loudly, feeling another bite of the cold water attack his bare legs, crossing his arms to create heat.

-“A, B, C, D, E, G…”- The boy gasped between trembling teeth.

-“**F!**”- The doctor smirked at the brat´s mistake. - “You should know that letter in particular.”

-“Like **F**ucker?” -Will hissed, throwing the indirect insult at the old man.

-“Like **F**ailure!”- The doctor grin wider, looking at the shivering kid. - “You know what to do.”

The runt frowned, staring behind him with his back turned to the large pond. He bit his tongue before he stepped a few steps behind, sinking into the freezing water. It raised up from his knees to his upper thighs, almost touching his testicles. He shivered, feeling them retract to avoid the gelid water. For every mistake he made, he had to step further behind into the pond. This was torturous! The doctor was determinant to have his body submerged until only his nose hang in the surface.

-“Try again.”- Lecter said turning the page.

-“A, B, C, D, E, F, G…H, I, J, K, L…”- The boy stop, uncertain of the next letter. -“…”

-“**M**!”- The doctor continued, returning his focus to the book. -“Again!”

The boy sneezed, feeling the cold pierce his bones. He knew Lecter was punishing him for last night, displeased by his answer. After they went inside, the doctor insisted on the subject of his sister´s whereabouts, never losing his calm and control, even though Will knew it was a very sensitive subject for him. He knew if he told the truth it would be a huge turning point for them and Will wasn´t ready for that change yet. So he choose to lie, convincing the other man he didn´t knew. The doctor saw right through him but didn´t forced the answer out. At least for now.

He tried to get his footing, the slimy mud beneath his feet made him lose his balance from time to time, splashing the water around and making the runt hiss when the icy drops hit his belly and pelvis.

-“Ouch!”- The runt whined when he felt a sting around his calf muscles. - “It bit me!”

The doctor took his eyes from his book to look at Will, the runt was lifting his leg and three black worms came attached to it. He grabbed one and pulled it to examine up close. It moved slowly around his index finger, the shiny black skin glowed even with the foggy weather in contrast with the sharp Y- shaped teeth.

-“You got yourself a leech. Lucky you!”- Lecter said eyeing the vicious worm dance around the boy´s finger. - “I really needed one of those on my wound yesterday.”

-“A leech? On your stitches? What for?”- The boy frowned, imagining the pain of those needle jaws on his open injury. Staring at the man when he touched his inner thigh, exactly where the stitches were.

-“Leeching is a common medical practice. Mostly they are used to extract the bad blood since it´s believed they would suck the badness out of you.”- Lecter exclaimed, eyeing the kid´s curious expression.

-“But don´t worry. All the leeches in that pond won´t be enough to suck the badness out of you.”- He provoked, lifting another page.

Will snort, not liking the arrogant smirk on the doctor´s face. He kicked the water with his foot, making the heavy splashes travel the short distance from the shore to the fallen log, soaking Hannibal´s hair and the collar of his chemise.

“Oops!”- Will said motionless, trying to look cocky when a laugh got stuck in his throat, seeing the silver hair dripping along the man´s face.

Lecter looked up slowly eyeing the brat, a grin ripped across his wet face while he witness the brat ´s childish behavior. Apparently he didn´t learn his lesson from the mud fight incident.

-“You never learn, do you kid? ”-The doctor smirked, cleaning the excessive water from his face and hair.

Even when the doctor was injured the brat couldn´t keep out of mischief. Too much bad blood running in those little veins. For a second, Lecter hoped he would behave for the duration of his recovery, after all it was the kid´s fault Hannibal was a bloody mess. He chuckle at the thought, his weak state seemed to awaken the boy´s rebellious nature even more, he was clearly more defiant and provocative than usual. The predator preying on the weakest prey. Lecter couldn´t blame him, for more than once he used the boy´s shyness and fear on his own behalf, especially to fill his sexual urges.

- “You´re looking for a beating, boy!”- His voice dropped low and malicious.

The stitches on his leg stretched fully when he tried to get up and walk to the pond, leaving the book behind.

-“You idiot! You shouldn´t be standing…”- Will dropped the leech, ready to insult the man for his stupidity. –“Get back!”

-“Are you questioning my orders, runt?”- The doctor raised a brow.

-“You see, the problem with youngsters is you give them too much free-will and they will start to bite the hand that feeds them.”- Hannibal grin, crossing his arms when he stopped over the edge of the pond, waiting patiently for the runt to approach the shoreline.-"Come here!"

-“Do you think you´re in any position to give me orders, old man?"- The runt provoked him, knowing perfectly well the man wouldn´t get in the water with his fresh injury. However he felt uneased when the doctor kept his wicked smirk.

-“Don't let my wounds fool you, kid!”- Hannibal voice was low with a hint of desire.-"I can still cross you over my knee and make you enjoy it!"

The boy straightened up, leaving his relaxed posture when he suddenly felt at disadvantage while the doctor circle the pond, trying to get closer to him.

-"You´re mistaken if you think I´m going to come to you willingly."- Will snorted in defiance, following the other man´s every move.

-"You don't seem accustomed to punishments. That's the problem."- He licked his lip. -“Boys like you get overwhelmed with boosts of testosterone and they begin to grow aggressive and disobedient and it can be problematic. So it is their master´s job to discipline them.”

Hannibal lined his head forward, ogling the runt´s naked legs still submerged in the water while he sank into the muddy ground. If the kid got his feet stuck in the mud it would be so easy to get him.

-“Bring a leech and come here!”- The doctor waved a finger to the runt, his hair still dripping from the mischief. - “I’m going to show you how you discipline a mischievous boy.”

-“No! I´ll stay here.”- Will confronted him, the doctor was stupid if he thought that he was going to grab the instrument of torture and comply.

He smirked, walking slowly to the other end of the pond shore when the boy tried to escape to the opposite side, running away from him. The kid couldn’t stay in the freezing water forever, he had to come out. And when he did, Hannibal would catch him. Will felt another sting on his leg, forcing him to stumble backwards and slip into the cold water while the water raised up to his chest. The boy gasped, the shock of the cold water forced him to intake air.

-“...I-I´m stuck!”- Will panted, feeling his legs sink further into the slippery mud, the water danced around his ribcage, gluing his heavy wool chemise to his torso and legs, sinking him further down.

-“Try to stay still!”-The doctor said calmly, slowly he removed the cloth holding his bad shoulder, followed by the boots and heavy coat, leaving his pants and button up chemise to protect him from the winter´s breeze.

Lecter rolled his trousers up, revealing the ugly bruises and scratches on his legs. Slowly, he stepped into the pond, breathing deeply when he felt the icy temperature of the water around him. He could see the boy move his arms up in panic when he approached him slowly. Clearly he didn´t understand the whole concept of staying still. He hissed, feeling his stitched wound burn when it got soaked. The water dragged him down when he tested the slippery soil, avoiding the sinking path the kid took. He stopped in front of the frenetic runt, laughing as the water reached the runt´s neck with all his manic movements, submersing him further.

-“So! What did we learned?”- The doctor mocked, the water line hitting him just over the chest.

-“Damn you!”- The runt screamed, his voice breaking with the cold. - “This is not funny! Do something!”

-“And why would I do that? I think it´s hilarious!”- The other man laughed, calm and still, in opposition to the brat in front of him. -“You were so dedicated to have your way. You brought yourself here by your own choice. So I´ll let you sink in the irony a little longer.”

Will scowl, throwing water into the doctor´s face and splashing him further. The doctor stared at him with a wide smirk on his face. The brat gasped when the doctor dove in, he tried to look down and see the older man, but it was impossible since the still water reflected the cloudy sky like a mirror. He began to worry, he couldn’t see or feel the man around him. Suddenly, Will yelped when he felt an arm snake between his trapped legs and the other one over his waist, lifting him up with a quick jerk. The runt gasped as the doctor laid him over his shoulder while he kept his arm firmly in place between the rascal´s thighs, he looked like a baby being carried around.

-“You´re hopeless!”- Lecter joked, pulling his hair back while he walked to shore.

-“Careful!”- The brat shouted, knowing the man was pushing his damaged shoulder too much.
-“You will injure yourself further.”

-“Whose fault is that?”- Hannibal stumbled slightly, feeling his leg throb painfully.

Their clothes were completely soaked and the wool fabric absorbed a lot of water turning it heavy, Hannibal felt like he was carrying a huge bag of potatoes. Will whined, when the water dropped to Hannibal´s waist, the cold air caressed the bare skin of his bottom, he tried to close his legs to protect his naked ass from being exposed but the doctor didn´t allow it.

-“...It´s c-close enough. Let me down!”- He clenched his eyes shut once he felt the doctor’s palm slide to the curve of his ass, groping him lightly.

He gripped the doctor´s white chemise, feeling the excessive water escape from his slender fingers, the fabric molded itself to the man´s back glowing gold from the doctor´s tanned skin underneath. The warmth from Hannibal´s shoulder touched his belly, warming his cold body. Will felt the older man lean forward, making the runt slide along his shoulder when his feet hit the water once more.

-“Go!”- Hannibal said leaning his head.

Will turned his back on the doctor seeing the reeds on the shore before he walked to them. The runt reached for them, pulling his upper body up while he crawled his way up. Will yelp with the firm grip on his hips, dragging his lower body back again, stopping only when his ass smashed wetly against the doctor´s crotch. The boy stood on his elbows, his back arched, half inside and half outside the pond. Will turned slowly to him, his instinct starting to kick in when he noticed the wicked grin on the man´s face.

-“Why are you looking at me with those eyes? I never said I would release you from your punishment.”- Hannibal claimed, his warm palms squeezed the runt´s flesh when the boy gasped, feeling the doctor´s hard cock, perfectly nested against the brat´s cheeks. -"Now. Bend over for me, runt!"

-“...Stop!... We´re outdoors!...”- Will struggled, throwing his arm behind to push the doctor away but Lecter grabbed his wrist, pulling it slightly and forcing the boy to arch his spine more.

-“Is this the body that you so willingly wanted to offer Verger in exchange for my life? ”- The doctor´s slid his hands along the boy´s back, pulling upwards the only piece of cloth protecting the runt´s nakedness.-"Such a good boy you are!"

He rubbed his swollen length against the soft skin, humping the boy while he devoured the runt´s white frail skin out in the open. Magnificent! Hannibal devoured every inch of his back with his eyes at the same time the brat shivered from the cold weather.

-“Ow!”- Lecter stopped suddenly when the small whine reached his ears.

The wet and rough texture of his trousers was too harsh against the boy´s sensitive skin. The doctor pushed his own pants down to release his throbbing cock to the open air before he let it rest against the runt´s ass, leaking pre-cum along the milky flesh.

-“...S-Stop!...I´m not your property!...”- Will whispered when he felt the slimy hot member, sliding up and down his entrance.

-“When working on the lord´s state, the boy is his master´s property. It´s in his right and obligation to discipline him as he sees fit!”- The doctor said snaking a hand to grab the boy´s penis, stroking him truly, feeling the runt moan and pulse in his grasp. - “Push your hips back against me.”

Will whined, resting his chin on the bended reeds, presenting his ass to the doctor. He could almost taste the sweet clover and wet earth on his mouth, the strong scent of spruce trees filled his nostrils, he knew this was about obedience only, to present himself in the most shameful state to pledge obedience to his self-titled master, to know how to hold his tongue and do as he was told. The runt trembled when Lecter caressed his finger on his sacrum, making him come to his senses.

-"We have been on this struggle for control for too long, this dispute of testosterone is not healthy for neither of us. I don´t blame you! We´re both men after all. It´s in our nature to want to lead and dominate other male rivals. But I will not allow a defiant runt who tries to disobey my orders."

The doctor grabbed his hips and turned him around, making the kid rest his back against the rough texture of the reeds before he stood between his legs. Will gasped as his swollen penis stood erect in the open for the doctor to ogle. He tried to sit up and cover himself but Lecter didn´t allowed that shred of dignity when he pushed the brat down. Hannibal smirked when he felt another sting around his legs and he pulled one of the leeches up trapping it´s head between his fingers and brought it to the boy´s hard penis

-"Stop!...You can´t do this!..."- Will whined afraid, gripping Lecter´s wrist when he felt the slimy cold tail dance frenetically around his cock.

-"You seem to think of me as a merciless master yet I´m not cruel when I punish you. I've known far worse masters than me, however your poor decisions almost got us killed the last time. You need to understand I´m serious about the rule you broke."- Hannibal squeezed the worm´s head slightly, making the wet tail wrap frenetically around the kid´s tip while his other hand stoke around the base, feeling a vein pulse against his thumb. Will moan, it felt like a cold, slippery tongue moving around his aching length.

-"You sick bastard!"- Will whispered, covering his face with his arms as the doctor faced him, devouring his trembling body.

The boy was close, the little whimpers escaped his mouth when he threw his head back against the grass. Lecter grinned, seeing the kid enjoy himself, however this was a punishment not a reward.

-"AH!"- The boy bucked his hips upwards, arching his back when the doctor pulled his foreskin back and connected the leech with his penis.

The needle jaw pierced the sensitive skin around his pulsing length as the young man cried out at the strange feeling. Hannibal leaned his body forward, placing himself between the runt´s legs when the kid tried to close them shut.

-"You bastard!... Take it out!"- The brat struggled, reaching for the leech just to have Lecter grab his wrist, pinning him in place.

-"Shh... Relax... just accept defeat and I will take it away!"- The doctor panted, his voice hoarse while he gaze upon the boy´s body, squirming beneath him, he knew the kid wasn´t in pain, leeches saliva release an anesthetic when they bite, this treatment wasn´t about pain, it was more intimate than that.

The boy kept whining, shaking his head in denial while the other hand clenched around the wet chemise. Will could feel the worm pulsing there, the slimy tail kept moving around, slapping wetly along his cock. It was depraving and immoral.

-“We really need to work on your eye-contact issues! ”-The doctor panted, ogling the vulnerable state the brat was in. - “It´s important you notice your master the whole time while he punishes you. It builds trust!”

-“...G-Go to hell!”- Will gasped, sheltering his face more. He was overwhelmed his skin was freezing with the cold water in opposition to the burning heat building on his belly.

The doctor kept stroking his aching cock, sliding his hot palm up and down while the swollen worm sucked there. Hannibal worked his hand cautiously, avoiding disturbing the disciplinary leech. Maliciously, Lecter would stroke the worm with his thumb, making the vicious sucker move more frenetically when it felt threatened, sending shivers down the runt´s spine, making him buck his hips with the bitter-sweet sensation.

-“Please…”- The boy whispered almost silently.

Hannibal leaned forward, resting his left hand next to the boy´s head, feeling the crunchy sound of the reeds beneath them. He lowered his face, caressing the tip of his nose to the runt´s cheek.

-“Reach for your cock and pleasure yourself!”- The doctor whispered, seeing the boy´s pleading face at the same time he clenched his slender fists around his chemise.

-“…N-No…I will not!” - Will blabbered, shaking his head in denial.

He was too mortified, his cheeks burned scarlet red since the brightness of the foggy day exposed all of him. Everything. Every inch of his skin, every emotion across his face. There was nowhere to hide while the devil himself lurked between his shivering thighs, pinning him against the pond shore, demanding such an obscene act.

-“Don´t push me, runt!”- Hannibal hissed, clearly losing his patience, he grabbed the boy´s wrist and guide it to his penis, making the boy grip his own flesh.

-“Stroke it eagerly while you look into my eyes. I want to see you!”- Lecter gripped the runt´s jaw forcing him to face him. - “But runt…Don´t you dare for a second, think about removing that leech before I tell you. I will penetrate you hard and rough until shyness is no longer an obstacle for you.”

-“Stop, you bastard…”- Will struggled to turn away. However the doctor kept his grip, lowering his face to touch their noses together.

-“Don’t forget I haven´t explored your mouth yet and I´m dying to dig into it!”- He rubbed his thumb over the soft lip, letting his intentions show.-"Is that what you want, runt? To be defiled out in the open?"

Will whine loudly, his eyes watered when the doctor caressed his thumb along his bottom lip, spreading the saliva there while the older man slide his throbbing cock against him, occasionally hitting his entrance and testicles.

-“...Y-You’re wicked!”- The boy gasped, not recognizing the man before.

-“I am!”- Hannibal smirked maliciously and clenched the boy´s wrist. –“Now. Do it!”

Will squeezed the base of his penis as he worked the length. He slid the open palm, carefully and slowly before he brought his hand to the tip, squeezing the purple head while it drooled pre-cum into his abdomen. Shyly, he started to move a little more freely, enjoying the flashes of pleasure traveling along his back. He was losing himself in the blissful pleasure, drifting away that accidently his finger touch the leech´s tail.

-"Easy!"- Lecter warned into the runt's face, tightening his grip around his jaw when the boy distressed the worm.

The doctor´s hoarse voice just made the brat shiver more, moving his palm more eagerly. The boy reached the tip and collected the pre-cum there before he coated his length, moaning more anxiously. He was so close. Will kept working his aching flesh, he could spot the desire in Hannibal ´s eyes, staring back at him, pinning him in place.

Every little moan the runt let out seemed to feed his animalistic nature, he wanted to devour him badly, savagely even. But he liked to torture himself, he let the brat have his pleasure while his own cock hanged heavily and ready. He had time when they arrived home, the boy couldn´t deny him that right, especially when he was having his own fun. The boy bucked his hips, rubbing himself against Lecter´s crotch when the doctor obliged, sliding his throbbing cock against his entrance but never breaching him.

-"You don´t know it, do you?"- The older man braced himself on his arms, caging Will´s head.- "Why I make you face me while doing this? Do I need to spell it out?"

The other man´s voice cut his moaning whimpers when the runt remembered the barbaric treatment the doctor was putting him through. He looked down, he could see the black worm pulsating with every gulp of blood, fat and heavy. His blue eyes widen with distress and fear and he tried to buck the man off, fully conscious of the situation he was in.

-"Take it out!"- Will whispered, trembling with fear as he punched his fists into the man´s chest.

-"Behave! You're not leaving this pond until I tell you!"- The doctor pushed the hysterical kid further down, returning his hand to the runt´s pulsing cock since the kid released it to fight him off.

-"Stop! No! Let me out!"-Will squirmed and writhe against Hannibal´s hold.

He could feel the tension building in his abdomen sending him over the edge, but he couldn´t reach it, he was petrified as he felt the leech and the doctor´s hand around his cock. It was too much, his instincts shouted at him, he couldn´t accept this.

A sharp pain pierced Lecter´s thigh again, he knew he was forcing his leg too much but he didn´t stop, he kept working the boy until he felt him throb underneath his firm grip. Good! He fasten the pace, squeezing the tip while his index circled the little opening there, making the runt shout out louder. Hannibal worked him truly, the boy was a whimpering mess, begging him to stop since his over-sensitive cock was too sore from the repeated abuse.

Suddenly the doctor felt his hand wet, he stopped and he looked down. The brat was shaking uncontrollably, covering his eyes as he sobbed. The runt was so frighten and ashamed that he managed to pee himself all over his belly, soaking the doctor´s hand slightly.

-"Shit!"- Hannibal knew he over-stepped his boundaries. He thought he had more self-control in him, but he managed to scare the runt with his behavior, he was after all just a kid.

Hannibal didn´t finished his chain of thoughts when the kid laced his arm around his neck and tried to strangle him, his head was firmly placed in a headlock.

-“YOU SICK BASTARD!”- Will growled.

The runt´s behavior got him by surprised when he approached him in an aggressive way. The last time the brat tried anything similar, they had that fight that ended with Hannibal pinning him against the heavy table before he raped the enraged kid.

-“Have you lost your mind, boy!”- Lecter hold him down as the runt kept struggling trying to push him off.

The loss of blood clouded the kid´s mind to the point he didn´t knew who he was dealing with. The boy kept struggling, crawling at the doctor´s arms as they both fought for control. Will reached for the leech, wrapping his hand around it as he pulled it off his penis. Hannibal stretched his back to look at the damaged the runt just did. Lecter could see a small string of blood sliding along the length when the boy ripped the leech´s teeth away. However, the doctor failed to notice this was merely a distraction as the runt slide his leg between their bodies and shoved the doctor away, making him stumble on his bad leg and fall into the water.

-“You little shit!”- Hannibal hissed when he saw the runt crawl the pond, pulling himself out of there.

Will stumble slightly against the tall pampas grass, feeling it brush his naked legs and bottom. He could see Foxglove up ahead, eyeing them with curiosity. Suddenly, the boy was pushed forward, falling on his face when the doctor grabbed his ankle and pushed him back.

-“Where do you think you’re going!”- Lecter grin at the frustrated expression on the kid´s face.

-“Enough old man!”- Will´s struggles became more desperate, losing his accuracy when he waved his arms around in a failed attempt to fight the doctor.

The dried grass stalks moved violently with their struggles while they wrestled each other, roaring loudly while they rolled around the meadow soil. They looked like raging stags, fighting one another, desperate to overcome their opponent. They were a frightening sight, Hannibal kept laughing victorious at the runt´s frustration, even though his shoulder was aching and his leg was bleeding again from the fuss, that didn’t stop him from provoking the runt even more, pulling his chemise and dodging out of the way when the rascal charged at him.

-“Come on kid! You can do better than that!”- Lecter provoaked, pushing the kid away and felt to the floor face first just to get back on his feet ready for more.

The little brat was persistent, he would give him that. Hannibal got behind the kid once more when Will tried to get him in a frontal bear hug.

-“Why are you so frustrated?”- The doctor managed to unlace his arm around the boy´s neck, he dropped his weight on top of Will´s back, sinking him further into the moisture soil, forcing the kid to take his weight on his bended knees before he brought his mouth closer to the kid´s ear.

-“Do you blame me when you respond to my touch? Is that hard to accept?”-

-“YOU DAMN BASTARD!”- The runt screamed.

-“It's funny, isn't it? You think I´m wicked for forcing you to comply into this obscene acts. Yet you jerk yourself outside my house that night before you and your gang attacked me.”-

Will went limp, completely terrified at the doctor´s confession. How could he know? Will was hiding in the bushes and away from the doctor´s sight when he ogled the man chopping the season wood. Will remembered every inch of his strong back while he rubbed his cock against the grass and fantasized about the doctor´s body. But how? How could he know?

-“...How did you…?”- Will turned his head as the man allowed it, locking their eyes when the grin on Lecter´s face grew more dangerous.

-“You talk in your sleep!”- The doctor smirked wickedly, realizing the kid wasn't aware he knew more than the runt would like.

Forcefully, Will´s mind brought him to the time they first shared the bed, that morning when the doctor caressed his spine Will remembered the man saying he was awake before he was. That day. That bloody morning they went catching moss - “*You keep looking at me like that and I will give you a good reason to stare*”- The doctor had said to him. That morning! The fucking bastard knew all this time! His face felt impossibly hot and the bright blush painted his entire body from head to toe. The boy started to struggle in his hold once more, screaming and squirming in Lecter´s hold when he tried to get away.

-“You really thought I didn't know!”- The doctor whispered into his ear, nibbling at him when the rascal kicked his legs in the air, trying to overbalance him.

Hannibal hissed since he felt his bad leg give out making them fall backwards into the soft wet earth, Will didn´t waste any time as he climbed on top of the man, stranding him with his bare legs while he started to throw punches at Lecter´s face.

-“If you wanted to get on top of me you could´ve asked!”- The doctor laugh, dodging the kid´s punches with his arms.

-“YOU BASTARD! BASTARD! BASTARD!”- The kid closed his eyes, squirming on top of the doctor, completely out of control while he tried to hit the devil beneath him.

Abruptly, Lecter´s face turned darker when he spotted movement around them however, the runt fail to notice the change in the doctor´s body when he felt the cold piercing sting on his nape, making him look up. Before them stood the Captain of the king´s guard with a threatening expression across his face while he clenched his gloved hand around the sword handle. The sharp tip of the blade was aimed at the runt´s Adam-apple, making him bend his head back.

-“On your feet!"- Jack growled, ready to execute the outlaw.-"I will kill you where you stand!”

To be continued…

Sword Edge

Chapter Notes

Hello Fellow Fannibals!! How are we doing?
Thank you again for all the love and support. It´s always a pleasure to hear from you guys!!

Quick Notes:
First, the character Leonard Brauner will appear in this chapter. If you don´t remember, he is Will Graham´s attorney in court. (You know…the one who opens the envelope with the ear and says “I think I opened your mail.”)His sarcastic and funny personality is too good to leave it out.
Second: In this chapter a slightly Non-Con will take place between Hannibal and Will, nothing very different from the previews chapter. Just to let you know.

Well that´s all for now,
Please, I beg of you, comment and give me your feedback.
And if you’re confused about something in the story, don’t be selfish and share it with me. I will gladly clear it for you! :)

P.S. Mads Movie “Druk” won the Oscar for best internarial feature film!! Yuppie! Way to go Madsy!! I´m still waiting for Hugh Dancy to do a film in Denmark like Mads suggested!

Chapter 12

"Sword Edge"

-"On your feet!"- Jack growled, pressing the tip of his sword further into Will´s neck.

The runt hissed at the man when he notice with disgust the red leather uniform from the king´s guard at the same time Hannibal stared at the kid´s face, still on his back since the runt stood on top of him. He could see a spark of scorn and disgust in the runt´s eyes, clearly impossible to miss, the same threaten look the kid had when facing young Matthew. Apparently this kid had a long and deep grudge for the military, the doctor was curious to know why. He swift to Jack, while the soldier grabbed the sword more strongly, piercing the boy´s neck and forcing a small drop of blood to escape the brat´s throat. It didn´t occurred to him that the captain witness them wrestle along the meadow, that might have given the idea that the runt was preying on Hannibal's life, driving the captain to interfere and protect him.

-“Get that thing away from me!”- The boy hissed furiously, slapping his palm on the flat blade to move it away from his face.

Crawford eyed him, dumb-folded at the brat´s disobedience because he wasn´t expecting the kid to go against his word. He clenched his jaw tightly ready to slit his throat when Hannibal spoke.

-“Jack!”- The doctor said firmly. -“Drop your sword! He is not a threat.”

Lecter pushed the kid to the side before he tried to stand up, his thigh was bleeding and aching from the pain and he was sure he had ripped a few stitches from all that struggle. He could feel the heavy tension between the brat and the captain while they stared at each other. Hannibal placed his palm on the kid´s shoulder, steading himself as he tried to stand on his good leg.

-“I just came from Court and apparently I had to know from my subordinates what you have been doing in the last few days!”- The captain snarl at the doctor, the sword still in hand as he lectures the other man.

-“Do you have any idea the charges you will be accused of?”- Jack waited for the doctor to answer him, however the man didn´t spoke.

-“Operating on false retribution, trespassing territory under Forest Law, harboring a deserter…”-

-“You don´t have the right to judge my actions…”- Lecter hissed, cold and defiant.

- “…THREATENING A MONARCH! "- The captain spoke over the doctor while Lecter clenched his teeth at Jack´s dispute of authority over him.

-“What´s the matter Hannibal? Is your life getting too boring that you need to go and get into mischief and break the law? Maybe your cock is doing the thinking, seeing you have been busy using it on this fucker, he´s rotting you from the inside out.”- The guard pointed at Will as the boy stood naked from the waist down, emphasizing his point.

Will however didn´t like the accusation at all.

-“Not to mention the sick fact this *outlaw* belongs to Grutas´s gang who murdered your sister!”-

-“You can´t prove that!”- Will stepped forward, shouting out to the man´s accusation.

-“I KNOW EXACTLY WHO YOU ARE!”- The captain voice echoed around the meadow making the ragged kid back up slightly.

-“My soldiers may not have enough evidence to confirm your identity yet! But you better be sure when they do, you will be hanging from your neck the second after!”- Jack turned to the doctor.

-“Hannibal, I´ve turned a blind eye to this because of your grieving. I know you miss her and I´m not surprised you went after them. However I can´t ignore the fact that you threaten a NOBLE! Your case will go to Court and whatever happens it´s their decision now. I can´t protect you on this one.”-

Will exhaled nervously, he had to speak up for both of them. After all the doctor never did anything wrong, he was the one at fault for every charge Lecter stood guilty of. He stepped forward, ready to express his discontent and defend the doctor, however the strong grip on his shoulder made him stop. He turned to Hannibal, who was eyeing the captain with a serious and cold expression.

-“Have you come to arrest me Jack?”- The doctor question.

-“No! But I want to make it clear that our friendship can no longer sustain you in Court. I serve the law and our king. And I will follow my orders if the council finds you culpable and demands an arrest!”

-“I see.”- Hannibal pierced the guard with a cold expression. - “So this is where we part.”

Crawford nodded his head to him before he retrieved for his horse. He was certain the doctor was going to give everything away in order to pursuit his vengeance, even if it cost his life. Jack returned his attention to Hannibal once more.

-“Get rid of him! He spreads death everywhere he goes!”- The captain spit his words, not even bothering to face Will.

The runt almost charged at the captain if not for the firm arm Hannibal kept placed in front of his chest, stopping the impulsive kid in his tracks. Jack pushed himself up, making the warhorse neigh with the sudden heavy weight. He took out a piece of paper and hand it to the doctor, the royal coat of arms was firmly pressed into the scarlet wax.

-“Your indictment. Be prepared to be summoned to Court in the next few days.”- The letter shook slightly between the guard´s index and middle finger when the doctor reached for it.

-“You know what´s ironic, Jack?”- Lecter whispered, looking at the letter without opening it when the other hand grabbed the reins, pulling them brutally down for the animal to lower its head.

-“For two months, no one lifted a fucking finger to bring Mischa´s murderers to justice. No one! And now that I decided to make her justice by my own hands all hell breaks loose. And you and your Court have the courage to point a finger at me and judge my actions because I hurted a noble´s pride in the process.”- Lecter spit his words at the captain.

He let go of the reins, making the animal yelp nervously when it tried to back away while Jack graze at the doctor from above.

-“You have been warned!”- The captain pulled the reins setting the horse into action.

Hannibal and Will eyed him as the soldier dispersed into the thick line of trees. The boy lowered his gaze to the moisture soil when the doctor walked towards him, making him shiver when the other man gripped the back of his neck, making them lock eyes.

-“Not a day goes by that you don´t unleash chaos all around you.”- Lecter whispered, their noses almost touching.

Will yelp when he spot the small spark of danger in Hannibal´s eyes, they were wild, cold and unhuman. He remember seeing those eyes before, when he was chained to a tree outside the doctor ´s cottage and when he first told him of his fate. Will shivered, shaking every cell on his body. He was certain that dark spark wasn´t good.

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-“Hannibal get on the horse!”- The boy tried to reason with him while the man walked ahead, his back turned to the kid.

The dense forest blocked the light from ever reaching the muddy gravel road and the fog circling them didn´t help much either. Will snorted on top of Foxglove when the doctor ignored him. He hasn´t said anything since they left the pond, he hated not knowing what was happening inside Hannibal´s head, especially since he knew what he was capable of. Lecter was visibly limping from his bad leg with his stitches ripped, despite that the man was determined to walk on foot until they reached the village. He knew the doctor was agitated by the captain´s words, he was probably thinking about his involvement with Will and the future consequences if he was to be found. He needed sometime alone with his thoughts.

-“Let´s talk about this. We will figure out something together.”- The boy was beginning to grow anxious with the lack of response.

-“Damn it, old man! Get on the horse right now!”- Will slid off the saddle, making the gravel stones fly low like arrows when he hurried after the doctor.

-“Geez, you’re worse than an old mule! Get on the horse…”-The runt ordered while he placed a hand on Lecter´s heavy coat.

Suddenly the forest spun around Will as it happen. Hannibal slammed him roughly against the nearest trunk, grabbing his shoulder while his forearm crushed his throat, pinning him firmly in place.

-“DON´T ORDER ME AROUND!”- Lecter screamed on the brat´s face, completely out of control.

- “You have no right! Who the fuck do you think you are, boy! I warned you before! Don´t test me! Don´t forget your place! A fucker like you is lower than a dog! Don´t think you are in any position to hold an opinion or order me around! It should´ve been you! You! The one rotting somewhere! Not her! NOT HER!”

Will yelped terrified when he looked into Hannibal´s eyes, they were full of hatred and anger, stabbing right at him. He couldn’t breathe. He didn´t recognized the broken man in front of him. The kid tried to grab the man´s coat over his shoulder to push him away, but the older man was too powerful.

-“S-Stop… Y-You’re hurting me…”- The boy gasped, his eyes watered with the struggle.

-“The only reason you’re alive is because I ALLOWED IT! I can´t kill you until you tell me where she is. But don´t think for one minute I won´t make you suffer until then. I told you, you won´t receive any mercy from me!”- The doctor released him abruptly while the kid struggled to intake large quantities of oxygen.

Will coughed violently, grabbing his throat, he was certain another pair of bruises joined the previous ones around his neck. However the trembling kid didn´t register anything when he was turned over and bend before the other man kicked his feet apart spreading him further.

-“I´ve been too soft on you! But you will learn.”- Hannibal growled pulling down the kid´s trousers roughly and making the boy whine with the cold air on his damped legs and bottom.

-“You won´t listen unless I treat you like this. You once learned how to obey when I took you brutally on the table. So you will learn again.”

-“Please stop!”- Will whispered, holding his hands against the roughly texture of the trunk. He didn´t want this, the doctor needed to take care of his injuries.

-“LOWER YOUR HEAD!”- The doctor shoved his head down, making his bare ass stick in the air, completely exposed and vulnerable to Lecter.

-“You’re a dog so I will fuck you like one!”- Hannibal pushed his own drenched pants down before he spit into his hand, coating his cock while he stroked it firmly.

-“Don´t do this…you´re hurt…You need to rest.”-

The doctor gripped his hips roughly while he slid his swollen length up and down Will´s entrance, feeling the boy shiver in his grip, his burning tip poked the tight ring of muscles, and with a grunt, Lecter buried himself completely inside the boy.

Will yelped, swallowing the painful cry on his throat threatening to come out, he could feel the man´s anger as his swollen cock impaled him brutally. He knew the doctor was overwhelmed with emotions, making him lose his calm and control, he wasn´t to blame for this primal behavior. Will would take it. He had to. They couldn´t collapse now. He had to be strong for both of them. He bit his lip while the doctor slammed into him with an uneven and animalistic pace.

-“Cry! Go on cry! You want it to cry out for so long! So cry!”- Hannibal hissed and gave a sharp thrust into the boy, but he wouldn´t comply.

Will bit his lower lip more forcefully, pawing desperately at the tree to support his weight while the doctor pound him brutally. It was awful! Lecter was too big to accommodate without preparation. He wanted to plead for him to stop but he knew that would just raise the man´s anger more. The boy whined silently, spreading his legs further apart and presenting himself fully to receive Lecter´s cock deeper, he tried to create a good angle for the doctor to hit his prostate. Hannibal stopped when he felt the runt´s hand rest on top of his, lacing their fingers together while the doctor kept his strong grip on his bruised waist.

-“S-Slow down…please… Your wounds.”- The kid managed with a raspy voice at the same time he tried to look over his shoulder.

Lecter stood still for a few seconds, eyeing the brat flushed cheeks, he didn´t plead or struggle like before. He didn´t know what he was up too? The doctor clenched his jaw, pulling out and leaving Will gapping at the emptiness. A loud cry echoed around the foggy woods when Hannibal pushed the runt further against the tree, his chest fully pressed to the boy´s back, shoving him forward until Will felt his sore penis touch the rough surface of the tree. Lecter unlaced his arm around the runt´s knee, lifting it up and trapping it there. Will lost his footing and was forced to balance his body on his other leg, practically on his toes. He could feel the other man´s pre-cum fall from inside him, sliding along his thigh since the new position spread his cheeks further apart and widened him more. He blushed brightly, knowing he was completely exposed out in the opening but that didn´t stop the beast behind him. Hannibal grunted and thrusted roughly back in, piercing the boy´s insides almost impossibly deeper when he used Will weight to slam him back down against his throbbing cock.

-“S-STOP!... Please!... It´s too deep!”- Will cried out, feeling the tip pierce him further. He sank his nails around the tree. - “Please… Your leg…You can´t …”

-“Quiet!”- The doctor hissed into his ear, aiming for the boy´s prostate.

Will mewled at the sensation, he could feel Hannibal´s swollen cock throb painfully against his sore rim, hammering his prostate in the process.

-“This is the kind of master you deserved from the start. One who defiles you constantly, brutally and mercilessly. Breeds you fully with his seed. Night and day while you sleep and eat... One who fucks you anywhere and doesn´t care if you want it…One who watches while you’re taken down forcefully by multiple men.”- The doctor groan feeling the kid clench madly around him, he rested his forehead on the kid´s nape.

Will throw his head back, resting it on his shoulder while the doctor slammed wetly into his hips, rocking their bodies together. The boy moaned, feeling his ass cheek wet, a warm and slimy liquid covered the white skin there, making their bodies slam more obscenely. Will felt anxious, he didn´t have to look to know it was blood, Hannibal´s blood from his stitched wound.

-“...Please…”- The runt panted, his slender fingers touching the doctor´s cheek, looking at him.

Hannibal grabbed the boy´s hand, unlacing their fingers and drove it rashly against the tree, trapping the boy further. Will whined feeling his front completely crushed, the protrusions of the trunk scratched his cock and chest. He felt so small wriggling and mewling in the man´s grasp. With a powerful thrust, the doctor slammed his hips upwards, pushing the kid up, almost lifting him completely off the ground, burying himself up to the hilt and making the brat cry louder.

He didn´t care if the boy was in pain or enjoying it, he just want it to get rid of the demons inside himself. His leg trembled in agony, stretching the stitches further since they hold his own weight and the boy´s. He grunted loudly when he felt a cold touch on the back of his neck, he turned slowly and faced Foxglove. He clenched his jaw when he stared into the animal´s eyes, it felt like the stud was trying to push him into reality, rubbing its nose on Lecter´s nape to pull him away from the boy. He couldn´t look into the stud´s eyes, he could see her reflect in its black orbits and hear her call his name with every breath the stallion took. He couldn´t handle it.

-“...Get away from me, Foxglove.”- The doctor whispered, looking away but the animal didn´t flinch, still trying to pull him into the light.

-“GET AWAY!!”- He shouted at him, making the animal recoil, neighing anxiously.

It was the first time he had ever raised his voice to the loyal animal. He was so enraged he managed to scream at Mischa’s horse. He felt ashamed of himself. This wasn´t the person Mischa called her brother and role model. He didn´t knew anymore what was right or wrong. He felt the runt´s fingers squeeze him, still laced together, reinforcing the horse´s plead. He let go of Will´s leg before he pulled his cock out of him. The boy felt his legs tremble from the assault however he didn´t dare to turn and face the doctor since he was still behind him, his forehead resting on his nape, scenting him and trying to catch his call his mind before he retrieved away from the kid, strapping his trousers unevenly back on, with his cock still drenched in his pre-cum.

-“Get dressed! We have somewhere to be!”- Lecter ordered motionless while he arranged his clothes with his back turned to Will and Foxglove.

Will fixed his clothes the best he could and his limbs still tremble from the pounding. However what he thought back then still applied now, he couldn´t show fear from what the doctor had done to him. He had to be strong for both of them. The man had snapped and that anger clouded his mind and judgment. He needed the doctor to be rational, especially to escape the dark future they had in front of them.

Will raised his head and walked to Foxglove, petting the animal´s neck vigorously in attempt to calm the startled stallion still surprised by his master´s actions. Will could feel the doctor´s gaze on him, trying to get a glimpse of his face to spot the damage he had done to him. However, unlike that morning in the barrel, Will wasn´t going to show fear or anger towards him. Not this time! The boy grabbed the horse´s double bridle and walked to Lecter, stopping in front of him.

-"…G-Get on the horse, old man."- The kid whispered, staring at the ground while he tried his best to avoid his trembling legs from giving up on him. -"…Please."

Lecter´s leg gave him another sharp throb, remembering him he had used it rather poorly. Nonetheless, the doctor was still surprised by the boy´s repeated command.

-"Why won't you break?"- Hannibal whispered to himself, he was expecting the kid to curl up somewhere to avoid facing him.

-"You're a good man, Hannibal. You're just damaged!"- The runt said firmly placing the reins on Lecter´s hand and giving him a forced smile before as he walked ahead.

The doctor kept staring at him, seeing the brat´s legs hobble slightly but still he walked firmly ahead.

-"Try not to fall behind, old man."- The kid shouted over his shoulder, his voice breaking slightly.

- - -

Leonard Brauner

The man yawned loudly and he brought a hand to his neck, rubbing the tension away, it was almost lunch time and he wasn´t even half way through his work. He dipped the worn out feather into the ink pot, bringing it to the stained piece of paper and signed the tax increases proclamation for next season, unfortunately the villagers would be very upset when spring comes. His head started to hurt with all the racket outside, townsfolk chat and barter on the market square, the goats bleat and the dogs barked to each other in what it seemed to be the argument of the century. He really needed to find another place in the village to run his establishment.

Brauner frowned when a heavy hand knock on the door of his study, making his headache even worse. He stood up from the table, dodging the pile of books and scrolls in the dusty floor while he ran to the door, praying whoever it was wouldn´t knock a second time. His inky palm grabbed the

door handle slowly, almost to not disturb the temperamental house before he looked outside, a dark fur cloak blocked the small light from the foggy sky making him laugh when he recognized the doctor, followed by a smaller person, the cloak hood firmly hiding the pale face, clearly not wanting to be seen or identified.

-"And here I was thinking it was going to be a calm day!"- Leonard almost sang, opening his arms to welcome them. - "Hannibal! Do come in! I was just preparing a drink. Join me!"

-"Brauner!"- The doctor said softly, patting the man´s back when they greeted each other.

Will raised a brow as he witness the likeness the villager had for the doctor, it was not the first time he saw how the villagers treated Hannibal with kindness and respect. The runt rolled his eyes, apparently he was the only one that could see the devil within. Will snorted and removed his hood before he stepped inside, ready to close the door.

-"Oh kid…"- The doctor turned to him when the brat closed the door firmly, consequently a few books and papers felt heavily on top of Will´s head, leaving him coughing with the layer of dust around him while he rubbed his skull.

-"…shut the door slowly."- Lecter finished just in time to see the boy displeased with his timing.

The bloody man could have warned sooner, Will looked up, seeing the old shelf just above the door way, a few books shook, threatening to fall too, making the kid hop away from there.

-"Jack paid me a visit this morning to deliver the charges. I was hoping you would take a look at it."- Lecter said taking the letter out of his cloak and sitting at the table before he handed it to the messenger.

Leonard returned with three wooden cups, distributing them on the table, one in front of each seat before examining the piece of paper.

-"Hmm that´s not good! They have a strong case against you. Even if it was self-defense you still broke forest laws and threaten a noble on his own land. Verger can easily manipulate the council in his favor."- Leonard affirmed, taking a huge gulp of ale when the doctor turned to the window, thinking about his options.

-"I´ll write a bargain letter to Verger."- Leonard said, holding the feather in his hand and looking for a blanc paper to write on.

-"That´s a stupid idea!"- The boy broke their line of thought while he picked the books that had fallen on him, ready to place them on a nearby surface.

Will noticed with shock, there was no clean surface to place the books, the study was completely dusty and messy and there were even letters stuck into the door hinges and into the spaces of the log walls. Will wasn´t confident of this messenger´s credibility.

-"Why don´t we ride to the Verger´s state and negotiate a bargain directly? Instead of wasting time with a messenger?"- The brat exhale, dropping the books to the floor again, truth be told it wouldn't made a difference in this disorder.

The messenger bursts out laughing, leaning his body further against the back of his chair. The man kept laughing at the kid´s comment while the runt stood there confused, not understanding the joke.

Hannibal, however took another sip of the tasteful ale, staring at the low ceiling unsurprised by Will´s question.

-“Who is this kid?”- Leonard joked, pointing a finger at him while he eyed Lecter.

-“Apparently he´s my nephew.”- The doctor said motionless, staring at the orange liquid whirling at the bottom of the cup.

-“Listen kid, no offence but your life and Hannibal´s mean shit inside the palace walls! Peasants are like cattle, they die the sun still rises the next morning. You go to Mason, they will kill you, call it a day and safe themselves the time of a legal trial! You want to outlive Verger´s wrath you do it by law, in court. - The messenger raised a hand to the empty seat in front of him. – “Sit down, kid!”

Will walked to them, dodging the messy pile of books on the way and sat heavily next to Hannibal, facing the other man while he cut a large piece of the cold pastry in front of them. The dried meat pastry crust gave away beneath the sharp blade and the crumbly sound made Will´s stomach whine with hunger.

-“You don´t bargain directly with a person from higher birth. Send a messenger to deliver the bargain to the nobles, while you keep at a safe distance. We need to come to an agreement with Verger before the council decides your penalty. It´s the only chance we have to get you both out alive.”- Brauner explained putting the heavy wooden plate on top of a few letters there, crushing them beneath the pastry´s weight before he gestured for the kid to dig in.

-“Right! So we hide behind closed doors while you go to Mason deliver the bargain! He doesn´t like the deal he kills you. Then we have to go there directly. So instead of doing it in one step, we do it in two, with another loss soul on our hands. That´s your plan? ”- Will said impatiently, lifting the plate to remove the papers beneath when the tasty scent of coriander and cooked onions filled his nostrils.

-“This kid is funny!”- Brauner laughed joyfully, staring at Lecter. -“Not sharp but funny.”

-“Brauner is not just a messenger, he is a Herald of Arms!”- Hannibal said resting his elbows on the table, taking another sip before he eyed the confused expression on the brat´s face.

-“They play a very important role in court, they interpret military tactics, escort parties moving through hostile territory and pass information as a direct link from nobles to peasants. He´s protected by the law. That means no one can touch him without severe consequences, including nobles like Verger.”- The doctor lectured as the kid picked a little piece of the slice and brought it to his mouth while he eyed the doctor, the kid could feel the soft flavor of lamb lingering around his tongue.

-“So you see kid I´m not an ordinary village messenger. I even have power to participate in court trials. ”- Leonard shoved a piece of the meat pastry into his mouth, letting a few crumbs fall soundly on the table surface. The man chewed and stared at the doctor ogling the kid while the boy enjoyed the lamb meat pie. It was obvious to him the type of relationship they had.

-“That´s what I wanted to ask of you.” – Lecter turns slowly to the messenger. - “I need you to summon a court of honor in my name and represent me during the trial.”

-“What?”- Leonard let out a breathy laugh, cleaning his mouth with the back of his hand while he stared at Lecter´s serious expression.

-“Hannibal that can´t be done. I can adjudicate a court over *Chivalry* matters only! That means I can only represent the military. However you’re not! I´m afraid you will be judge like as a peasant.”

The doctor sighed, rubbing his chin when silence stood between them. He was running out of options. He was hoping Brauner could defend him in court to assure a more honest trial. He knew that peasants never received a rightful trial since it was their word against the nobles. The court would just pass judgement without even hearing them and sentence them to death. It was wrong and corrupted. He shifted slightly on the hard chair, feeling his bad leg pulse painfully and he could see the runt staring back at him, trying to examine his injuries.

-“What's our best option then?”- The doctor whispered throwing his head back and placed his hand on Will´s thigh.

The runt jumped in his seat, choking on the pastry while Hannibal clenched his palm around the boy´s wet chemise, still damped from the pond.

-“I will write a letter to bargain your land.”- The messenger suggested, bringing thefeather to the paper beneath.

-“We can´t strike a bargain based on monetary compensation, Verger is part of the high society, money and land is not what they are after.”- Hannibal whispered looking at the messenger. His voice was hoarse from the stretched neck.

-“I know that! But we need to throw him something and try to appease his anger before the court makes their decision. Chances are you will face the death penalty. We need to act now!”

-“Do as you see fit.”- The doctor stood up from his seat, signaling for the kid to follow. -“Make sure to take a look at the property deed regarding the value of my land. I´ll be in my study after you’re done.”

-“Alright then! Oh and one more thing Hannibal!”- Brauner said, eyeing them when they turned to him before reaching the door.

-“As the boy´s master you are responsible for him and his actions. So be prepared to take the blame in court for his preview crimes also.”- The messenger finished motionless, feeling the heavy tension in the room regarding those two. If their morning wasn´t full of tension and guilt already.

- - -

They crossed the loud street, passing the busy market until they reached the quiet part of the village. While Will walked behind Lecter, he could see the doctor was in extreme pain, his shoulders were too rigid, spamming when he placed a wrong foot on the muddy soil, sending stabs of pain along his bad leg. The runt brought his hand to his nose, rubbing it, there was a strange smell in the air. It made his nose itch but he couldn´t figure out what it was.

-“They executed four people this morning in the village square.”- The doctor answer his confused expression, facing the road.

Will stopped suddenly, the grey particles in the air wasn´t snow or fog. It was ash! Burning remains from a stake execution. Somehow he couldn´t help but feel that this was how they would end if Hannibal kept his involvement with him. He wanted to tell the doctor he was sorry for getting him involved in all this, however he couldn´t find the right words if there were any.

The doctor climbed the narrow stairs to the last floor, his hand against the wooden wall for support before he entered his study, the worn out floor boards squeaked under his weight while he walked to the window, opening the heavy wooden door upwards to let the bright amber light in, embracing every corner of the small room.

Will stood by the door, staring inside, nothing changed since last time, the heavy table stood against the open window and the canopy bed was still there with the curtains pulled back. They were here the day before yesterday, attending to Peter´s injury, however it felt longer, much longer than that to Will.

The doctor placed the porcelain sink in the table, filling it up, the light penetrated the water letting the reflex dance frenetically against the wall. He arranged a piece of cloth next to the sink before he walked to the small cabinet there. The runt stared at the other man while he took a linen smock from a pile of folded clothes and unfolded in front of him, calculating the size. The boy guessed the pile there was for the mothers to put on during labor. Hannibal picked a smaller one placing it on the table next to the scrub cloth before he came to the door. The boy stared at him waiting for the doctor to talked to him, however the man stood silence staring at him before he grabbed the runt´s arm and pushed him out of the way further into the study while the doctor stepped outside, closing the door behind him.

Will stood there alone, looking at the objects in the table, he concluded that Hannibal wanted him to clean himself first and change clothes before the doctor took care of the stitches, giving the kid some space. Will clenched the smock fabric tightly, it bothered him that Hannibal was placing a wall between them, he was growing cold and avoiding him with the thought that he scared him because of what happened in the woods. It was the same when the doctor strangled him, unsettled by his nightmare.

Hannibal stood in the narrow dark hallway, his back leaning on the door and his elbows rested on his knees, digging his nails further into the scalp while he clenched his jaw. He knew he was losing his sanity and control, nothing was going according to plan, Mischa was gone, he sank into a life of vengeance and death, robbing him of his humanity and now he faced a death charge. He didn´t felt any better from his choices since his sister´s death. It hurted more than he wanted to admit. The darkness from his nightmare seemed to close in on him more each day. The stag-man creatures crawled at the walls of the stairs, fighting to reach him and ripping what was left of him. He was cornered with no way out.

Suddenly, the door opened behind him, brightening the stairs and making the dark creatures crawl back into the corners once more. The boy´s silhouette joined his against the wall when the runt circled the doctor, he kneeled, hugging his knees before he faced him. Will raised his hand to Hannibal´s hair, moving it away from his face, the silver hair glowed beautifully in the sun light between the runt´s fingers.

-“She used to hold my head underwater hoping I would die.”- The runt whispered almost silently, making the doctor face him while he forced a pitiful smile on his lips so Hannibal wouldn´t notice his pain.

He grabbed the doctor´s hands, lifting him up and guiding him back inside. Lecter could see the objects still on the table as he left them. Will made the doctor lean himself against the table, bringing his slender fingers to the wool buttons of his damped chemise, exposing his chest and bruised shoulder.

-“I was born into a very poor family, Graham is my mother´s family name, I never met my father and he left after impregnating my mother, not wanting to have anything to do with us.”- The brat removed the chemise from the doctor´s torso, letting it fall to the floor before unlacing the stamps of the trousers.

-“… She used to beat me unconscious so I would run away from home and take shelter in the woods. The villagers always treated me with disgust and scorn, I was an illegitimate child after all… I was a burden, a curse...The bad seed!”- The boy pushed the doctor´s pants down slowly to avoid bumping into his injuries.

Will clicked his tongue in disapproval when he bared Hannibal´s legs to the light of the room, his wound was partially open again, and the dried blood there assured Will of how long it was left untreated.

-“She would pull my hair and push my face into the mud, telling me I was the devil´s lover, spreading death and sin around. ”- The runt whispered, he dipped the cloth in the cold water, bringing it to Lecter´s chest, washing him truly of the pond water and sweat.

Hannibal leaned further against the table, his hands holding him steady while the boy worked. It was easy to understand that the kid´s scrawny appearance was because of years of systematic abuse and he would bet his mother used to starve him for days on end until the runt couldn´t lift a finger from the weakness. The water trailed down his abdomen when the boy scrubbed further down, stopping on his crotch.

Will hold the doctor´s cock in his slender hand, pushing the foreskin back before connecting the wash cloth there gently, cleaning the pre-cum. It wasn´t a provocative gesture, he paid attention to it like if it was another part of the doctor´s body. Lecter eyed his face the whole time, not missing a single expression that passed the runt´s face when the boy cleaned his open wound next.

-“One day I left! I was very young and I knew it was a matter of time before I parish, but I would rather die in the woods then under her hand. That´s when I joined Grutas and the others and learned how to survive on my own.”- Will felt the doctor´s muscles tense when he mention Grutas.

-“Why are you telling me this?”- Lecter asked, his face still cold but slightly more relaxed.

-“Because I want you to know what you did to me this morning was nothing, compared to all the abuse I had to endure all my life.”- Will said firmly while he looked at the doctor, assuring him he wasn´t frail or weak, on the contrary, he was battle-tested and Lecter had to be too.

-“I´m sorry for getting you into trouble but I need to pull yourself together! You need to be strong and if you feel like you´re falling don´t be afraid to lean on me when you need too. ”- The runt finished.-" I won´t break if you do!"

They stood in silence, staring at each other before Hannibal smirked at the brat, caressing the fresh bruise on the porcelain skin over the rascal neck.

-“*Cough*…I hope I´m not interrupting.”- Brauner stood there, leaning by the door while he folded a huge and heavy book with loosen pages. -“I thought you would like to hear what I discovered.”

-“Have you seen through my property deed yet?”- Hannibal asked, not taking his eyes from the runt while the boy looked over his shoulder and blocking the doctor´s wet and naked body from view.

-“Forget the bargain to Mason.”- The messenger exclaimed, finding the page he was looking for.-"I can defend you both in court!"

-“I thought you said that you can only defend people who were military.”- The doctor said calmly still running his eyes over the boy.

-“Exactly! You’re not! ”- Brauner said, pointing a finger at Will.-“But he *is*!”

To be continued…

The Heretic´s Tongue

Chapter Notes

Hello Delightful people!!
Here´s the chapter 13! Yuppie! Delayed…as always! But for a good reason believe me you're going to like it! ;)

Quick Notes!!
First, you guys rock! Thank you so much for all the love and support!! And especially for giving this story a chance.
Second, in this chapter it will appear the term "White-Archer", to put it simple, a white-archer was a person, (usually a kid) that would walk along the battlefield, after the battle, and if they found a severe wounded man he would pull his arrow and end his misery. There were no doctors attending to the wounded in battle in this period, so they had kids with good archery skills end the wounded fellowman.
And Third, This chapter is OBSCENE and NO I don´t feel sorry for it!
And like always, please comment and tell me what you think.
Bye for now,

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 13

"The Heretic´s Tongue"

-"Exactly! You're not military! "- Brauner said, pointing a finger at Will.-"But he is!"

Silence stood in the small study after the messenger´s revelation. Hannibal turned his gaze from the runt to Leonard, who was eyeing them with a full smirk. Apparently the doctor had a lot to catch up

regarding this kid´s past.

-“Your name is Graham, right?”- The messenger pointed his finger along the loosen page of the heavy book. -“Will Graham from the village up the mountains? You were part of group of outlaws up until recently? Hannibal don´t bother to deny it! ”

Brauner stopped the doctor before he could lie, trying to hide the truth from him but it was obvious they weren´t related. He could spot lust just by looking at Lecter. The doctor turned again to the boy in front of him, in time to see him nod in approval.

-“I have your name here on the military archieves!”- Leonard took the page, holding it out to them. - “You were recruited as a *white-archer* in the last war 12 years ago when you were 10, correct?”

The doctor stare at the rascal´s face, he knew their job well, there weren’t any doctors in the battlefield to take care of the wounded. So it was a white-archer job to put a severe wounded man out of their misery afterwards. That was a horrific job even by Hannibal standards. It was barbaric to have a child end the life of dying men in battle, looking into their eyes and deliver the final blow. He wondered just how much horror this kid saw out there.

-“Y-Yes, you’re correct! I was too young to fight in the war so they recruited me afterwards as a white-archer. But that was just once! I was never a part of the military.”- Will paled at the memory, the curved needle trembled visibly as he tried to place the string there.

-“You didn´t need to be! The military paid for your services in favor of the king. Your name on this list is all I need to defend you during the trial and Hannibal by proxy, since he´s your master. However we have a problem.”

They looked at the messenger, spotting the serious expression on his face.

-“In order to defend you in court I need to evoke Will´s military past for you to be allowed inside the trial! But that also means we will have to reveal Will´s identity as an outlaw.”- He paused, giving them time to think. -“Are you willing to bear those charges in Court, Hannibal?"

Lecter understood the dilemma, if they didn’t evoke the military law they would only be charged with breaking forest law and threatening a noble. They would wait for the court to decide their fate but most likely Verger would manipulate the Council into giving them the death penalty in order to restore his pride.

But if they evoke the military law they would have Brauner to defend them and have a chance of a more fair trial, but that meant exposing the kid´s criminal past and probably have him killed and Lecter could also face the same fate for harbouring a deserter and engaging in false retribution since he murdered the other outlaws. Neither way they faced death on each side of the deal. Hannibal could only put his faith on Brauner now and trust that he would overcome all their accusations and get them out with a full pardon. It was a shot in the dark but it was their only way.

-“I will take that risk.”- He decided, feeling Will tense and looking at Leonard he know the man wasn´t surprised by his choice.

-"Alright. I will prepare your defense before the Court summons you both.”- The messenger closed the huge book, wrapping a thick and hard string around it to shut it properly.

-“In the meantime, try to keep out of trouble!”- Brauner blinked an eye at them before walking to the door.

-“That won´t be easy.”- The doctor whispered, his eyes still ogling the boy when they heard the door close, leaving them alone once more.

- - -

The fresh smell of meat and baked bread claimed the air of the village market, the merchants laid out their goods out in the open, calling and enchanting the customers, some of them whistled and complemented excessively the ladies in hope the flattery would led them to their stall. Will covered his ears while they passed the busy square, the church bells ranged loudly, bashing their cold metal tune when it marked midday, the noise was too loud for him since he wasn´t used to it. The sheep ran freely, filling the air and muddy soil with their smell, anxious when they heard the stray dogs barked around the meat stands. People kept shoving themselves as they pass, not bothering to apologize while the brat tried to keep up with the doctor.

-“When were you going to tell me you were a white-archer in the war?”- Hannibal asked amused, stopping at one of the meat stalls, examining the meat there on display.

-“I don´t see why I had to.”- The boy exhaled heavily, fighting his gag reflex when the stench of dead meat and blood invaded his nostrils, pulling the hood more firmly around his head to block the smell somehow.

-“Is there where you met Grutas?”- The doctor whispered to himself, Will stood still in place, surprised at the question while the doctor looked at him over his shoulder, waiting for him to answer.

-“They were deserters running away from the front line. I met them when I was attending to the wounded in the battlefield. Grutas promised to take care of me. I had left home at that time and I didn´t have nowhere to go.”- Will looked at the bloody pig´s head, staining the wooden surface of the table stall.

He remembered with a smile, Grutas complimenting him on his hunting skills, especially for a kid. It was the first time in his young life someone ever praised him for anything. He had enjoyed the attention, the others were always pulling his leg but he felt safe as an equal among them.

-“I see. A bandit throws pretty words at you and a promising future and you accepted.”- The doctor pointed out, annoyed while he turned the dried ham pork´s leg hanging on the stall.

-“I was just a kid! I was 10 years old! Unlike you I wasn't born into a life where I could sleep like a kitten at night!”- Will raised his voice, upset at the doctor´s remark.-"I had to survive!"

The doctor turned to him, not liking the boy´s raised of tone towards him, he was going to reprehend him if not for the moving spectrum that caught his attention when it ran towards the boy. Will gasped surprised when he felt a warm body collide and wrap its arms around him, squeezing desperately when he turned around to see who it was.

-“WILL!”- The woman called out in relief to see him.

-“Beverly!? What are you doing here?”- The boy froze while the woman grabbed his arms, petting his chest to confirm he was actually there.

The poor teal colored dress danced wildly around her legs when she brought her palm hard against his cold cheek, slapping him soundly and making the kid recoil.

-“Ow!”- He blabbered, grabbing his bruised cheek with the impact.-"What do you think you’re doing?!…"

-“Where have you been? I thought you were dead!”- The young woman lectured, her flushed cheeks burned with rage.-"You suddenly disappeared and I haven't heard from you in months! Why didn't you come back to us?"

-“...I…”- The boy stopped when he felt the doctor´s hand rest on his shoulder, making the runt acknowledge his presence once again.

-“Forgive me Miss for my intrusion but I believe I´m to blame on that subject.”- Hannibal said behind Will, lowering his head to level it with the runt, waiting for him to introduce them.

-“R-Right... This is…Dr. Lecter, the village´s doctor.”- The boy lowered his gaze, awkwardly while he introduced him, as if they were old acquaintances.

The young woman trembled when she heard his name as if she somehow had heard of him before.

-“…Lecter?”- Katz paled visibly, whispering the name almost in a whisper as if it were just met for Will´s ears.

The boy looked at her with a sharp glaze as if warning her not to speak what was clearly on her mind, unsettling her. The tension between the youngsters didn´t escape Hannibal´s attention, he turned his gaze from one to the other, examining their anxiety. The doctor rested his chin on his hand, still gripping the boy, next to the runt´s head, almost hearing his thoughts.

-“She´s a beautiful young woman, kid.”-The doctor eyed the boy, spotting for a reaction. -"Is she your *wife*?”

-“OF COURSE NOT!”- They answer at the same time while the kid recoiled from him, his cheeks flushed at the implication.

-“Will and I grew up in the same village, we have known each other ever since we were little and he comes to visit me when he can and always brings fresh meat when he hunts…”- The young woman explained with a nervous smile.-“...T-That is when he is not away traveling.”

Beverly finished her sentence staring at Will, it was obvious to everyone involved the word “travel” met the runt´s involvement with Grutas, hiding in the woods and picking the nearby villages away from home. Apparently this runt would eventually return home to this woman but they weren´t married so Lecter couldn't find a reason for him to do this.

-“I see.”- Hannibal said smiling when he eyed with a sharp eye the little basket the woman was caring.

Hannibal turned around to the meat stall and let the two continue talking. The doctor picked a heavy ox´s heart, asking the butcher to weight it and wrap it. The iron weight balance was covered in a thick layer of dried blood, threatening to give out under the meat´s weight. The butcher placed it on an old piece of paper, strapping a thick string around it and knotting it tightly.

-“Here!”- The doctor laid it out to Beverly as the two kids looked at him confused.

-“Please."- The doctor smiled genuinely.-"You traveled all this way because I robbed you of your “meat boy”. It´s the least I can do.”

-“T-Thank you…”- The woman smiled shyly while she accepted the generous portion of meat.

Hannibal could see the relief on her face, judging by her simple clothes it was obvious she could barely afford the meat. And since the runt has been providing for her all this time meant she was alone with no husband to take care of her. *Interesting,* he thought.

- - -

Foxglove neighed when the doctor dropped the supplies on one of the saddle bags. The boy stood next to the man with the wrapped venison meat firmly in his hands while Hannibal rearranged the bags, balancing their weights so he could make room for the rest of the goods. The stallion caressed its nose against the other horse´s head, grooming it gently while they shared the small open stable of the village. Will kneeled down, bending his head to look below the Palomino horse, a mare he confirmed. The boy laughed, judging by their friendliness it was obvious this broodmare was once caring Foxglove´s foal. He brought his slender hand to the animal´s croup, petting him vigorously before he returned his gaze to the doctor.

-“You shouldn’t be standing for too long…”- The boy remarked, looking at Lecter´s stitched leg, limping slightly.

The man paid him no mind and continue working the leather gear, Hannibal loosen the breast collar around Foxglove´s neck, with the extra weight it was possible the buckle and tugs would harm the animal with the constant friction.

-“Did you take a look at her basket?”- The man asked, relieving the saddle straps to cross them evenly along the stud´s flank.

-“...Hmm no…”- The kid looked at the grey sky, mumbling over and not really sure about the question.

-“You provide for her even though you´re not married”. - Hannibal asked slowly, choosing the words carefully.-“Do you feel a sense of responsibility or *guilt* toward her?”

-“Why are you asking me this?”- The boy felt suspicious of his observation while the doctor rested an arm on the saddle, staring at the kid.

-“She had children garments with her and she went here to buy them, not just for the food.”- Hannibal bent his head to the side, eyeing the obvious distress on the kid´s face as he averted his

eyes from him.

-“So what if she has a kid. It´s not that uncommon and she´s at the right age.”- The rascal whispered, pinching his fingers into the old crunchy paper surrounding the meat.

-“Did you impregnate her?”- Lecter grin, tapping his finger on the saddle, his arm still stretched.

-“You bastard!”- Will yield. -“How dare you think such a thing?”

-“It´s a simple question, runt!”- The doctor´s smirk widen at the obvious panic.

-“NO! IT´S NOT MINE!”- The boy screamed frustrated, strapping the remains of the supplies to the saddle while the man stood next to him.

The doctor eyed him with amusement, waiting for the boy to calm down. This kid provided for her because he felt responsible for the child she was taking care of.

-“Then why do you care so much for a child that it´s not even yours?”- He confronted him.

Will finished the straps, circling the stallion to release his reins from the iron hook. He pushed himself up into the saddle, guiding the animal to the busy street, waiting for the man to get on the horse.

-“Because I killed that kid´s only family and left it with nothing!”- The boy whispered almost to himself.-"I don't expect her to forgive me but I owe her for what I did."

He let the silence stood between them but he knew the man had heard him and made his own conclusions. He jumped into the saddle behind Will, watching him carefully before commanding the stallion to return home.

- - -

Hannibal hung the old iron pot over the burning fireplace, letting the bright flames caress it and boil the water within. The doctor placed the deer liver and offal on top of the heavy table, unwrapping it from the stained old paper and string.

-“Bring me a turnip from the field.”- Lecter ordered, rolling up his sleeves before he placed the white apron around his hips, strapping it tightly.

The boy frowned, picking up an old basket to fill, the sky was heavy with rain, threatening to fall at any minute. He preferred to be indoors, helping Hannibal with supper however the doctor couldn't work the field in his condition and he knew the man would rub the guilt on his face if he got the courage to complain. Will looked around the room for the tools.

-“Grab the mattock on top of the bookshelf there.”- The doctor hold the knife before he started cutting the grey meat into small cubes.

The runt dropped the wooden basket by the door, walking to the old bookshelf next to the window. Will looked up, spotting the mattock handle sticking out on top, he eyed the resistance of the old

shelves, they were bend from the weight of time, the vertical boards that sustain the shelves were thick and the wood was cracked and dry. The runt placed a steady foot on the shelf, hosting his body, carefully to avoid hitting his head on the low ceiling structure. The last shelf was white with dust and spider webs and the light was practically nonexistent there. When he went to grab the tool, the brat noticed a book there much like the surface of the wood it was completely dusty, the humidity had long robbed the thin book of its color and the spine was so worn out the stitches that kept the pages together were hard and sticking out.

Will was intrigued to why this book was hanging alone and forgotten on the top shelf away from reach. The boy gripped the wood tightly, freeing one of his hands to pull the object closer and opened it carefully. He notice one of the illustrations there, the figures were disproportional and the scale and perspective was too crude to even compare to reality, their bodies were too long and slim and their expressions were lifeless and motionless, clearly medieval but that didn´t hide the obvious erotic, if not pornographic, nature of its contents.

Will jolted, startled at the sound of the knife stopping, the runt glazed over his shoulder, afraid the doctor had spotted him however the man kept preparing the meat with his back turned to him. The boy exhaled slowly while he examined the picture further, his cheeks brighten at the image, a couple stood inside a wooden tub where the man hold out a hand to her, cupping her breast while the other hand touched her below the waist.

With a yelp, Will felt his body fall when the shelf gave in, bringing the boy crashing to the floor. Hannibal turned with the loud noise, just in time to see the runt fall against the floor boards while the books spread all around him.

-“What are you doing, boy?”- Lecter growled and walked to him, cleaning his hands on the apron.

The rascal tried to sit up, scrubbing his hand along his bottom when he felt the sharp stabs of pain. Opening his eyes, he noticed the book laying close to his feet.

-“Did you lose your tongue when you felt down?”- The doctor joked, approaching the clumsy boy with his arm reaching out to him.

Will could feel his heart quiver when he heard the man´s footsteps closer. He grabbed the book, hiding it inside his clothes, he picked the mattock and before Hannibal could reach him Will got on his feet and ran out the door.

-“I´ll get your turnip!”- Lecter heard him shout while the boy crossed the field, running as if the devil was on his tail.

-“Strange boy!”- The doctor whispered before returning to the food.

Lecter placed the small pieces of meat in a bowl before adding the ginger and rosemary, he grab the bottle of red wine from the cabinet, pouring a small cup into the bowl and mixing everything together.

Hannibal breathed the wonderful smell, he remembered Mischa covering her petit nose from the strong scent of the wine, she highly disapproved of it in the food. He smiled at the sweet memory. The doctor placed the mushrooms on the heavy surface and cut them next, throwing them on the basin next to the meat, the pale color quickly turned red with the wine.

Hannibal frown, looking at the table when he searched for the rest of the ingredients. Damn the kid was slow. He walked impatiently to the door, resting his hand on the doorframe before he spotted the runt sitting on the soil.

-“I NEED THOSE TURNIPS NOW!”- Hannibal shouted out to the kid, startling him visibly since the boy jumped to his feet.

-“...R-Right!”- The rascal answer, grabbing the tool while he tried to dig the carrots row.

Lecter shook his head at the kid obliviousness, for a second the doctor put the possibility the kid hurted himself with the fall considering his strange behavior. He shivered as he looked at him, the kid was in the middle of the windy field without a proper coat and with only a long thin pants and chemise blowing against the wind.

Will looked over his shoulder when the doctor returned inside, he sat again on the bucket taking out the book again and opening it on the page he left off. The boy giggled at the illustrations, this one had two nuns picking penises from a tree, grabbing them and placing them on their habit tunic as if picking fruits. He was sure this book was forbidden, considering it´s satiric and sinful representations. The boy turned the loosen page carefully to the next picture, the queen laid in her royal chambers with a gargoyle on top of her while the king spied between the open door, Will brought his hand to his mouth, suppressing a laugh. He felt his belly hurt when he swallowed another chuckle, however his smile started to die out slowly when he moved to the following pages, his eyes widen and the illustrations grew more obscene than comical and some were even very relatable to Will.

The altar boy holding his penis and stroking it behind the church while he ogled the farmer remembered him of the time he touched himself while watching the doctor. Will swallowed uneased, the following illustrations perceived explicit sex scenes and exchanges between couples and some of the positions were so raw and vulgar that the boy quickly flip them, feeling his face burn with embarrassment and making him close his legs to create friction when he felt his cock jolt with curiosity.

-“I was wondering what was taking you so long.”- The boy quickly stumble to his feet, bending the loosen pages when he closed the book abruptly.

Hannibal faced him, his arms crossed with the heavy coat folded on his shoulder and with a sly grin across his features. Lecter looked at the flipped bucket, empty without one vegetable before he faced the runt again.

The boy was flushed with his cheeks completely red, for a second the doctor presumed it was because of the cold weather since the kid was still out in the open in his pants and thin chemise. However that didn´t explain the kid´s worked up state, obviously not from lazing around.

-“You’re bold and ambitious, aren’t you? I teach you the alphabet and now you think you’re ready to pick a book?”- Hannibal said, looking at the colorless cover of the book the rascal was holding.

-“I will g-get your turnips…”- The runt struggle with his words, remembering what he was doing there.

-“Let me see the book that got you so concentrated.”- The doctor raised a hand to the kid.

Will yelped remembering the book was still in his hands before he hid it behind his back.

-“I-It´s not that interesting!”- The brat blabbered, tensing his shoulders while he tried to keep the eye-contact, backing up slightly.

-“Oh I beg to differ! It must be! If you’re looking for turnips in the carrots row.”- The doctor lower his head, still staring at the anxious runt.

-“Hand me the book, kid!”- Lecter´s voice dropped low and dangerous, robbing a shiver from the brat and he could see a flash of fear beside all that shame.

He could see the kid was distressed, it was obvious he was acting strange since he fell from the bookshelf, however the doctor couldn´t understand how a book could have altered the boy. He couldn´t even read properly and furthermore all his books didn´t passed the subjects of medicine and herbal remedies, so there wasn´t anything that could have upset him to the point of embarrassment.

Will stood in place, dropping his gaze to the ground, he swallowed soundly as he took it from behind him, clenching his nails into the leather cover. There was no delaying the inevitable. The boy took a hesitant step forward at the same time he placed the devilish book on the doctor´s open palm.

Hannibal kept his arm stretched, waiting as if at the last minute, the runt would go against his word and retrieve it back again. He opened the old book carefully and flipped through the brownish pages, his grin grew more and more with each page, ripping wickedly along his face when he stopped at the bended page the kid was ogling before being interrupted. Lecter notice every detail on the illustration, trailing his finger along the naked figures before he finally returned his attention to the kid. He had flushed visibly from his bright soft cheeks to his chest that the V-shaped chemise revealed. The sky was getting darker and the heavy clouds covered the sky completely when Lecter heard the thunder row far away, however the sound could be mistaken by the brat´s rapid heartbeat, punching violently against his chest in shame. The doctor purred maliciously while the kid clenched the thin white fabric more nervously to afraid to move.

Will closed his eyes, angry at himself for his weakness, he felt the man´s piercing gaze on him even behind closed eyes, devouring him whole while he stood trembling and ashamed. The silence was excruciating.

Suddenly he felt the heavy coat on him, covering his shoulders and head when the other man threw it at him, the runt looked as the man crossed the field to the turnip row and placed his hand around the stem and pulled it up, making the dirt fly around him before he turned to the kid.

-“I want that bucket filled before the sun goes down.”- The doctor pointed, rolling the vegetable on his hands before he crossed the field to the door.-“Oh and runt?”

The boy turned to him, grabbing the mattock when he saw Lecter over the doorframe, his canines glowing when he lifted the book for the runt to see.

-“I´ll keep this for the time being.”- The doctor said, returning back inside.

The dark evening sky grew violent with the heavy rain pouring outside while the thunder roar above the cottage, imposing respect all around. A few drops felt between the cracks of the roof and the layer of moss, falling next to the heavy table while the doctor circled it, distributing the bowls

with food. The door suddenly flew open, making the dry herbs attached to the ceiling tremble vividly, disturbing the cozy and quiet ambient of the room when the boy entered, caring the heavy bucket inside. Will panted exhausted with the effort, the bucket was heavy with the vegetables and the rain that got inside while he was in the field, trying his best not to spill it on the wooden boards.

Will was a haunted sight, his clothes and hair were completely drenched, chilling him to the bone and weighting him down while he tried to close the heavy door and bold it shut before the soft crackling of the fire returned to the warm room. Will dropped the drenched coat to the floor before he turned to see the doctor arrange the table to accommodate their supper. The boy looked around the room, the fallen wooden shelf was back in place with the same books as before but he couldn´t spot the infamous one the doctor took from him.

-"You could scare the plague away!"- Hannibal joked finally looking at the soaked brat by the door.-"Go change into the ones on the bed."

Will walked quickly in hopes he wouldn´t soak the floor any further, a white chemise laid spread across the furs covering the bed, the boy grabbed the buttons over his wet shirt, ready to open them when he stopped, looking behind his shoulder, he saw the doctor sitting on the bench, filling his bowl while he faced away from him. Good. He started to undress, letting the wet clothes slide down his slender body and robbing a shiver out of him when the damped air caressed his wet cold skin.

Hannibal took a gulp from his cup, letting the red wine coat his throat before he lifted his knife up, seeing the back of the room clearly reflected on the polish blade, and with that the naked runt behind him as he undressed.

Will kicked the soaked clothes with his foot, moving them out of the way before he grabbed the large chemise, he frowned, it was too thin for his freezing frame. He placed it over his head, strapping it over the collar bones to cover his nakedness.

-"Where are the trousers?"- The runt asked, pulling the chemise down while he looked around.

-"You won´t be needing them."- Lecter hummed amused with his back still facing away.

A cold shiver ran down the boy´s spine with the words, making the runt pull more strongly the chemise down. The kid knew it was a matter of time before the man brought the subject of the book to him, confronting him about it. He felt exposed and vulnerable when he looked down, acknowledging his bare legs and feet. Bastard!

Will eyed the food spread across the table, the bread and wine stood by the side, reserving the spot of honor for the deer stew, the tasty smell of cooked venison and rosemary filled the air before the brat saw a bowl full by the empty seat. He dropped heavily on the bench, feeling his legs give out with the days´ actions. He sighed, grabbing the spoon while he dipped it into the stew before he brought it to his mouth.

Will hummed in delight, the juicy flavor from the deer meat cling around his tongue, balancing the spiciness of the ginger. He could see the doctor smile at his delight but the man continued to eat, not even looking at him. Will adjusted himself on the cold wooden bench, the hard surface was uncomfortable against the soft skin of his bottom and forcing him to divert his mind with the food, picking a large piece of steaming venison and letting it warm his body.

-"Did you enjoyed your reading?"- Will froze, feeling his face heat up with shame.

Lecter took another sip while he locked his gaze on him, waiting for the runt to answer while he studied his expression.

-“You’re a real bastard, you know that!”- Will hissed between clenched teeth, lowering his head when he saw the evil smirk on the man´s face.

The doctor dropped the spoon to pick something that was laying on the bench where he was sitting, Will suddenly tensed when the man brought the obscene book into view. He moved his bowl to the side making room between them before he opened the book and let it rest there. The boy jolted when the doctor showed the bended page Will was eyeing before Hannibal interfered.

-“This is what you were looking at before I interrupted you.” - Lecter purred, tapping his finger on the illustration.-“Does this *arouses* your curiosity?”

Will finally acknowledged the picture, the explicit illustration pierced him right through, a man sat on the bed, his long disproportional body on display with his legs spread while between them stood a woman guiding his penis to her mouth and sucking him off. He hasn´t that naive since he knew such a thing existed in the dark corners of his village pr deep in the woods, the boy had witness multiple times a couple doing it, the man drowning in pleasure while he grunted loudly oblivious to his surroundings.

But Will has never physically experienced it and he had wondered just how pleasurable it would feel. Surprisingly, it was an obvious practice between boys while growing up since most couldn't afford a prostitute and curiosity was a dangerous thing. Even with Lecter, he never had experienced it before, considering all this man had put him through. Will could feel his cheeks brighten further while the doctor waited for his answer.

-“Do you want this done to you, runt?”- The doctor purred seeing the boy switching nervously on his seat.

-“Or perhaps try doing it to another?”- Hannibal finished crossing his arms, resting them on the table.

-“You´re disgusting!”- The kid pierced him, dropping his voice.-“Aren´t you ashamed for owning such a book!”

-“Don´t give me that shit!”- Lecter grinned widely at the defensive boy. - “I´m not the one who sneaked into the field with it.”

The runt lowered his head in anger with the loss of arguments. He hated this! Every time he stepped forward the man made him back away at least three steps. There was no way to win against him.

-“I´m amazed you never tried this before in your youth. Village boys do this to each other most of the time, out in the field, behind a church or in a barn. They call it practice!”- Hannibal turn the book to him to examine it more closely. The blunt expressions of the figures didn´t bring the pleasurable act any justice.

Hannibal wasn´t surprised that kid had never tried it before, it was perfectly common for a young man to build his experience amoug friends and have his first sexual encounter in a brothel, usually brought there by his older and more experienced friends. However, it was clear to Hannibal he was

inexperienced regarding sex all together and the fact that this kid didn´t had any friends to guide him on that subject made Hannibal´s amusement grow like wildfire.

Will bit his lip while he stirred the spoon on the bowl, moving the food around before he shoved his mouth full in attempt to prevent himsef from talking.

-"You haven´t answer my question yet."- The doctor lowered his head gazing at the brat´s frustrated expression. - "Do you want to do it? Or do you want someone else to do it for you?"

-"I-I don´t want to talk anymore! I want to eat in peace!"- Will blabbered with his mouth full, carving his nails on the wooden spoon in hopes the doctor would drop the subject. He knew exactly where this conversation would lead them.

-"Just answer my question!"- Hannibal demand, slowly losing his patience.

Will kept eating and ignoring him completely while Hannibal grinned at the childish behavior, he knew the answer to that question and he was hoping the kid would gather the courage to answer him. Lecter knew, as a man, the runt want it to know the feeling of a wet and warm mouth around him. There was no surprise there. However the prideful brat was being stubborn as always but ignoring him was a dangerous thing to do.

-"If you wanted to shove meat into your mouth to avoid talking we can jump to the practice then."- The doctor finished, leaning back. -"Stand up!"

He ordered when the kid regarded him confused, his cheeks stuffed full while he processed the words.

-"...I t-told you I don´t want to!"- The boy blabbered nervously when he realize what the man was going to ask of him.

-"Come here!"- He hissed. - "Or I will make you go through every illustration on this book. And I don´t think your body is physically ready for it yet!"

Will shivered at the implication, standing up abruptly and walked hesitantly to the doctor. He had seen enough of that book to even consider the other possibilities as an option. Hannibal followed the boy with his eyes, turning himself on the bench and resting his back against the table before Will stopped in front of him, towering over when the doctor rested his elbows on the table.

-"Get on your knees."- Lecter ordered his voice hoarse.

Will dropped down, kneeling between the man´s spread legs and arranging the chemise along his thighs, pushing it to cover as much as he could.

-"The game is simple, start with the tip then work your way down gradually."- Lecter said.-"Make me come and we end this afterwards. I won´t force you more than this tonight."

Will widen his eyes when the words left the man´s mouth. If he made him come once this would stop, he just had to work him well before placing his mouth there, it wouldn´t be hard considering the doctor didn´t come this morning when he assaulted him. It was worth the shot.

Will started to open the buttons over Hannibal´s collar, one by one while the doctor leaned back and stared at him. He was curious to know how the boy would do it and he had to admit he had

desired this before, to know the feeling of the runt´s mouth around him and to discipline his foul language, his come backs and smart remarks. All missed opportunities he could have punished that defiant mouth of his.

Will disposed of his shirt, exposing his strong chest to the light of the fire. The boy trailed his eyes there, moving them along his abdomen stopping at the pelvis, he was hard and ready. He bit his bottom lip, the shape of the man´s bulge poked persistently the fabric of his trousers, staining the dark cloth with pre-cum.

The boy´s hands started to sweat when he tried to concentrate on his task, he began to unlace the straps from the man´s trousers and taking his time. His belly tensed with the memory when he undress the doctor next to the bed and the man driving his mouth along his tummy. He shivered, remembering how good the feeling of Lecter´s mouth against his belly had felt. It was a good way to start. Will brought his mouth hesitantly to Hannibal´s chest, kissing him there and buying time. He closed his eyes when he began to trail his tongue up and down, nibbling at his tanned skin making the man grunt in pleasure.

Will felt his own body heat up from the embarrassment when he unlaced the last string, pushing the doctor´s swollen cock free. The boy kept working his mouth, pulling his own chemise up just over the chest before he connected the naked skin of his belly with Hannibal´s cock creating friction, skin on skin. Lecter groaned with the contact on his burning member, the soft, warm skin rubbing against it at the same time the boy trailed his defiant mouth further down his chest. It was absolute perfection.

Will felt Hannibal´s hand caress his back, petting him while the kid humped him and worked his lips. He grew more nervous when Lecter laced his fingers on the thin chemise and pulled it slightly up, exposing his ass. The runt moved his mouth further down, circling the tip of his tongue over the navel, massaging his hands along Hannibal´s inner thighs, squeezing them slightly to increase the circulation and stimulate his cock indirectly. Lecter released his clothes in an instant to grip Will´s hair before pulling his head up abruptly to face him.

-“Oh you’re good!”- Hannibal growled dangerously. -“You really think I don´t know what you’re doing? You tried something similar on the furs the other night. I highly advise you not to try it *again*!”

Will whined, seeing the dark dangerous spark on the doctor´s eyes, ready to pounce at him without mercy.

-“Stop playing these little games and take me in your mouth!”- The other man clenched his hand further making the kid yelp and urging him to obey.

The runt acknowledged the doctor´s cock, the curved member pulse against Hannibal´s abdominal, leaving a string of pre-cum there. The boy swallowed, feeling his throat suddently dry, he guided his palm forward, wrapping it around the burning flesh when it throb heavily against him. Will panted while he examined it, he was thick and Will wonder how this could have possibly fit inside him all this time. Will stroked it slightly, pushing the skin back to meet the tip when it drooled a few drops of semen along his slender hand.

The runt whined when the man clenched his hand more firmly around his hair, shoving him forward and making the boy´s lips touch the hot tip, wetting them while they glitter with the bright light from the fireplace.

-“If you want to get to know it properly use your tongue. Not your hand.”

Hannibal pushed his head up, slipping a finger to open the kid´s jaw before he slowly pushed his aching length inside, feeling the rascal struggle against his hold.

-“Take it!”- The doctor hissed, groaning when the tip came in contact with the blissful wet mouth.

-“Breathe through your nose!... That´s it… Work your tongue around it slowly and take your time to enjoy it. Oh and runt…”- Hannibal clenched his hand more firmly around the boy´s jaw.-“Don´t even think about biting me. You won´t like the punishment if you do! I´ll make sure of that!”

Will struggled to breathe, the doctor´s cock wasn´t even halfway in when his eyes started to water, he could feel it pulse inside and the veins moving along his tongue.

Hannibal leaned his back against the table, spreading his thighs further apart to accommodate the runt, giving him as much space as he needed to work his wonders. He petted his hand along the damped hair, feeling the soft locks dance around his fingers before he pushed it away from his forehead, to see the boy´s flushed cheeks while his girth disappeared inside the runt´s mouth.

The boy felt perfect around him, his wet mouth dripping with saliva and coating his eager cock, sliding his tongue up and down his length, nibbling and sucking there just to come up and circle the tip. He was an exquisite vision, kneeling at his feet and his chemise covering his torso but thin enough to reveal the white skin underneath. The lace around his neck had loosen, showing the small pink nipples to his hungry eyes. He wrapped a finger around the chemise string, pulling it slightly but firmly while the little bow give in, parting the fabric.

Will moaned when the chemise slid along his shoulder while his hand grip the man´s cock, he knew that Hannibal wasn´t going to just sit and watch him work, he had to make this situation worse for him somehow.

-“Look at me!”- He ordered, his voice was rougher, losing his control so very slowly.

The boy shivered, frighten of the demand. The man couldn´t understand how mortifying eye-contact was to him, especially in this degrading position however he didn´t had much choice and he couldn’t afford to step out of line again. He slowly raised his gaze at the man, stopping his mouth as he did so.

-“Take me in all the way!”- Lecter commanded.-“And keep looking at me as you do so.”

The runt swallowed while he tried to shove it all inside, he pushed his head further, feeling himself gag when the pulsing length slide wetly inside. He felt so full, his tongue was completely trapped beneath it and he wouldn´t move it even if he want it.

-“There is still some left.”- The doctor hissed, clenching the boy´s hair more harshly and slamming his head completely against him until the boy´s nose met his abdomen.

Will cried after he felt the tip of Lecter´s cock hit the back of his throat. His eyes spilled a few tears when he struggled to break free from the firm hold, he crawled and pushed at the man´s thighs, occasionally bumping into the doctor´s stitched leg, but the man wouldn’t release him.

-“Quit whining and take it! I warned you before about your actions.”- Hannibal groaned between breaths, bringing his hips to meet the boy´s mouth.

The kid´s voice was muffled with very thrust, he grabbed his head and shoved it firmly against him. Hannibal while he thew his head back, feeling the tension coil at his abdomen, the kid´s voice vibrated inside his mouth, sending blissful waves of pure sinful pleasure across his leaking cock all the way to his spine.

Will couldn´t breathe, he felt the pre-cum slide slowly down his throat, making him gag at the strange sensation. His throat muscles involuntarily swallowed, trapping the man´s cock more firmly and making the man above him grunt with delight. His jaw was too sore from all the abuse and the man was too thick too endure this any longer. Unconsciously, Will´s jaw started to give in with the pressure, closing slightly just to have Lecter slap him slightly across his cheek.

-"Watch it!"- Hannibal warned him dangerously, when he felt the boy´s canines teeth touch him there.

The boy let the cock slide out of his mouth until the tip remained, he circled it with his tongue, pressing around the opening and pushing it into the urethra once. The doctor like that, he could tell, he bumped his hips more and petted his head more passionately. Will shyly looked up, Lecter was panting with his eyes closed and his head was pushed back. Looking down, he could see his chest expand erotically when the man sucked on the air and the sweat there outlined the firm muscles of his abdomen when they clenched frenetically.

Will felt his own member pulse at the alluring sight, his penis started to raise, poking the thin chemise when it barely covered his slender thighs. He was brought back when he felt Hannibal´s cock throb rhythmically, spamming against his sore tongue, the doctor was about to come, Will pushed against his legs trying to escape.

-"Oh no you don´t! You're going to take what I give you."- Hannibal clenched his hands firmly around the boy´s head making him face him before he delivered his final thrusts.

The brat whined with every spasms of his swollen cock, filling him completely until the released inside his wet mouth. Will could feel the burst of semen hit his throat, and then another and another, stuffing him full of his demanding seed until it started to leak out of his mouth. Hannibal came with a groan, throwing his head back, deep-throating him completely while he felt the kid´s muscles clench madly around him before he slipped out. Pure bliss!

-"Swallow!"- Hannibal ordered, eyeing the boy´s stuffed cheeks.

Will did as he was told, swallowing the thick bitter cum in two loud gulps, feeling it coat his throat all the way down and own every little inch of his body.

-"That´s it!"- Lecter panted trying to regain his breathing.

He leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees while grabbing the little rascal's face in place. The boy was a devouring sight, even after this rough treatment. The gasped while he tried to catch his breath that he denied him minutes before, his cheeks were bright red and wet with tears from all that endurance. Hannibal grinned at the lonely trail of semen, sliding from his mouth along his chin. He purred, collecting it with his thumb before spreading it on the runt´s lips.

-"How does your first man taste like?"- The doctor whispered, bringing his face closer.

-"…I hate you…"-The runt managed with a hoarse voice, breaking slightly with his sore throat.-"It tastes awful."

-“Maybe. But now you know the taste of what´s claiming you.”- Hannibal finished, petting the runt ´s face when he looked up, piercing him through.

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Hello again!
Here´s the link to some of the illustrations where I took the Ideas. I didn´t put the link in the beginning because I wanted the image the reader created in his mind to be authentic. Please tell me if it was anything relative to the imagens on the site.
Thank you again ;)

https://flashbak.com/weird-trippy-sex-pictures-from-illuminated-medieval-manuscripts-39272/

Slaughtered Lamb

Chapter Notes

Hello fancy people!!
I hope everyone his well.
I wanted to thank you all about the comments, Kudos and support you have been giving me regarding my story,
Sorry for the delay, but this week was horrible, I managed to get through Thursday absolutely lacking any good ideas to write down.
I wanted to thank you all about the comments, Kudos and support you have been giving me regarding my story,

Quick notes:
There are three villages in the story and because I´m too lazy to named them they need to be cleared:
- Village A- It´s an hour from Hannibal´s cottage. It´s where we find the busy meat market, Lecter´s study and Brauner´s house. It´s also the village were Grutas gang used to operate the most. Therefore it´s the only village where Will hides behind the hood afraid to be recognized.
- Village B- It's a full morning away from the cottage and it's here were the Apothecary shop and the brothel are. It´s a village with a tricky weather therefore they sometimes have to stay the night.
- And Village C-It´s were Will and Beverly are from, a village up east and to travel there it takes a full day.
Please continue commenting, give feedback and ask questions. I REALLY love to hear from you. ;)
Bye for now,

Chapter 14

"Slaughtered Lamb"

-"Are you going to sulk now,runt?"- The doctor asked, resting his chin on the brat´s shoulder, eyeing his troubled expression.

Foxglove walked slowly along the muddy path, the rain had turn the soil saturated with water, turning it unstable and squashy since the water splatter under the heavy horse´s hooves. The tall pine trees surround them, sheltering them from the tiny snowflakes that felt melancholically from the bright grey sky, falling on their hair, too weak to stay solid before they melt down. Will switched clumsily on the saddle, feeling his sore and abused ass when the animal walked unevenly, zigzagging on the sinking road.

-"Damn you, old man…"- The brat hissed under his breath.

To the boy´s dismay, the doctor was far from satisfied last night, even after he promised him he would stop after the doctor´s so eagerly released in his mouth, the bloody devil made him work his

body to exhaustion to the point of making him black out with the man still firmly buried deep inside him. It was humiliating! The boy gripped the saddle pommel more, sinking his shoulders in shame and rage.

-"I hope your dick falls off while you sleep!"- Will screamed at him, over his shoulder, his cheeks burned bright as he did.

-"Is that anyway to speak to me after I so patiently indulged your naïve and depraved curiosity?"- The doctor purred, wrapping his arms more firmly around the kid´s waist.-"Well…more or less"

Hannibal smirked, seeing the bright color over the kid´s cheeks. He was too inexperience and innocent for thinking Lecter would stop, even after he so obediently swallowed what the doctor gave him. It´s true he had showed him the true meaning of the page the runt was ogling on the field, but only by the woman´s perspective. He knew perfectly well the kid was eager to know the other half, what it would feel like to have the full blow-mind experience, however he had to earn it before he would let him have a taste.

-"If you're so eager to fuck young men why don´t you find yourself a willing one in the brothel?"- The boy spit the words, switching his weight on the saddle.

-"I just might…"- Hannibal pulled the reins to the side, guiding the disorient horse.-"…When I sell you there!"

Will shivered visibly at the doctor´s remark, he looked over his shoulder staring at the other man when he grinned wider, knowing his words got through. That was a punch to the stomach.

-"I wouldn´t accept you there willingly either!"- The brat turned to him, locking their eyes. - Even if you sell me to those pigs, I will not accept my fate there!"

-"Oh I doubt it! I bet after I sell you, the moment I step into the brothel again, you would most certainly throw yourself into my arms, crying in joy to see me and begging me to choose you before you drag me upstairs half-naked…"- Lecter purred when the kid had enough and focused on the view.

The runt was determined to ignore him for the rest of the journey, he was so predictable, the kid did the same exact thing yesterday. Hannibal pulled the reins firmly, making Foxglove lift the front legs and making Will slide backwards, colliding against the doctor´s front before his ass smashed against the man´s cock.

-"… You probably would stumble on the steps while you focused on the straps of my trousers… unlacing them… eager to unleash what you were lacking all this time..."-

Hannibal heard the boy curse repeatedly under his breath, his bright deadly blue eyes stabbed him repeatedly. If only looks could kill. However he had to admit he was holding it in, better than his previous attempts.

-"I wonder…would you have thrown yourself on the bed and let me have my way with you? Or against the wall? The cold floor perhaps?"- He rested his chin on the boy´s shoulder.

-"THAT´S ENOUGH!"- The boy exploded while his innocent mind forcibly created the obscene scenario.

The doctor pulled the reins firmly, putting Foxglove into a stop before he leaned to the side, eyeing the unease stud when kept switching its weight constantly, scratching the mud with its hooves. Lecter released the double reins, dismounting the animal, the older man kept his hands on the pommel and cantle, pinning the kid while he looked up with a wicked grin across his face.

-“Just so you know, I would have indulged you greatly.”- His grin grew more dangerous, forcibly feeding the boy´s imagination.-"I would come visit you and paid for your services whenever I went to the village. IF you asked me nicely.”- Hannibal finished, slapping the boy´s bottom.

Will blabbered nervously, trying to lean further away from him but managed to stay still on the saddle, leaning over confused when the doctor petted the animal´s neck before the man kneeled down beside the stallion, examining the horse´s front legs and switching to the hind legs.

-“Get off the horse!”- Lecter ordered, rubbing the mud out of Foxglove´s front leg.

The stud moved the hooves away whenever the doctor tried to lift it up, the thick hoof slipped from Lecter´s hands and hit the soil hard, spilling the mud against the man´s cloak and face. Will brought his hand to his mouth, avoiding a euphoric laugh from coming out. The karma was too great for the kid to let it slide.

-“No thank you! I´m enjoying the view from up here!”- The brat giggled happily, seeing the man clean his face with the back of his hand.

Hannibal grabbed the flank billet and released the belt there before he saw the runt slide clumsily along the saddle before he hit the muddy soil, his right side completely covered with mud while the kid struggled to get on his knees with his legs still wrap around the leather saddle.

-“Are you mad!"- The kid row, stumbling on his feet.-"Why the hell you did that for?”

-“Too much dead weight!”- The doctor grinned, eyeing the boy when he tried to clean his face with his muddy hands and making it worse.

Will circled the kneeling doctor while he lifted the stud´s paw again, examining the iron shoe and turning it slightly.

-“The shoe is loose and two of the nails are missing.”- Hannibal shook the iron piece. -“We need to stop at the smithy in the village on our way to the apothecary. We shouldn´t force Foxglove any more than this, that hoof can harm him severely with the extra weight.”

The doctor walked to the fallen saddle, picking it up and placing it over his shoulder while he turned to the muddy runt.

-“Grab the saddle bags! - Lecter ordered guiding Foxglove by the reins. - “We walk from here!”

- - -

The messenger knocked on the heavy door of the guards' quarters, he brought the back of his hand to his forehead, cleaning the sweat before he adjusted the heavy archive book, threatening to fall at any minute. The dark hallway was suddenly illuminated when the door opened, the horrific squeaking of the old hinds was enough to put centuries of bloody executions and torture instruments to shame.

-"Brauner! We weren´t expecting you until spring! "- Price said happily, regarding the curved man before he let him inside.

-"I didn´t come for the tax increases, you would be buying me lunch if I did!"- They laugh together while the messenger entered running for the table by the corner.

Leonard dropped the heavy book on its hard surface, the table legs curved with the enormous weight to the point of making the thick wood crack and the impact was so great the ink pot turned and soaked the paper there, probably belonging to the captain.

-"I was hoping to have a word with Captain Crawford."- He huffed, leaning against the heavy table, trying to catch his breath. - "Is he around?"

-"You just missed him! He´s with the Cardinal."- Zeller said, rubbing the old piece of cloth on the polished blade of his sword.-"Did you need something from him?"

-"He had a letter delivered to Doctor Lecter yesterday, regarding his charges. I want to know the details on where he got the information regarding the boy, especially the details of the male prostitute who talked to one of your guards."- He huffed, leaning against the heavy table. - "I need to know exactly what they will be facing."

-"We heard!"- Jimmy laugh with joy. - "You're going to represent him in Court. Lucky doctor! Having you as an ally in trial!"

-"Quit your mockery."-The messenger exhaled.-"It´s not going to be easy with Verger on their ass!"

-"But you better start saving your week´s wages."- Brauner smirked. - "The lunch you own me, I´ll come back to claimed if I win this trial!"

The three men talked and laughed in Jack´s office, oblivious to the three guards standing outside in the dark hallway, heaved dropping on the conversation. The young soldier leaned on the torturous door, anger filling every inch of his being when he heard the doctor might get out alive.

-"You're out of luck, Matthew."- Tobias grinned, resting his foot on the wall while he eyed the younger guard across from him.-"The doctor found a way to save his ass in court."

-"Guess he will be fucking the kid a little longer than you wanted…at least until the trial."- Dolarhyde provoked looking to see if the fact got through, eyeing the expression on Matthew´s face.

Unlike the younger soldier, Dolarhyde and Tobias didn´t hold a grudge towards the doctor, however they were shallow and heartless, always anxious for bloodlust and chaos around them. They stood there, gazing at Matthew, enjoying his frustration, they had enjoyed the guy´s lack of control and lust and they were hoping this piece of information would make him lose his control. Although, the young soldier wasn´t trembling with rage.

-“Oh I highly doubt that.”- Brown whispered to himself, almost unreadable by the laugh inside the room.

-“What do you mean, Mathew?”- Tobias leaned his head, trying to read the blood lusted soldier.

Mathew laughed under his breath, giggling at something that just crossed his mind. He backed away from the door, walking down the damped hallway.

-“These are dark times, Tobias.”- The young man faced him finally. -“How unfortunate if the doctor were to have a fatal *accident.*”

- - -

The cold metal sound of the heavy hammer hitting the flaming iron shoe echoed around the old smithy when the blacksmith worked it, shaping it repeatedly over the heavy anvil. The charcoal over the circular stoned forge burned in angry shades of orange and yellow, covering the open wooden structure of the shop with the warm and dense smoke.

Will screamed desperately at the same time he tried to dodge a raged goose from biting him while it aimed at his legs. The doctor laughed, his arms crossed and leaning on one of the smithy´s pillars, next to the saddle and bags while eyeing the distressed runt.

Foxglove wasn´t happy, switching its head to the sides sice it stood immobilize in the horse bench, strapped down below the open porch. It neighed nervously when the blacksmith went behind him, the thin man pushed his hoof up, trapping it between his legs and he examined the worn out shoe.

-“These shoes need replacing.”- The man shook his head in disapproval.-“You have been working him too much, doctor. The nail is cracked on the base and they need to be trimmed before I even begin to shoe him.”

Hannibal looked over his shoulder, spotting the distressed animal before the man grabbed the metal shoeing nailed tool, trimming his thick hooves while the stud tried to pull away. Foxglove was a very prideful animal, he hated to have someone touch his hooves, especially while it stood pinned and immobilized like a shy broodmare ready for breeding.

-“It was careless of me! I have been working him more than normal this winter I admit! Traveling heavily between the villages and such.”- Lecter said distantly, focusing on the kid.-“…And to make matters worse I recently added a little *dead* weight to him this past few days.”

The doctor smirked at his remark, glazing at the brat while he was unware of the man´s gaze.

-“…A very dead but feisty weight.”- Hannibal purred, switching his hips on the wooden pillar when his cock jolted in his trousers, remembering what had happen last night.

-“How´s your daughter?”- Lecter whispered politely, making conversation while his wicked mind traveled freely towards the boy.

-“Lovely! Her beauty grows with each full moon, soon enough she will start chasing boys and let herself be courted I suppose.”- The craftsman grabbed the iron pinches, lifting the flaming horse

shoe before submerging it in water.

-“Kids always grown fast, don´t they?”- Hannibal whispered, oblivious to the conversation more and more.

The boy ran around in circles, splashing the muddy soil while he dodged the goose constant attacks, Lecter smiled at the silly view, the boy looked confident since he provoked the feather creature more and more. The brat ran, jumping over it and lifting his arms in attempt to imitate the goose who long changed tactics and tried to bash him with his long feathered wings. The doctor hummed amused, even now the little rascal didn´t know how to pick a fight.

The laced strap over the boy´s chemise jerked and waved freely every time he moved, however the cloth only protected his body from the shoulders down. The angry love bites from last night were clearly visible to the grey morning light, marking and claiming his skin as if his eager body haven’t done it already.

The runt stopped suddenly when he felt eyes on him, nibbling at his vulnerable body. He turned around when he notice Hannibal ogling. Will´s eyes widen when he spot the predatory gaze the man was giving him . Lecter´s smile grew dangerously when he saw the kid cover his bruised neck before they remembered how they got there.

The crackling of the fire filled the small room of the cottage, in opposition to the raging storm outside, bashing against the window while the heavy rain made the glass tremble. A lonely string of cold rain felt from the roof cracks, hitting the rough wood of the floor boards melodically and the flames still burned brightly by the fireplace, illuminating the heavy table and the bowls still left untouched.

-“Y-You liar…”- The boy whined, his voice trembled and broke while he tried to steady his trembling hand.

Will guided the spoon to his mouth for the third time, the piece of venison felt from the wooden tool, splashing the table with the stew broth when he mewled and spammed after the man nibbled his exposed shoulder forcing his toes to curl against the cold wooden floor boards, barely touching them while he sat on the doctor´s lap.

-“…Y-You said you would stop after you came.”- The brat whimpered, letting the spoon fall to cover his gasping mouth, swallowing another moan.

-“I did say that…”- The doctor confirmed, smirking behind him, feeling his cock throb inside the runt, perfectly nested there, and making him arch his back beautifully.

-“But I also said, you wouldn´t be needing your trousers.”- Hannibal purred maliciously against the boy´s ear.

The doctor parted his thighs further, spreading the boy´s legs and exposing him while the man kept him cornered between his body and the table. He snaked a hand around the trembling kid, wrapping his hand around his aching penis, stroking him eagerly and matching the kid´s grip. He could feel the man´s girth, growing inside of him and pulsing while it stretched his walls. However the doctor didn´t move or thrust in. It was unbearable. Torturous even.

-"I keep filling you up with my seed that if you were a woman you would certainly be pregnant by now. Drowning you in my spent until your body doesn´t have another choice but to accept it."

-"Y-Your sick bastard!"- The whined, gripping his nails on the thick wood of the table, trying to steady himself.

-"It´s only fair, is it not? After all, you owe me a child. It´s only fitting you repay me with the same thing you stole from me."

Hannibal licked his lips, trailing his eyes over the boy´s back, seing him rest his elbows on the table and trying to pick the spoon again. His loosen chemise was damped with sweat, gluing the cloth to his slender body.

-"Would that make you happy, runt? Having a part of me growing inside you?"- The doctor trailed the tip of his nose along the boy´s nape, scenting his distress, the sweet flavor lurking on his tongue.

Lecter trailed his hand along his thigh, stopping on his bottom, squeezing him there before he grabbed the ends on the thin chemise and pulled it off the kid´s torso, leaving him completely bare.

The boy shivered with the cold air of the room before Lecter grabbed his waist, bending him and forcing the boy to arch and raise his ass more. He exposed his flushed bottom for the man to ogle the place where their bodies connected and his pulsing member completely buried inside. The boy mewled when the doctor rubbed his thumb over his oversensitive sacrum, up and down, sliding it further while he spread his ass cheeks, urging him to clench him harder.

-"Damn you..."- The brat gasped, lowering his head ashamed. - "...I´m n-not one of your tavern women…"

Lecter´s grin widen with the brat´s words. No he was not! If he was they would be on top of a horse, running along the meadow while the boy gripped him madly. If he was, they would be on a busy tavern, the boy firmly on his lap, moaning and squirming on top of him, riding him truly at the same time he enjoyed his drink. If he was, Hannibal would have more self-control than this. They needed to return to the apothecary in the morning, maybe Lecter would have his chance in one of the taverns around the village and on the way there, he grin at the delightful idea.

-"You´re so difficult to please runt… You're always whining, not knowing what you want."- Lecter leaned back on the bench. - "You should be more honest… "

Will cried out when the doctor start rocking his leg, bouncing him up and down as if he was horse riding. The runt felt his body sink further down, impaling himself deeper on Hannibal´s cock while it bounced upwards.

-"S-Stop… please…"- Will whined and gripped the doctor´s thighs behind him for support.

-"You said you wanted to eat."- Hannibal picked a piece of turnip, letting the broth slide along his arm before he brought it to the boy´s mouth. He rubbed it gently while he waited for him to open.

-"So eat!"- He whispered, biting the brat´s ear.-"You won't leave the table until then."

The runt obeyed, slowly parting his mouth and letting the doctor´s fingers inside, sliding and rolling the food against his wet tongue. He retrieved his finger, guiding it to his mouth before he

sucked it, cleaning the remains of the broth and the boy´s saliva.

-"Grind your ass against me!"- Lecter purred, making the boy shiver while he gripped his waist.- ""That's it!

Will covered his mouth while the doctor moved his hips, creating a favorable pace for them both. Moving him to the front and back, the kid followed his lead, feeling the man throbbing as it moved around inside. Hannibal´s smirk widen, seeing the rascal obeying, he trailed his hot palms along the runt´s back, feeling the cold sweat under them before wrapping his arms around him, pushing him flushed against his strong chest. He brought his mouth to the brat´s shoulder, licking the damped skin as he felt the salty flavor under his avid tongue, moving his hair away from his nape and nibbling him there.

-"I wonder what Grutas and the others would say if they saw you like this…"- He provoked, pushing the boy´s head back, facing the ceiling.

-"…Seeing their little hunter lose himself on his master´s cock…pushing his ass so eagerly against it…I bet they wouldn´t even recognize you anymore."

-"…Y-You son of a bitch…"- Will hissed, panting.

Hannibal rocked his legs again, trotting them underneath the trembling kid, surprising him with the new change of pace as it impaled him deeper and harder. The runt cried out when the other man aimed at his prostate, slapping his ass for him to keep moving his hips.

-"…I would make you scream my name in pleasure while they watched. Many times…for nights on end while you ride me greedy."- He whispered to himself, kissing the runt´s jaw.

-"Would you like that, pup?"- He grunt inside the kid´s ear, sliding his hot tongue around the shelf.

The room was filled with the runt´s whimpers and loud moans and his blissful voice reached the doctor´s ears, he was going crazy. He clenched his arms more brutally against the boy, crushing him more against his solid torso before he pushed him further down, feeling his release closer. The kid cried out beautifully, clenching madly around his drooling cock while the doctor claimed his neck, devouring every inch of his soft skin and leaving a trail of dark angry bruises.

Will felt light headed, his rapid heartbeat ringing against his sensitive ears, he couldn´t stay conscious much longer, it didn´t matter if he pleaded, the man kept working him to exhaustion, he was far from being satisfied. His tired gaze fixed on the dark ceiling while the man worked him fully, hammering his prostate eagerly. Will felt his body go numb and boneless and his vision grew darker and darker, he could see the doctor´s mouth moving from the corner of his eye, talking to him but he didn´t hear him when the tiredness of the day finally embraced him to unconscious.

Will screamed when the angry goose connected its beak with his crotch, making the boy squirm and grab his groin with the pain and Hannibal laughing at Will´s distress.

-"Doctor Lecter!"- A voice called him, making them turn at the same time.

Abel Gideon approached them, crossing the empty street with his heavy cloak dingle around him, the strong man walked calmly with a leather potion bag below his shoulder. The doctor knew

Gideon carried his most “suspicious” supplies with him in case the Inquisition decided to *inspect* his shop, looking for witchcraft books and potions, since they seemed to do awkwardly more frequently lately. Hannibal raised a hand to him, signaling when the doctor acknowledge the apothecary man.

-“Gideon!”- The doctor waved, remembering the reason they were in this village.-“You can´t be a good person.”

-“So they keep saying!”- Abel petted Lecter´s shoulder.-“Your positively glowing, doctor! I see your servant boy has been treating you good! *Gripping* your cock nicely I bet!”

Hannibal smirked at the man´s words.

-“YOU BASTARD!”- Will screamed, clenching his hands around his muddy clothes, avoiding punching the man in the nose.

-“Oh there you are! I was wondering where you were!”- Abel laughed, finally acknowledging the runt. –“Serving your master well I see! Good for you!”

Lecter licked his lips, turning his head to the kid while the boy faced the apothecary, his cheeks were impossibly flushed, clearly not expecting the man´s bold comment.

-“You should see him under the effect of your lavender oil.”- The doctor hummed, leaning his head.-“He was clenching around me like crazy! And so needy.”

-“Fucking beasts!”- Will hissed while the two men joked at his discomfort.

The laughter died slowly when Gideon dropped the subject, rubbing his neck while he took a step closer to the doctor.

-“They have another one up on the brothel in need of attention.”- Gideon whispered, the words just met for the doctor´s ears.

It was clear to Hannibal the man meant another young man had finished his *charcoal* treatment up in the rape house and was in need of medical attention. It was no surprise to him the news, the brutality in the whorehouse was horrifying. And it wasn’t the first time Chilton had called him to take care of the traumatic boys after the incident. And he was certainly it wouldn´t be the last, Hannibal thought unconsciously looking at the runt.

-“Bring me the lemon balm from your shop. I will go on ahead!”- Lecter instructed, detaching himself from the pillar and walked the muddy street.

-“Kid! You stay with Gideon in the shop.”- The doctor ordered pointing at the boy, smirking wickedly. -“We wouldn´t want you to punch the whole salon this time.”

- - -

Will ran along the muddy street with the lemon balm oil, jingling in the bottles and inside the leather strap bag. Gideon had managed to upset him in the shop with his constant talk about *The*

ways to please your master and other vulgar and explicit texts the Apothecary took the time to read to him even though Will was clearly distressed and against it. The runt almost dismembered the man because of the obscene lesson, one that he wasn´t eager to listen again. He grabbed the supplies the doctor needed and ran out the shop, cursing at Abel and Hannibal for their vulgar minds.

He panted, finally stopping in front of the infamous balcony. He tried to catch his breath while he stared at the old house, examining his surroundings and the people around the place. Much to his surprised there weren´t as many people like the last time he was here. The boy´s stomach clenched painfully with the disgusting memories. The stinking drunken breath from the pig-like men, devouring him whole with their eyes, the sickening obscenities and primal behavior. Will recoiled in place, stepping a few steps behind to block the bad feelings and nightmares from rushing into him. This was the last place on earth he wanted to be.

He felt a hand caress the soft skin of his chin, making him open his eyes. A young woman half-dressed stood there with a confident smile before she pushed herself against his front, resting her generous bosom on his chest.

-"Are you lost, little boy! "- The woman sang, pressing her breasts more firmly.-"Why don´t you come with me and let me turn you into a man!"

Will yelp when her small hand slid further down and grabbed his groin, squeezing it a little. The boy widen his eyes at the woman´s audacity, he excused himself nervously while charging inside, dodging every person who wickedly addressed him. Will clenched his hands firmly on the leather bag and stopped in the salon, looking around. The kid could feel a headache raising with the loud chatter and the sound of the wooden jars hitting the tables, waiting to get refilled. Even though it was morning, the small windows didn´t let much light in since the clearing in the salon came from the candles placed around the wall.

He turns his attention to the bar counter, the boy who Will clearly remembered being shoved on the table and brutally rape is there, talking calmly and politely to the customers, with no sign of Matteo…Good. He breathed relieved, this petit kid wasn´t the one the doctor was treating.

The runt changed his gaze to the stairs leading to the rooms, he clicked his tongue, that path he knew too well. He remembered the doctor´s words from this morning when he had said Will would eventually accept his fate here. And furthermore he would be aching and eager for the doctor´s touch when the man returned to the brothel. He frowned at the image, he wonder to himself how far that would be true. The runt feel another hand on him, rubbing his ass determinately, reminding him he was a sitting duck in the salon. However he didn´t stick around to see who it was when he rushed up the stairs, the balm bottle jingling with the harsh movement before he battle the last steps.

He passed the dark narrow hallway quickly, looking out for Hannibal´s deep voice among the moans, grunts and cries echoing inside the rooms. Will heared a small mumbling coming from the small crack of the open door illuminating the ebony hallway, he peeked inside and saw Chilton pacing around the room, lecturing about the rules regarding the whorehouse and the consequences of the rebellious boys under it. Will felt like skinning this man alive. His hard features soften when his eyes recognized the doctor´s silhouette, he was kneeling at the end of the old bed facing a young boy there. The runt sunk to his knees, making himself comfortable while he examined the other boy.

He had serious bruises and lacerations along his tender flesh, his skin was covered in a sticky layer of semen and slightly blood. He cried, rubbing his swollen eyes, letting his emotions flow out of him while the doctor petted his sweaty hair trying his best to calm him down while he examined his injuries. He gasped when he saw the doctor´s face, he was calm, the wicked expression Will was always so used to wasn´t there. The sorrow and pain were completely absent, as if the cause of Hannibal´s suffering wasn´t there in the room to remembered him. He wasn´t there with him.

Will felt a small pain on the bit of his stomach while he saw them both, he felt strange and he couldn´t place the feeling consuming him. Was he jealous? of the attention the doctor was giving to other? It felt like a trail of vicious ants biting at his tummy, leaving him unsaddled and anxious.

Will yelped when he felt a pair of hands claiming his ass, making him turn around until his assailant slammed his hand on the door next to Will, startling him and making the leather bag fall to the floor with a soundless noise.

-"You ignored me down stairs when I greeted you. How rude! Whoever thought you were so eager to peek into the rooms that you didn´t even noticed me."- The tall guy mumbled to him in mockery. - "You shouldn´t be peeking so shamelessly."

-"Randall!"- Will said dryly, not liking the proximity.-"What do you want from me?"

The towering kid reached a hand to Will, making him flinch when he grabbed the door handle and shut it firmly and the narrowed space turned more darker with the absent of the bean of light from the room. However, Will could still see the evil expression on the guy´s face.

-"I heard you´re moving in when spring comes!"- Tier laughed wickedly, gripping Will´s jaw.-"I bet you're so eager to start working and having multiple men fuck you greatly that you had to come on your own to see who´s available now to breed you."

-"Don´t touch me!"- He hissed, slapping his hand away harshly and moved down the hallway again.

-"I see your pride is still in check but it won´t last long. It never does!"- The guy purred, chasing after the unnerved runt.

-"Here! I will lead you to the doctor´s room, you can wait there."- The male prostitute unlaced his thin arm around the boy´s neck.

-"I can tell you're curious about the *Charcoal treatment.* And as my apprentice it's my duty to clarify any prejudice or doubt you might have here. "- Randall said dramatically.

-"I don´t belong here!"- The runt flipped while he faced the obnoxious guy.

-"Well Doctor Lecter seems to think you do! "- Randall forced the grip on Will´s shoulders, keeping him in place.

- "Your defiant behavior has already caused him so much trouble, not to mention almost punching a man to death on your first night here. But I´m sure he already knows you cost more than you´re worth."

Will lowered his head, clenching his teeth since he was frighten of those words. In a way he knew he had caused the doctor so much suffering, and he was a burden to him, constantly getting into

trouble and disobeying Hannibal´s orders and almost getting him killed. *"You spread death everywhere you lurk, you little shit."* His mother´s words echoed in his brain, stabbing his every cell, it was not the first time he had heard those words, yet now they seemed to ring more true than ever.

Randal smirked while he devoured the sweet melancholic expression stuck on Will´s face. He knew he had gotten to him. He lowered his head, leveling it with the smaller runt, rubbing his arm falsely before digging his nails there.

-"Oh don´t feel bad about the doctor´s decision!"- The guy laugh when Will averted his gaze away from him.-"Everyone has a place in the world…"

-"..I will make sure you know *yours*! "- Tier hissed with venom.

Randall grasped Will´s shoulders and shoved him into one of the rooms while the boy screamed when he felt backwards, colliding his shoulder against the hard wooden floor. He grunted in pain, grabbing it firmly when his brain picked on the sharp pain inflaming his joint. When he tried to lift himself up he took a careful look at his surroundings, a few men stood naked in the small room, their disgusting sweaty bodies glowing with the light from the candles resting on the table.

Will cried at the realization, crawling backwards frighten into a corner when the men turned to him acknowledging his slender frame. He started to hyperventilate when he recognized some of the men present, most of them were the ones from last time, banging at the door and screaming obscenities, eager to enter their room while the doctor healed him.

-"Gentleman! I suspect some of you remember our feisty kid from afew days ago."- Randal walked to the middle of the room, almost theatrically.

-"Still waiting to be properly breed!"- The kid sang maliciously as the men around them applauded euphoric and howled.

Will jolted with the loud racket, his body started to shiver with the cold sweat ruining along his back. The men+s expression started to switch before him and the tears on his eyes unabled him to see clearly for the men before him turned into the dark creatures from his nightmare, ready to have their way with him.

-"…H-Hannibal…"- The plead came out completely silence to Will´s pale lips when he saw Randall take a piece of charcoal from his baggy clothes, rolling it on his hand.

-"Why don´t we indulge his body properly!"- Tier purred, turning to Will, the beast-like men surround him, all ogling at him while they stood erect and ready.

To be continued…

Cornered Mouse

Chapter Notes

Hello my darlings!!
I simply have to say- Thank you so so much for all the love and support, I´m so happy you guys are still following along!!!

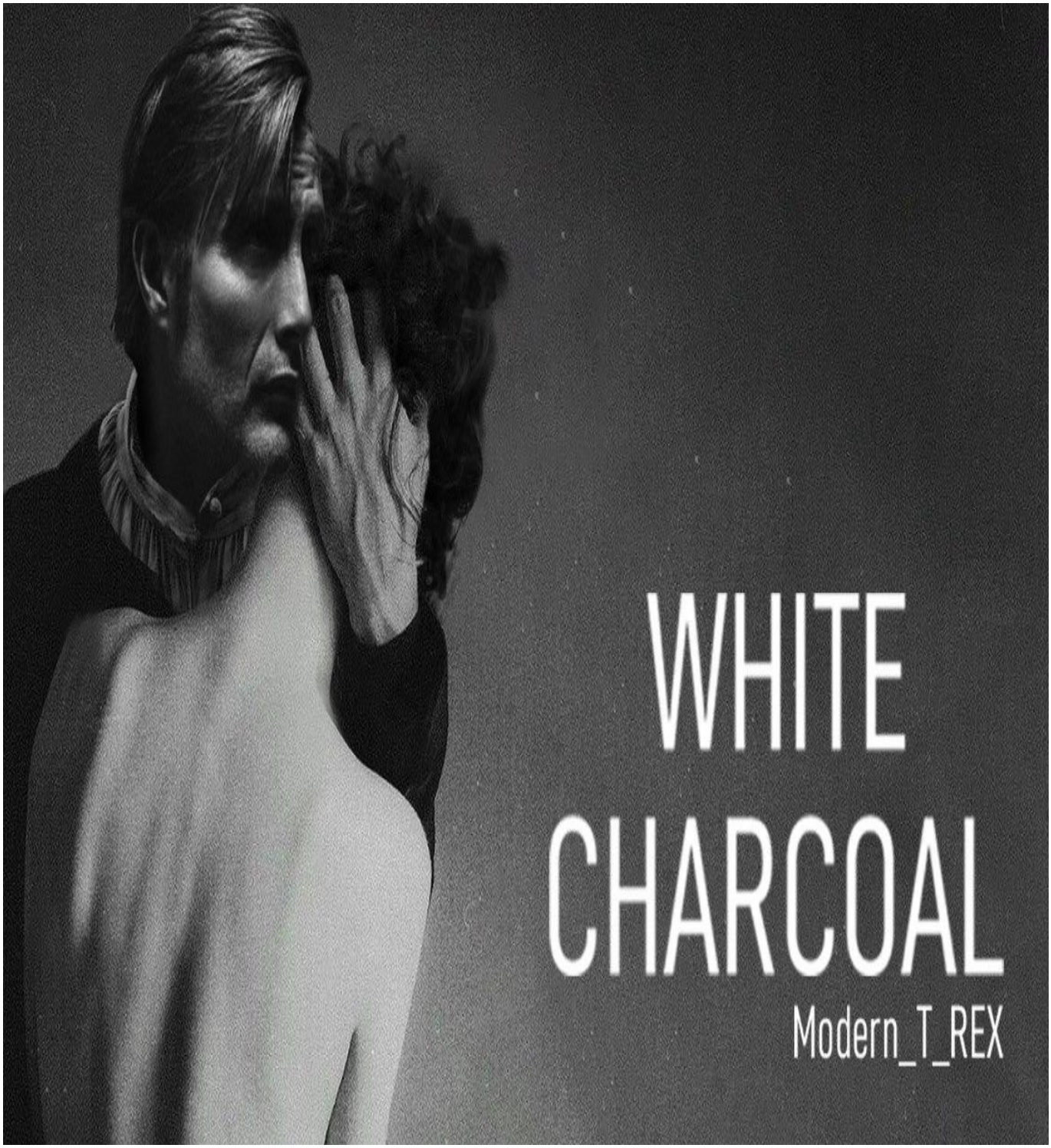
Quick Notes:

- First, the last chapter left some of you on defense, which I understand completely. However I have to make this clear - There won´t be any gang rape or sexual abuse in this chapter against Will.

And to tell you the truth it probably never will, I don´t like the element of gangrape or other characters touch Will other than Hannibal, (Unless the aggressors are Mads´s alternative characters ex. Le Chiffre, Nigel, Tristan, etc…) which is not the cause in this story.

However expect Will to be bullied, slapped and mocked … If Will fighting someone else disturbs you, you can skip to the part after the dashed line that divides the chapter.
But I hope you give it a try. :)
I repeat he won´t be raped or sexually abused!

Please comment and give feedback, PLEASE PLEASE I BEG OF YOU!!
Bye for now,



Chapter 15

“Cornered Mouse ”

Will stared at the dark figures in the room, circling him while he was cornered. The runt blinked repeatedly, his eyes were filled with large tears, blurring his vision and making the shapes move around frenetically. He was losing his grip on reality, moving his blue orbits around the room and registering every movement like a wounded prey waiting for the final bite.

He whined when the men´s silhouettes began to switch and twitch violently before him, the dimness of the room dyed their skin black, the low candles created thick shadows on the low ceiling, dancing malevolently above the beasts' heads, sharp and barbed like antlers, turning them into stag-men creatures, the same dark shadows from his nightmare that hunted him.

The boy gasped at the realization, he couldn't distinguish them anymore since they all looked the same. He shivered, clenching his muddy chemise when the scrawniest stag-creature came up to his kneeling form, grabbing his hair and pulling him up while he hissed in pain.

-"…You pig...You told me… you were going to lead me to the doctor´s room!"- Will whimpered.

-"I didn´t lie! This is the next room the doctor will be attending…"- Randal mocked, clenching his hands further around the soft curls.-"…After they are done with you, that is!"

Will snapped suddenly and pushed the bony creature to the floor, jumping him when Randal´s back felt backwards, hitting the floor with a hard smack. He didn´t register the incident when Will got on top, punching him hard across the face.

-"YOU FUCKING PIG!!"- Will screamed, their bodies rolled while they struggled for control.

Two of the stag-like creatures grabbed his arms roughly, breaking the fight and scratching his slender arms when they pulled him up. The anonymous shadows pulled his chemise, ripping the three woolen buttons and sending them flying across the room.

-"UNHAND ME!"- Will hollered loudly, feeling his body being pulled away from the bony shadow on the floor.

Randal curled up and writhed in pain but Will couldn´t hear him whine over his own screams and roars, squirming in the beast´s grip, bashing his arms, kicking his legs and for all his efforts he managed to hit one of the evil creature´s in the nose, making it recoil with pain.

SLAP

Suddenly, he felt a hot pain on the side of his face, making the runt´s head whip violently to the side after one of his aggressors slapped him hard with the back of his hand. The blow was so strong it made his neck snap, forcing the boy to enter a stage of trance and his body gone limp while two of the beast-men hold his arms steady.

-"Persistent little bitch!"- One of the man hissed, rubbing his bleeding nose and spat on the floor. The men laughed while they ogle the dazed out kid, still pinned in place.

Time dragged itself slowly once Will tried to gather his senses, he felt light-headed and dizzy, the heavy taste of copper filled his mouth and dripped along his lower lip. He rolled his eyes around seeing one of the creatures howl at him, moving its jaw but the sound never reached him, instead Will could only hear his ears ring from the slap. He could feel himself breaking down from reality, his vision slowly staining dangerously red.

Hannibal finished cleaning the boy´s bruised frame and removing the charcoal stains, the young man trembled to his core every time Lecter connected the cloth with the kid´s skin, Hannibal could see this kid was trying his very best not to break down into tears while the brothel owner was still in the room.

The doctor knew that boys like this ended up here for the sole reason their parents were too poor they needed the money to survive, leaving their offspring to deal with a worst fate than death. His thoughts were interrupted when the kid jolted in the bed, the loud noise from next door invaded the peace from the room.

-"It´s okay."- Hannibal whispered, rubbing the cloth over the boy´s arm.

-"The boy must be spunky with all that racket!"- Frederick joked, listening to the fuss a few rooms away.

Lecter clenched his jaw in frustration, ignoring the irritable man and trying to concentrate on his task while the man kept talking. However he felt uneased when the image of the runt´s face crossed his mind for a brief second. He didn´t know why the hairs on his nape kept raising up, putting him on constant alert. He dropped the dirty cloth into the sink by the door, letting the water be defiled by the filth. Hannibal crossed his arms, looking at the empty room and realizing the bottles of lemon balm weren´t there yet. He frowned, clicking his tongue in disapproval before he opened the door ready to go fetch it when he stopped at the doorframe, looking down he could see Gideon's leather bag. The doctor kneeled and reached a hand to the belt, unstrapping the bag that revealed the broken lemon balm bottles.

Hannibal connected the dots, one by one, the abandoned bag, his gut feeling and the racket next door. Each dot connecting made his hand clench more firmly around the leather until he turned his head to the dark hallway where the noise was coming from… realizing the worst.

The two men stood next to Will, each one pinning his arms, holding his limp body upwards. Some of the men squad down to stare at his dazed expression. They grin to each other, running their mouth while the runt laid there, not moving at all, his bruised lip dripping into the floor with empty eyes.

-"Did we broke him already?"- The man holding his left arm jerked the kid.

-"The little fucker had it coming! Putting so much fight for nothing."- The one in front of Will mocked.-"I sure shuted him up!"

Will couldn´t see anything around him once the darkness drowned him or any noise that he could make out. He thought this was death as he laid there in the emptiness, however he knew he was in the darkest part of his mind. He looked around when the darkness swift and transformed into a grey and lifeless meadow, a distant memory, the dead bodies pilled and scattered on the grass and the heavy smell of blood and death made him gag and almost vomit. Will shivered with horror when he realized where his mind had brought him…the empty battlefield. The same dead scenario he was serving when he was a small child. He started to run, trying to get out, but his mind forcibly kept him there, avoiding to have him face the reality his body was trapped in. Will screamed, stumbling on his feet before he looked around confused, the mutilated bodies lying around him writhed in

pure agony, screaming at him for help, pleading and begging him to end their suffering. The runt could see them all, all the faces of the men he killed, in order to save them from an agonizing death.

Will kept running and dodging the fresh viscera and ripped limbs on his way. He couldn´t be living this nightmare again, he cried out for help, hearing his broken voice travel around the bloody meadow. He felt so useless, the more he ran the worst the scenario around turned, the corpses covered all the soil of the wide meadow. He felt a crunching grip on his ankle pulling him down as the boy felt to his knees, looking down he paled visibly when he recognized immediately the person pulling him under.

-"…It´s all your f-fault…"- The little voice hunted him. –"You´re death! You bring death to everyone around you…"

Will whined at the presence, the small person pinning him was no other than himself, his younger self. The small and scrawny child that hovered around the field, pulling the string wjen he shoot the dying.

-"…n-no…"- Will cried with a broken voice.

-"It´s your fault! …Your fault. Your fault, ***YOUR FAULT…***"- His little hands crawled at him, ripping the flesh of his leg.

Will covered his ears, desperate to block the warning voice. It hurted too much, he couldn't breathe… he couldn´t think clearly… the red rage was pulling him under… with no possible way of escape.

The boy started to mumble, jerking slightly while the two men hold him upwards by the arms, the beasts shook him in hope the boy would react, but he didn´t. Will kept mumbling nervously, his body trembled in their grasp once they faced him.

-"Is he out?"- The man holding one of Will´s arms leaned to confirm.

-"With a slap?! He better not be!"- The brute in front of the runt spat. - "I want him awake for the ride."

-"Just get it over with!"- Randal brought a hand to his mouth, feeling his cheeks bruised with the force of Will´s blows.

-"Hey! You awake?"- The brute kneeled bofore he slapped Will again, with no reaction while the boy mumbled.

-"What was that, little fucker?"- The man said theatrically, placing a hand on his ear when the approached the boy head, pretending to listen while everyone mocked.

Suddenly, Will flipped and roared from the top of his lungs, a final desperate cry before he brought his teeth to the man´s ear, biting him there and all hell broke loose. The two men tried to push him away but the runt kept his jaw firmly attached to the brute, they punched his ribs and wiggled him, trying to detach him.

Will felt his body on fire with every blow, he howled and crawled at the stag-man creature´s face multiple times while keeping his teeth connected there. He gag, the thick black slimy blood dripped inside his mouth, drowning his tongue and forcing him to wince with the vile taste. The creature growled frenetically, desperate to move him away, but Will bit it more savagely, listening to the painful growl it his teeth as it screamed.

He could hear the beast's companions roar and move around him, bashing their antlers against his ribcage, Will wince in agony with every blow and finally let go of the monster, his mouth full of blood and almost managed to rip the piece of flesh from the screaming creature in front of him.

Will felt to his knees, growling and curved in pain however he didn´t register when one of the stag like creatures wrapped his arms around his torso, pushing him up and shoved him to another creature and passing him around. They mocked the enraged runt when he tried to fight them off. They shoved him back and forth between them, like a ragged doll, Will tried to get his footing, pushing his hands up to crawl at their faces or grab anything he could but the nightmarish creatures didn´t stop tossing him around the room like a bunch of cats playing with a cornered and wounded mouse. The boy squirmed and roared savagely each time they shoved him around and their mockery kept on going for what it seemed like forever.

Suddenly the runt whined when his body collided with a strong chest, Will turned around to acknowledged it, this stag-man was wickedly looking, taller and bigger than the rest, an intimidating presence since the other creatures backed away and looked anxious at his presence. Will trembled, this was the most dominant presence in the room, the Alpha male. He felt terrified once he stared into the beast white and empty eyes. He could see the jaw moving, rumbling something to him and rubbing his crawled hands on his arms, almost claiming him has his own. The boy whined at the invading familiar touch, but he couldn´t recognize it, he was so enraged and mortified, his survival instinct screamed at him to fight, to struggle, to crawl at this creature as a last resort. Will tried to punch him, roaring, cursing, struggling in the stag-man´s grasp while he bashed his fists into the strong chest trying desperately to release the strong arms that kept him prisoner.

-"KID!"- Hannibal called out, grabbing the runt´s face.

The doctor´s eyes darken at the state the runt was in, his mouth was dripping blood along his chin, his loosen chemise exposed his slender chest with the buttons missing. However what really surprised Lecter was the savage and wild expression on the boy´s eyes while he kept crawling at his hands, panting and growling at him. He looked like a maddened animal with no human rationality or emotions holding him back.

-"Randall…"- Hannibal hissed almost spitting the name, facing the mischievous brat. -"What happened here?"

-"...I-I did nothing! ...I-I was just trying to scare him!"- The boy rubbed his swollen cheek, trying to act innocent before he looked at the other men, hoping they would take over.

Hannibal gripped his hand forcefully around Randall´s arm, crushing it in his grip. The evil kid whined with the pain and locked eyes with the doctor.

-"Does this look like a harmless child play to you, Randall?"- The older man hissed, making the boy look at the ragged state Will was in.

Chilton stood behind the doctor once he looked around, understanding exactly what the young prostitute did. Hannibal hooked an arm around the runt´s neck, trying to steady him while the kid tried to fight him off, completely be wild. He walked to the door, dragging the screaming kid along before he stopped at Frederick side, pinning him in place.

-"You better take the time to reflect on what was about to happen in this room!"- Hannibal growled at the puny man, stabbing him where he was.-"Then you tell me if *this* is humane!"

The doctor adjust his grip on the runt, dragging him away from there while the kid howled and scratched his hands trying to break free but the doctor kept him prisoner.

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-“Calm down!”- Lecter tried to reason with him but the stallion started to grow agitated and pace in circles.

Will felt trapped. He bashed his fists violently on the pommel, moving his legs around at the same time the doctor grabbed his arms to steady him and keep him from falling. Foxglove captured the boy´s anxious behavior when it grew more and more but the horse couldn´t spot the situation on its back leaving him disoriented. The doctor tried to grab the reins before the stud jumped to its hind legs but it was too late. Hannibal saw them both slide off the horse´s back, hitting the muddy ground hard.

The fall was enough to push the air out of the doctor´s lungs, laying on the soil with the kid firmly in his arms. Will broke the grip, gasping for air, crying silently and crawling his way out before he stood up and start running passing the last line of trees and entering the doctor´s property but Hannibal never lost sight of him.

Will ran, sobbing uncontrollably, reaching his breaking point when suddenly he falls to his knees, burying his hands and face in the muddy soil. And then it happens, the runt opens his mouth and howls as loud as his throat can manage, the scream echoes around the woods, traveling far and surpassing the thunder and rain around them.

Hannibal grabs the reins to calm the anxious animal while he stares at the kneeling boy on top of the crops, the runt roars and shrieks like a wild animal, there is an out of control quality to his behavior that the doctor never spotted on him before, as if every little wrong-doing, bad memory and pain came crashing down on him on that very moment…Its scary and disturbing.

Will punched his knuckles into the soil, the watery mud splashing into his face, not much difference with the pouring rain crashing down on him. Will abruptly ripped the baggy clothes off him, his little hands push and pull the disgusting fabric away from his body, leaving him completely bare out in the open, he could see the bruises and scratches on his ribs and arms that the men had put there, staining and marking his body. He didn´t understand why he had to suffer so much. Why him.

-“…It´s not my fault…”- He yell, picking a hand full of mud and rubbed it on his arms and ribs.-“…It´s not my fault… n-not my fault…”

The boy was in a catatonic state, he rubbed his muddy palms along his back, chest and face. He covered every inch of his skin that he could reach, desperate to erase the bruises and bad memories. He couldn´t stand the stench of death on him, it suffocated him.

The doctor walked to the boy slowly, letting the runt have a moment. He could see he was broken, a child overwhelmed with emotions. If this had happened when he had captured him, he no doubt would have enjoyed it fully, seeing the boy cry out and squirm like a last plead of mercy like a cornered and hunted animal…however, now witnessing the boy´s downfall didn´t bring him the least of joy or pleasure…not once. He stared at him, the heavy rain coming down on them soaked them completely, the constant impact of the drops on the kid´s back managed to wash off the thick layer of mud that he was so determinant to put there, the runt screamed even louder and bashed his palms harder when the bruises came to view again.

Hannibal saw him pick up a handful of branches and leaves just to bring them into his shoulders and rub them there, scraping the sensitive skin to the point of scratches started to erupt, breaking

the skin when a few bloody strings appeared. He kept doing it as if he couldn’t stand being on his own skin for one second. The doctor approached him slowly, he couldn´t hear what the kid was saying but he kept scratching himself and shrieking on the muddy water, his naked body out in the opening and his shyness and pride nowhere to be found.

-“…Why…why…”- Will bruised his skin harder before he sank his forehead further into the soil, completely curved.

Lecter waited behind him, letting him cry and scream his lungs out, there was not much he could do with him in this state. Hannibal leaned over to place a hand on his back but has he got closer, Will got to his feet and connected his fist with the doctor´s jaw. Hannibal´s head turned with the blow but the older man didn’t flinch or looked surprised. He just hold his ground, slowly turning to the kid. The boy had a hatred expression on his face while he stabbed him in place. Lecter knew that anger wasn’t towards him, at least not him alone, it was towards everyone who despised him and wronged him badly.

-“WHY!”- The runt screamed while gripped the doctor´s chemise.-“Why didn´t you just kill me? You killed Kolnas and Milko without a second thought! Why not me? ...What makes me so different from them? Haven´t you had enough?!... Why!... I don't want to suffer anymore!..I don´t want to...”

Hannibal stood still while the boy screamed and pushed against his chest, letting his frustration flow out of him. He kept this going until slowly the boy slid along his body, hitting the soil again once his voice broke, he couldn´t scream anymore.

Lecter stood there seeing the convulsing boy while he sobbed before he walked to the door of his cottage, collecting the ripped clothes the boy had shoved away, looking behind one more time he eyed the crying kid before going inside. The doctor left his door open for the kid to walk inside at any time he desire and when he was ready, however Hannibal knew that would take a while for him to finish.

Afterwards, the doctor sat him on the bed, cleaning and treating his wounds. He rubbed his body gently with a piece of cloth, letting the hot water trail along the scratched white skin while kept his gaze on the kid. He didn´t flinch or jerked with the touch, he just kept his empty eyes fixed on the floor boards. The doctor applied the lemon balm to his ribs and shoulders, hoping the burning sensation would be enough to wake him from his catatonic state, but again, no reaction. Lecter dropped the oil bottle on the table before he picked the boy´s legs and laid him flat on the bed, covering him with the sheets.

Hannibal laid there next to the bed and stared at him for a few seconds. He grabbed the end of his chemise and pulled it over his wet naked torso before the soaked trousers came off next, the wet pile of clothes laid on a messy pile by the bed, next to the runt´s ragged fabric. He parted the heavy sheets, exposing the boy´s naked body for a while while he slip inside over the runt once he tried to reach the other side on the bed. Firmly between the sheets, Lecter gripped the end of the linens and covers the kid with them, he leaves his arm across the runt´s shoulders for a few seconds, feeling his cold body underneath before he retrieves to his corner.

Hannibal let out a long and tired sigh and faced the low ceiling, the rain felt more strongly on the roof, letting a few gash of wind enter through the cracks as if the cottage was breathing and whistling, like a living being.

The doctor heard the boy shuddering and sobbing next to him, his freezing body made the bed turn cold while he laid there shaking with fear from the day´s events. Lecter no doubt knew this was going to be a very long night for the runt, with a bit of luck his weaken body would gave out and rest during sleep…Hardly. The doctor closed his eyes letting the darkness embrace him.

Lecter felt his body shiver when he felt himself submerged by the liquid darkness, it was completely dead silence around him. He remembered his nightmare from last time, however this wasn´t the same, the cold and dead emptiness wasn´t there. It was replaced by a sense of calm and peace, the dark water around him was warm, and drowning him in pleasure, making his muscles relax while he was floating. He let it wash over his body willingly, he let it drown him completely when he panted for air. Hannibal closed his eyes again, groaning at the feeling when another hot wave traveled down his spine all the way to his abdomen, tensing his muscles there. He didn´t understand what he was feeling, he knew this pleasure but not from here. Something wasn´t right.

Hannibal woke up to the cracking of the fire, he knew he had drift off for a few minutes, his heartbeat was quicken with no appeared reason. He brought his hand to his sweaty face, resting it there he would still feel the warm wave rushing through him, he grunted once he felt his hips tense with a sudden warm and wet movement over his legs. Hannibal sat abruptly on the bed, he gripped the heavy linens and pushed them hastily aside, exposing his bare legs and found the runt there, sucking him off.

Lecter stood astound in place, the boy guided his swollen cock into his mouth slowly, working his wet tongue around it. He studied his expression, the boy looked slightly calmer than before, however the doctor could spot the uneasiness and fear on him, he wasn´t exactly himself yet.

-"…The hell are you doing, runt?"- Hannibal hissed, confronting the kid with his hoarse voice from sleep.

The brat rubbed his lips along his pulsing length while he waited for Hannibal to go along his wishes, however the doctor frowned meeting his gaze with a domineering stare, demanding the kid to seize his actions. The runt released his cock with a wet pop almost immediately before he pushed him down against the mattress, climbing on top of him, his bare legs stranding his hips.

-"Stop this!"- Lecter warned angry at the brat´s reckless behavior.

Will disobeyed his command and grabbed the man´s throbbing cock, stroking it before guiding the drooling tip to his entrance while the frighten kid pushed down, impaling himself once the tip pierced him. Lecter stopped him immediately, he lifted his torso off the bed to push the boy away, but the runt slapped his hands and shoved the doctor down again. This was wrong, the kid´s actions were forceful with no rhythm, as if he was forced to do this out of options. He knew why the boy was so desperate for this, he didn´t desire it at all, but he was so altered and frighten of the past that hunted him he needed a way out, an intense experience here and now, to make him forget and grip the present.

Hannibal groaned when the runt arched his back more in order to take him deeper. He could feel the warm core around him and the frenetic spasms around his girth, however he knew the kid was hurt since he didn´t prepared beforehand. Lecter could see the tears on the brat´s eyes, slipping along his cheeks while he sobbed and whined in pain, riding him clumsily out of despair. He really couldn´t understand that this wasn´t good for neither of them. The kid was in pain and the doctor could feel the heavy aura around them, none of them was enjoying this.

Hannibal exhaled, relaxing his body while the runt kept trying to accommodate his size. The older man rubbed his palms along Will´s thighs, making him acknowledge his surrender and accepting the kid taking the lead however when he let his guard down, Lecter quickly pushed himself into a sitting position, wrapping his arms around the slender frame trapping him against his strong chest, too quick for Will to stop him.

-"What´s happening inside that head of yours?"- Hannibal whispered into the runt´s ear.

The boy didn´t talk, he just sobbed in his arms, trembling while he rested his head against the man ´s shoulder. The older man slid his hand down his spine, stopping on his bottom where they were connected, he rubbed his fingers over the rim, making the boy whine and brought it to his view. As expected, it came out bloody, he could see the blood coating his fingers, not as much as the first time he raped him but enough to have him reprehend the brat for it. The doctor grabbed Will´s thighs and pushed him on to his lap before he crossed his legs, the kid wince feeling his body sink deeper down.

-"Try to relax. You´re too tense!"- The doctor caressed his ass, occasionally spreading his cheeks before he pushed him further down.-"Let me in, runt!"

The boy whined at the burning feeling, he laced his arms around the doctor´s neck, scratching him there. The older man wrapped his arms around his spread legs, lifting him slowly and dropping him on his aching cock. Will jolted when the man drops him deeper with every thrust. The kid was still too tight, clenching around him to the point of pain, unable to relax properly. He notice him looking around the room, clearly distressed again. He didn´t understand what was there with them that left him again in this mortified state.

Will gasped, holding more firmly around the doctor´s torso when he felt him bend slightly and pick something on the floor next to the bed before he brought to view the ripped chemise Will had this morning. Hannibal grabbed it with both hands and rip it apart, the jerky movements made the kid jolt in his lap, making him whine once he felt his weight impale him more on the piercing length.

-"You´re not concentrating enough."- Hannibal brought a strip of cloth to the kid´s face, covering his eyes.

The runt whined, his voice rough while he gripped the man´s wrists, squirming anxious when the doctor knots the fabric.

-"Focus on my touch!"- The doctor guided him next to his ear.-"Acknowledge how your body responds to mine."

The runt shivered, the lack of sight put his mind on full alert, his body tried to capture information by touch and sound alone. It was strange, every little movement seemed too enlarged. This was dangerous.

Hannibal could feel the runt´s anxiety grow, he knew his instincts were screaming. Good. That´s exactly where he wanted him. Lecter brought his parted lips to the runt´s chest, kissing and nibbling the white skin of his sternum, the boy moans at the wet touch when the doctor switched his attention to his nipples.

Will laced his hands around the doctor´s hair, bringing him closer while Hannibal worked his avid tongue around the pink nipple, he sucked it abusively and felt it swelling between his lips. Consequently, the runt clenched more around him, completely lost in the pleasurable feeling and

oblivious to the burning pain below. Lecter tried to adjust his position on the linens, rolling his hips upwards while he slammed the boy´s waist down, thrusting deeper each time.

-“You’re enjoying this greatly, aren´t you?”- He purred, satisfied when the rascal start to move on his own, meeting his thrusts just right.

Will mewled, digging his nails more desperately into Hannibal´s shoulders when the doctor spread his cheeks apart, making him slam wetly against the man´s pelvis more eagerly. The doctor´s cock feel much bigger and thicker than usual. Lecter released his nipple, trailing his open mouth along his shoulders, he slid his nose up Will´s chin making him tilt his head back, presenting his throat to the other man before he connected his mouth there, feeling the runt´s pulse against his wet tongue. He nibbled and licked, claiming his bruised neck again and again when the boy screamed and crawled at his scalp, his slender hands still buried in his silver hair. He was exquisite.

-“You´re more sensitive than usual.”- Hannibal hummed, licking along his jaw.-“Is it because of the blindfold?”

Will shivered when his voice reached his ear, Lecter grinned at the confirmation, he pressed the boy more against his body, chest on chest before he slid his hands over the sweaty back.

-“Feel my heartbeat!”- The man hugged him tighter.-“It matches yours.”

Will couldn´t see anything over the blindfold, without his vision he fell into Hannibal´s touch without knowing it, he couldn’t see the doctor´s moves until they were on him. He gasped when he felt him bite his chin, playing wicked games since the doctor played him like a refined instrument and he knew exactly where to touch to hit the right note.

Suddenly he pulled his mouth away, leaving the wimping rascal confused. The boy felt a soft touch on his lips, a very faint and almost ghost touch, and suddenly it wasn´t there anymore, he didn´t knew what it was. The doctor brought him back as he slammed into him more forcefully, making the runt hold Hannibal´s neck more when the man hit his sweet spot. He felt Hannibal place his hot palm on the back of his neck, resting it there. Even though he couldn´t see, Will knew the doctor was ogling his face while they faced each other, panting uncontrollably once the man rocked them against one another, and then again, there was the ghostly touch on his parted lips, brushing against them. It was soft and warm, it tickled him. The kid licked his lips before he pushed them forwards, connecting them with the tender surface, jolting at the realization when he felt Hannibal groan erotically into his mouth and realising the touch was nothing more that his lips on his, as if the doctor wanted to kiss him but hesitated to do it in the end.

Lecter gripped his neck more firmly, keeping the runt´s head in place while he moved his mouth eagerly over Will´s, nibbling his lower lip before he slipped his tongue inside. Will moan with the contact once the other man started devoureing his mouth fully, he flushed brightly with the wet sounds echoing in his mind, he swallowed involuntarily while their wet tongue rubbed around each other.

The kid felt his own member pulse between their bellies, leaving a thick string of pre-cum there, the friction was overwhelming when the doctor resumed his thrusts, aiming for his prostate. Will´s body rocked against Lecter´s stimulating the kid´s cock while trapped between them. Hannibal grinned wickedly when the brat broke the kiss to arch his back more, throwing his head back, losing it completely to the pleasure.

-“You´re practically begging me to devour you whole!”- He purred, grabbing the boy´s ass while the runt slammed more eagerly.

Will circled his hips fervently, feeling the throbbing cock grow more inside him, the veins there pulsed rhythmically, stretching his sore ass. It felt so good.

-“Such a good boy you are!”- Hannibal hummed, feeling the kid milking him impatiently.-“You´re only well behave when you’re on your uncle´s lap, aren´t you?”

Hannibal breathe into his sensitive ear, feeling the kid shiver and squeeze deliciously around his aching cock. They were so close.

-“Aren’t you?”- He repeated, smirking when the boy hid his face against his broad shoulder in embarrassment.

-“…D-Damn you…”- Will said finally, his voice breaking with the effort.

He smirked when the boy denied him the answer, his shame rushing over him again and slowly he was returning to his defiant and childish behavior.

-“There you are!”- The doctor whispered almost to himself, his grin growing darker.

The doctor wrapped his arms around Will´s legs, letting his knees rest on his elbows and forcing the kid to whined, feeling the other man lift his body and pull out. He spread his ass more as the pre-cum slid out and stained the linens. Will could feel him adjust his posture and without a warning, he dropped the runt back on his piercing cock, slamming all the way in until the wet tip hit the prostate on the way.

-“AHH”- The runt cried out at the sensation, arching his spine beautifully while he struggled to take in air.

The doctor grunted, the kid was gripping his cock frenetically, the impact was so great it knocked the living breath out of him.

-“I was worried I had to hold back any longer than this.”- He hissed, letting his animalistic instincts take over once he began to fuck him brutally.

The youngster crawled and pawed desperately on his shoulders and neck, Hannibal knew the was going to be scratches there in the morning, but he didn´t care, let them be bruised and marked, they were too far gone too go back.

-“...S-stop... You’re too big!”- Will panted, trying to lift his body up, just to have them pushed back down again.

-“Don´t start things you can´t finish… You were so ashamed and afraid last time to even think of putting me in your mouth…You whined and struggled …and now I wake to the pleasure of your mouth on me…running your tongue…and soaking it completely…I´m starting to think you want this done to you more than you like would like to admit.”- He ran his open mouth on Will´s neck, sucking the tender and abused skin.

The runt mewled, completely oblivious to the older man´s words when he felt his orgasm rush through him, the pushed himself more against the doctor´s chest, letting their sweaty bodies crush

his penis. His pulsing member jolted when he felt it rub against Hannibal´s abdomen, the muscle there clenched and relax rhythmically. He couldn´t hold it much longer, he threw his head back and comes all over their bellies, choking on a moan and shaking uncontrollably.

Hannibal can feel the rapid spasms clenching madly around him, but he doesn´t stop, he speeds his pace, hammering the boy´s prostate with quick and short thrusts. He grunts, biting the boy´s shoulder, enough to break the skin while he comes undone inside the warm core. Will could feel the thick spent drown him completely, hitting his walls with every throb.

Will hit the bed soon after, followed by Hannibal´s body as it fell on top of his, laying there, their breath uneven and shorten. Will shivered, when he felt the doctor´s cock soften still firmly nested inside, the man´s short breath hit his bruised neck, sending another wave of pleasure down his spine. The doctor was too heavy on top of him to push since he kept pushing him deeper into the bed. The runt brought his hands to the doctor´s back, caressing the muscles there, he felt the fresh scratches against his slender palm. Scratches he knew the doctor would bring up in the morning in attempt to torment him.

He swallowed soundly when his mind brought the image of the doctor chopping wood, his sweaty back to him while Will laid hiden in the woods. while his palm slid over every hard muscle, he could see it on his mind repeatedly, over and over again. It made him shiver.

Will didn´t notice the doctor´s eyes on him, ogling the runt´s face behind the blindfold while he kept exploring his strong body, completely oblivious to Hannibal´s eyes on him. The events of this night managed to surprise him truly, he thought he knew the kid by now, but he had to admit he wasn´t expecting the boy´s boldness. However, the doctor now had a very good topic to provoake the runt in the morning. Lecter smirked before closing his eyes, letting the warm touch along his back guide him into a deep sleep.

To be continued…

Firm Hand

Chapter Notes

Hello fancy people!!

Thank so much for all the love and for being around, even after 16 wonderful chapters!!

Quick notes:
-…There are no major notes today! I have to give you guys a break sometimes, especially after the last chapter.

- Another thing, I did a time map for this story and let me tell you it surprises me the character development between Hannibal and Will, especially because it only had been 10 DAYS since the first chapter!! That feels like so little time!!! I seriously thought it had been longer.

Anyway, tell me what you think. COMMENT and give me feedback. PLEASE!!!

Bye for now ;)

Chapter 16

"Firm Hand"

The morning light bashed through the window of the cottage, hitting Hannibal´s face, slowly shaking him to conscience. Laying on his belly, he grunted heavily as he faced the window, the rainy storm had passed leaving the grey sky absent of clouds, there was no wind since the trees

from the woods stood frozen and the melodic chipped of the chickadees birds embraced the cottage, it was a particularly good day. Perfect to spend outdoors.

Hannibal stretched his arms, feeling the drowsiness leave his naked body while he petted the farthest side of the bed, expecting his burning hand to meet the runt´s cold skin, but his hand never reached him. Lecter turns his head to find the bed empty, the linens were cold, suggesting a longer absence. As he looked around the room, he finds no sign of the wimpy runt, the doctor parts the linens abruptly, jumping out of bed while he crossed the room in five long steps, grabbing the door violently and he swings it open. He was hoping to find the boy working on the crops, but he wasn´t there either.

The doctor grewn impatient once he marched to the stable, he could feel the anger starting to run in his veins, he was ready to grab the axe and skin the kid alive if he didn´t find the stallion there. The cold breeze around him didn´t managed to cool him off when he entered the stable, he stop as he faced what was inside. Foxglove was laying asleep in the straw bed and next to him was the boy, leaning on the stallion´s flank and using the animal as a pillow while the stud rested its head over the brat´s lap, keeping him warm since they laid asleep. Hannibal slowly approached them, his naked feet crunched the straw while he examined the situation, stopping at the kid´s feet.

He was naked, just like the doctor left him last night. His pale skin was still damped, shining beautifully to the yellowish sunlight that managed to slip from the roof cracks. Lecter kneeled closer, placing a hand over his chin at the same time he ran his eyes over the sleeping kid, he could see the very dark bruises on his ribs marking his flesh that the men had place there before he got to the kid, he trailed his eyes further upwards, stopping at the love bites all across the runt´s neck and chest. He grinned, it was almost impossible for him to contain the urge to bruise and claim him when he hold the runt, his thin white skin was too tempting to resist that desire.

Will frown slightly, feeling the cold damped air of the stable shake him awake, opening his heavy lids he spot the doctor´s silhouette against the light coming from the entrance. He jolted, remembering he wasn´t where he was supposed to be while the other man stared at him.

-“I´m sorry…I was just making sure Foxglove was ok after my behavior last night.”- The boy blabbered nervously, his voice was hoarse.

Hannibal just stared at him, eyeing the kid petting the stallion´s mane while it snored soundly on the runt´s lap. It felt so long ago, when he last saw his playful sister asleep with the animal, much like the runt was doing now. Lecter sighed, rubbing his face, her cheerful laughter no longer echoed in the stable like before. Will stared at the kneeling doctor who faced the floor, he hasn´t spoken yet and that made him uneased to not being able to read him.

-“Did she suffer?”- The other man whispered almost silently.

The runt swallowed when he catch the true meaning behind that question. The boy knew he was asking about Misha, especially what happen after Will dragged her out of the cottage, Will was almost certain this was the first time Hannibal as ever asked him directly anything regarding his little sister. The boy could feel the anxiety growing over the pit of his stomach, clenching the muscles there, he kept playing with the stud´s hair in attempt to keep his hands busy, distracting him from the pressure.

-“No…”- Will whispered, looking at the floor, he didn´t want to see the expression on Lecter´s face once the irreversible guilt grew on him.

He could feel the other man´s stare, examining his face, trying to spot a lie. The runt was a little anxious, switching his weight and moving his bottom on the straw, he avoided his gaze while he rolled the horse´s hair on his fingers, not comfortable with the question, Hannibal confirmed he was telling the truth, but there a sense of half-truth in his voice. The doctor turned his attention to the straw again, taking a few minutes before nodding to himself before he got on his feet, stepping outside.

-"I thought you were dead!"- Will said abruptly, standing up.

The doctor stood by the entrance, his back still turned to the kid, the boy whined embarrassed when he glace over the multiple scratches along the man´s shoulders and neck, they looked worse than the first time the doctor hold him for the first time in bed. Will lowered his head down and focusing on the current subject.

-"That night…two months ago…when I left…I thought they had killed you."- The kid blabbered remembering.-"...they kept punching you…even when you were down."

The flash of memories from the incident pierced the doctor´s mind. He remembered Grutas and the others kicking the door open and waking them up while they trespassed inside and shoved their way in, threatening him before they knocked him to the floor, all of them kicking him while Grutas stood laughing and the runt grabbed Mischa shoulders by the door, stopping her from running to her brother while she cried out. He grunted in pain, sheltering his head and curled up, taking every blow but they didn´t stop, they kicked him everywhere they could reached, legs…ribs… stomach.But he didn't care, he took every punch in hope they would leave his sister alone and leave. They could steal food, money whatever scraps they could find. He just wanted her safe. But fate had a different path.

-"If I didn´t know better I would say you were worried!"- Hannibal whispered sarcastically, trying to block the pain from his mind.

The brat didn´t finished when the doctor stepped outside, crossing the yard to the barrel outside, the boy went after him, trying to catch up to the other man.

-"Look… It might seem the same to you but Grutas wasn´t always like this… he grew violent with time…I would´ve never followed him if I knew this would happen."-

-"That doesn´t change anything, does it runt?"- The doctor whispered.

Will know he couldn´t make the doctor see his point of view. When the gang had took him in they weren´t violent like the villagers remembered. They were no more than petty thieves, they were mischievous yes, antagonizing the king´s guards and stealing a few trinkets. But he never predicted Grutas would grow more sadistic over the years to the point of leading them into a path of murder.

The doctor stop in front of the oak barrel, looking inside he could see the low level of water dance steady in the bottom, his reflection staring back at him. With all that happen last night he forgot to push the barrel to fill it with rain, he needed to refill it soon. He reached inside, grabbing the wooden bowl floating there, he dipped in the freezing water before bringing it to his shoulders as he let the water slide down his back.

-"I couldn´t let your sister witness your death!"- Will whispered.

Will placed his hands on the barrel, leaning his naked body while he watched the man bath, the doctor scrubbed his skin while the other pour the water trailed his body, glowing with the morning light. Will frowned seeing the man ignore his excuse. The runt cross his arm over the barrel when the other man went to refill the bowl, making him face the boy.

-“You have to understand, if I hadn´t taken her out of there Grutas would have harm her in the most barbaric way he could think of.”- Will whispered looking at his hand, too mortify to stare into Hannibal´s face.

-“So you choose to run away and *kill* her then?”- Hannibal confronted him, but the runt said nothing.- "I really can´t figure you out! You put yourself at risk to save that boy in the brothel, to save me from Matthew and Verger yet you harmed a child!"

Will lowered his head, feeling his eyes wet with a few tears before the other man grabbed his chin to face him.

-"For everything I´ve seen in you until today. I never saw a killer! That is not who you are."- He examined the boy´s face, as if he had missed something.-"Yet her death is on your hands. How?"

It was true, that night he held Misha in place while his companions brutalized the doctor. She screamed and struggled in his grasp while they both watch terrified. Will remembered Grutas piercing him with his gaze, speaking directly at him. - *Get rid of her!* - The leader had ordered of him, everyone heard his command, he was positive the doctor had too. Will swallowed loudly as he recalled the brute leader clench his fist violently around the boy´s shoulder, urging him to kill her. He remember seeing the gore and wickedness in Grutas eyes. It was mortifying! He knew he didn´t had a choice. He grabbed the screaming kid and ran outside, running back to the woods and he swore he could hear the doctor scream at him when he ran outside.

The runt switched his eyes to the first line of trees, eyeing the path he took, climbing it desperately with Misha bashing her little fists against him, cursing at him but he ignored her and kept running.

-“I know it doesn´t excuse what I did to you…”- Will whined ashamed. -“But I´m sorry.”

Hannibal lifted his finger to the boy´s chin again.

-“Are you looking for my approval?”-The doctor smirked.

-“N-No! It´s not that…”

-“My forgiveness then!”- He wondered, leaning his head closer to him.

-“I-I just want you to understand my reasons for doing what I did!”- Will blabbered.

Hannibal removed the runt´s arm blocking the barrel, letting it rest on his, holding the kid in place.

-“Do you care how I perceive you? Do you feel the need to please me?”- Hannibal lowered his head to level it with the kid when he choose not to answer.

He dipped the bowl again still holding the boy´s wrist and threw the freezing water over the kid´s front, making him recoil and cursed while the doctor kept him in place with the firm grip.

-“W-What are you doing?”- Will covered his face with his free arm while the man kept throwing water at him.

The doctor let go of him, bringing his hands to the boy´s hair, pushing it back, he examined his flushed face with the big bright eyes. The runt´s jaw was bruised, he caressed his thumb over the jaw line lightly. Hannibal grinned slightly, a move that Will could have missed if he wasn´t looking directly at the man´s mouth unconsciously.

-“Go get Foxglove! I will find a way for you to compensate me. ”- He finished, showing his teeth.

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The clear sky embraced the dense pines around the widen pond, painting the snowy leaves with a gold layer of light, the low wind blew a few thin layers of snow and cold steam over the icy surface. Foxglove shook his large torso, feeling uncomfortable with the stripes of the wooden cart attached to its flank. He brought his long snout to the leather strings, biting the rough fabric and trying to ease his discomfort while the doctor took the axe and cross-bow, grabbing two of the empty buckets on the cart.

Will could see far as the frozen pond extended and the icy layer seemed to be thick enough to walk across. The runt placed a foot there, tapping it slightly, it was firm with no warning cracks underneath. He walked more into the pond, jumping in place to see it´s durability before he felt a hand on his cloak pushing him back abruptly.

-“Do you have a death wish?!”- The doctor growled at him, scolding his reckless behavior.

-“I w-was just testing the ice!”- The runt blabbered, trying to get his footing since the doctor kept pulling his cloak.

-“The ice is the least of our problems! Out there we are out on the open! We have to be on the lookout for bandits!”- The doctor looked at the boy´s eyes when they widen with the realization.

It was common for outlaws to ambush and prey on the villagers, waiting for them to walk to the wide pond and rob their belongings. On the worse scenario they would corner them in the middle and slip their throats before robbing them, leaving their bodies rotting on the ice for someone else to find. They were like sitting ducks out there. Hannibal always felt uneased leaving the stud behind in the woods afraid someone might take him so he made sure the stallion was hidden from view before he grabbed the cross-bow and old axe.

-“Stay there!”- Hannibal ordered as he stepped on the ice.

The doctor walked slowly, feeling the snow crunch under his boots, he switch his attention to the woods, the trees kept there steadiness, the crows hidden there sang far away but none flew to the open sky in alarm. Good! Hannibal walked a little further before turning to the runt, beckoning his finger as he sign for him to come. Will removed his cloak, letting it rest on the cart before grabbing the buckets on the open cart, the wooden stakes inside jingled with the harsh motion. Lecter glanced at him while he crossed the ice before the doctor turned and kept walking with the boy by his side.

-“Aren´t you cold?”- The man asked, noticing the kid´s exposed torso with only the billowy chemise.

-“There´s no wind and the temperature is not that cold.”- Will smiled, bouncing the wooden buckets by his side.

Hannibal sneaked his gaze to the boy´s neck, noticing the love bites there still fresh on top of the ones he placed there previously. He trailed his eyes lower, resting them on the long chemise, spotting the black colored bruises over his ribs.

-“Do you want to talk about it?”- The doctor offered, looking ahead.

-“No.”- Will answered quickly, not wanting to prolong the conversation any longer.

-“I meant about us!”- Hannibal smirked slightly, seeing the runt grip the bucket more strongly. -“Do you want to talk about what happen between us last night?”

-“Nothing happened…”-The boy whispered, looking down.-“I was disoriented and needed to get rid of all that adrenaline. That´s all!”

The doctor let out a breathy laugh at the runt´s comment, making him more unconfortable.

-“I´m not saying I disapprove of your behavior. On the contrary! I enjoyed myself greatly seing you take the lead.”- The doctor petted his head, annoying the kid.-“There´s no greater feeling than to know your little runt desires your body to the point of desperation.”

It was so quiet, there was no ruffling of the trees, no roads around them. Hannibal dropped the cross-bow on the ice once they reached the middle of the pond, he picked one of the stakes on the bucket, taking a moment to examine the icy surface.

-“Kid! Grab the stake upright!”- Hannibal ordered, grabbing the axe with both hands.

The boy kneeled down and placed the pointy tip in the ice, straightening it up before the doctor brought the axe down, connecting the handle violently with the stake. Will yelpped, feeling the wooden object pierce the thick ice, sinking down while the other man hammered it down making the ice crack around it.

-“Try not to hit my head!”- The runt felt the wind of the motion hit his face almost too close for confort.

-“We wouldn´t be missing much if I did!”- Hannibal purred at the dark expression the kid threw at him.

The doctor walked a few steps away, ordering the runt to place another stake there and hammered it down too, piercing the surface. Will hold it steady eyeing the other stake they just buried.

-“Why don´t you just open a hole with the axe?”- The boy asked puzzled when the man kept bringing the axe down on the stake.

-“I plan to!”- Lecter panted switching his attention to the kid.-"After I break the main resistance."

-“Instead of wasting your strength axing it down until the hole is big enough…you pierce the stakes in a square.”- He pointed at the three stakes distributed in the ice, forming a perfect square before

they placed the last one, hammering it down.

-“Then when you bring the axe into the middle…”- The doctor gripped it firmly and brought it down to the center.

The ice cracked in two long strikes, the web strings spread to the stakes, breaking under and forming a perfect square.

-“It breaks with no resistance!”- Lecter finished satisfied with the amazed expression on the kid´s face.

Will braced himself on his hands and knees looking at the black water, it was so silence and quiet, it seemed to call him under. The doctor brought the bucket under and pushed it up, the boy helped gripping the thick rope handle to help bring it to the surface.

-“It´s ridiculous to go through all this trouble to fetch water when it rained so much last night!”- Will nag, occasionally bumping into the doctor with the heaviness of the water.

-“Quit whining! If you hadn´t jump my bones last night I would´ve remember to place the barrel where the rain could reach it!”- The other man grunted with a smirk.

-“So this is my fault!? ”- Will wobbled, losing his balance.

-“Always!”- Hannibal grinned, wrapping his arm around the boy´s waist, steading him when his heavy coat entwined with the runt´s legs.

They placed the other buckets in, filling them all, one by one. It would be a pain to carry them back to Foxglove but they didn´t had another choice. Lecter stopped to clean the sweat running down his face while the runt took a glance at him, submerging another bucket.

-“Taking a break already, old man?”- Will mocked, raising a brow.-“Getting old is a curse, isn´t it?”

-“Keep that up and you won´t find out!”-The doctor smirked, glancing at the working kid.

Will laugh it off, rearranging the bucket to the side before bringing another under, he pushed it carefully, seeing the water circle around the bottom while it splashed a little against his trousers. He yelped, releasing the rope handle when he felt the doctor place a hand over his bottom, groping him.

-“What the hell are you doing?”- The brat faced the wicked man, slapping his hand away.

-“I need to fatten you up!”- The man provoaked.

Will placed both his hands over his ass, sheltering it at the same time he stared at the man with a very confused expression, waiting for him to explain himself once Hannibal leaned closser to him.

-“You’re too scrawny! It´s becoming a problem to slam into you every time I fuck you!”- He smirked seeing the runt blushed profoundly. - “I´m always afraid your hips are going to pierce me one day.”

-“N-No one forces you too!”- Will blabbered embarrassed.

-“Right! Still I want you to get a little more flesh on you. Its easier to hold you that way.”- Hannibal laugh when the kid grabbed a bucket and tried to empty it on him.

The doctor dodge every splash of water the runt threw at him, not even moving that much. He laughed, the kid wiggled while he tried to balance the heavy bucket. It didn´t last long after the kid felt, panting heavily from the effort, the doctor approached him kneeling in front of the runt.

-“Are we done already?”- Lecter mocked at the tired kid.-“Guess your youth isn´t worth that much either.”

The doctor looked over his shoulder, spotting something.

-“Look over there!”- Hannibal whispered to the boy.

Will looked behind him, seeing a deer close by, a whitetail deer doe. She managed to approach them unnoticed while she moved around them nervous, probably thirsty since all the rivers and ponds had frozen for the winter. It was difficult for a graceful creature like this one to get water around here. They stayed crotched down and quiet, trying to assure the animal that their had no ill intentions. She was beautiful, her fur glowed in the golden sun light while her big dark eyes sparkle, reflecting them as she approached. Hannibal stared at Will, his childish face brighten up since he admired the deer, and much like that time with the stag the runt seemed to lose his connection with reality. Lecter hummed, the boy really was as simple as a child. He tapped the boy ´s shoulder, signaling for him to stay still once the animal moved behind him, licking the spilled water on the ice. The boy turned his head slowly, looking at her swollen belly, he smiled back at the doctor who kept admiring his cheerful expression since they noticed she was caring a baby fawn even though it was still too early.

Lecter jolted suddenly when a cold shiver trailed down his spine, he felt uneased somehow, much like the same bad feeling that invaded him yesterday when he discovered the runt next door about to be raped, however now it seemed more profound, more dangerous, more threatening. But he couldn´t say what it was and the kid didn’t seemed to notice his altered state either.

Suddenly, an arrow clashed against the ice, making the doe ran away back to the woods, frighten while Hannibal and Will stared at the arrow, clearly knowing it was met for the deer and not for them. They both turned to see two men by the first line of trees, stepping on the ice. Hannibal put the possibility of them being hunters since their body language suggested they didn´t even noticed the doctor and kid before the doe ran off, exposing them to the two suspicious men.

-“Who is that?”- Will asked turning to the doctor, looking for a reaction to see if it was a threat to them.

Will felt confused when he examined the doctor, Hannibal wasn’t showing any sign of anger, however it was clear to the boy he was on full alert. They examined them as they approached, looking for any sign of hostility, their warned out rags excluded the possibility of belonging to the military or nobility, and whoever they were there was a sense of conflict to their moves. The man ahead kept a superior and confident posture, while the other one caring a long bow had a more anxious attitude. They seemed familiar but Will couldn’t spot from where.

He turned to the doctor and gasped when he saw him again, Hannibal´s face grew darker and cold, his eyes were on full alert, stabbing the two men in place. He was alarmed by the doctor´s behavior since he didn´t know what had put Hannibal on fight mode. Lecter got up, grabbing his axe in hand more firmly while he circled the boy, walking to them. Will got to his feet when he saw the man

step forward. He looked further into the men´s faces and that's when he recognized them... Grutas and Dortlich stood there, the two remaining members of what was left of his pack.

-"Well I have to admit you fuckers have balls coming back here! – Hannibal howled, gripping the axe more fiercely.

The two man stopped abruptly when they recognized the doctor, they exchanged looks trying to come up with an explanation for this encounter.

-"Where´s Kolnas?"- Grutas hissed, remembering they ditched the pit while the doctor was still fighting him.

-"Let´s just say whatever conflict we had, we managed bury the hatchet... "- Hannibal answered maliciously.-"…In his skull."

The doctor smirked when the outlaws turned paled with the confession and then red with rage afterwards. Will felt unease, they were suppose to head to the hideout for the winter and they disappear from there. Why were they here? They posed a direct threat to his plans.

-"Grutas…"-Will called to the leader, trying to explain as he walks to him.

However, Lecter stopped him on his tracks, reaching his arm and placing it in front of the boy´s torso. Will looks up at him, but as he sees the doctor he doesn´t see the death glace he saw last time he confronted the leader, the boy could see he was trying his best to stay in control, not wanting Will to be involve if he choose to kill them. As he turns back to them, Will can see the expression of surprise on his features, looking him up and down as if they hadn´t figured out until now who he was.

-"Why are you here with him?"- Grutas hissed, seeing the boy´s betrayal as weakness. - "COME HERE!"

Hannibal switched his attention to the runt´s face, he was clearly puzzled, not knowing what to do. He grinned, it was a pleasure to see the boy lower his head, knowing perfectly well who he belonged to.

-"He seems to understand his position better than you, Grutas."- The doctor hissed wickedly at the enraged expression on the leader´s face.

Hannibal grabbed Will´s arm, pushing the confused brat against his chest while the boy stumbled on his own feet, his hand grabbed the linen chemise and unlaced it with a violent gesture to reveal the runt´s chest along with the love bites, forcing the men to understand the position Will was in perfectly.

-"S-Stop, Hannibal!"- Will struggled in his grasp, ashamed of the doctor´s behavior.

Hannibal put the runt on display, determinant to make the two men acknowledge the marks of ownership all over Will´s skin assuring the outlaws they would not take Will with them. He exposed him shamefully, claiming him completely like an enraged Alpha stag taking his doe as the other rivals harts witness.

-"Do you understand now?"- The man hissed behind the kid.

-“You little whore!”- Dortlich insult him, speaking finally.-“No wonder he never touched any of the wenches we drag to the fields! You couldn´t wait to have a dick on you, you little shit!”

Hannibal could see the runt shaking with his companions´s accusation. In a way the doctor knew the only source of approval and acceptance to Will was this path of outlaws. It was no surprise to Lecter that the vile words coming out of their mouth upset him completely. Turning back to the bandits, he could see the anger rush in their veins, if he wasn't there they would´ve taken the chance and killed the runt. But he there, he would not allow any harm to came to the boy.

-“We have been starving for days, looking for scraps and you’re here! Whoreing yourself to him and wiggling your ass to the damn fucker who killed two of our own!”- Grutas hissed, furious lifting his rock hammer.-" You should have curled up and died! It should be you on that pit! Not them!"

Hannibal stepped in front of the runt, blocking the ugly words before lifting his axe in a threat, ready to aim at the outlaws when he spot the fear and uncertainty in the men´s eyes, making them aim their weapons too. They might be outlaws but they were cowards, brutes who only fought if their opponent was oblivious to their presence and outnumbered, the old stab in the back. Hannibal knew they were no match for him, and they knew it to. They weren´t ready to die and considering how pathetically Doutlich handle the bow, the doctor knew it wouldn´t be much of a fight either. However Hannibal wouldn´t let them walk away alive, not after what they did to him and Misha.

-“Runt!”- Hannibal whispered, piercing the men in place.-“Grab the cross-bow and aim at Doutlich!”

-“W-What?...”- The boy blabbered silently.

-“I want you to kill him.”- The doctor ordered, seeing the outlaw shake.-"But don´t touch Grutas. He is mine to kill!"

-“This is all your fault!”- Grutas growled at the boy, still frozen in place.

Will stood paralyzed as he saw the three men ready to fight each other. He knew the doctor was going to lose it and tortured them before he deliver the final blow. He didn´t want this, he didn´t want Lecter to turn into a murderer, their indictment was already heavy enough and murder would certainly send the doctor to the gallows. Will could still safe him. This was wrong.

Hannibal saw the runt take action once he ran to grab his cross-bow, ready to fight with him. Good boy. Lecter grinned stepping forward, axe raise and ready while he enjoyed how the bandits backed up in fear.

-“HANNIBAL!”- Will called out.

The runt stood with the cross-bow firmly placed in his hands, the tail resting on his shoulder and the short arrow pointed at him. Hannibal stood still, confused while the boy kept the point crescent arrow head pointed at him while the two outlaws relaxed at the turn of events.

-“What the hell are you doing, runt?”- Hannibal hissed low.

-“I´m sorry Hannibal.”- Will whispered, shaking his head.-“… I can´t let you do that.”

The kid stood his ground, opening his legs more, not used to the weight of the weapon while the men faced him, their minds rush over while they were still trying to understand the situation. They wouldn´t understand, he couldn´t allow Lecter to decent into a life of crime. That´s not what Misha wanted for her brother. Will knew this was all his fault but he would gave his life to save Hannibal. That's what he owned him. It was the right thing to do.

-"...Drop the axe, Hannibal..."- Will whispered to him, his voice broke with the pressure.-"…. Please..."

Lecter stood still, eyeing the runt with a piercing gaze, making him shiver in place, however the kid didn´t lower the cross-bow. He lifted the axe, eyeing the sharp blade before smirking and throwing the weapon away. He turned to the runt, waiting for his next move.

-"Get out of here, Grutas!"- Will ordered, still aiming at the doctor. –"The king´s guards are looking for you. Go up north and avoid the roads. They are on the look out there."

Will spoke his words firmly with authority, however the three men kept still, confused at the kid´s order, Will knew the longer they stayed the more likely Hannibal could push him aside and butcher them.

-"GET OUT!"- He screamed, the howl was enough to shake them into action as it vibrated across the wide pond.

-"Don´t bother to return! "- Grutas hissed as they backed up, eyeing the doctor as if he was still a threat to them.

They stood there, watching the two bandits cross the ice and return to the woods. It felt like forever. Will finally lower the weapon, assuring the man he wasn´t a threat while he loosen the thick cord of the war bow, exhaling loudly with the tension in his muscles before locking his eyes with Hannibal. He knew what he did was unforgivable and he had to face it sooner or later. There would be severe consequences for his behavior. He knew that but he couldn´t tell him that, it was to early.

Lecter walked to him, stopping in front of him while they faced each other. His face was cold and impenetrable and he was clearly not happy that his audacity. Will felt uncomfortable with the intense gaze, looking right through him before Hannibal nodded in disappointment, taking the crossbow from his hands and walked away.

He jolted when he heard the doctor whistle, calling out to the stallion, he could see Foxglove cross the ice and the wooden cart squeaking once the stud walked to them, his ears pointing back and forth while it spotted for danger. The doctor signaled for the runt to help him with the buckets, Will could still feel his legs shake while he pushed the wooden containers onto the cart, next to the axe and stakes. He sat on the edge of the cart, resting his shivering legs when he felt his heavy cloak on his shoulders, warming his worn out body since the other man had thrown on him. Staring up, he saw the doctor circle the heavy cart to Foxglove, he pet the horse´s neck before mounting him, flicking the reins and setting the animal into motion.

The runt gasped, grabbing the edges of the cart to steady his body when the man didn´t give him any warning, he crawled further behind and rested his back against the wooden boards, feeling them smash against his shoulders with the horse´s trot. Glancing up he could see Hannibal´s back as they ride along, his shoulders were too tense and his posture wasn´t relax as usual. They didn´t speak for the duration of the journey however Will knew he was disappointed, and much for Will´s sake that wasn´t good.

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Hannibal grabbed the bucket, empting it on the barrel while he distributed the water over the barrel and the horse´s trough outside. As the doctor finished, he walked to the runt who was piling the stakes against the lodge walls. Will could see the shadow of the doctor approaching him, he turned back to face him but he didn´t had time to react when the doctor grabbed him by the arm, dragging him backwards across the yard. The runt stumbled on his feet, his other hand grabbed the doctor´s coat, trying to steady himself. Hannibal stop once they reached the front of the cottage, with a firm grip he opened the door and pushed the runt inside.

-"What are you doing?"- Will asked nervously, seeing the man closing the door and bolt it shut.

Hannibal took off his coat throwing it on the table, he roll up his sleeves while he walked to the bed. Will stood still eyeing him once he sat on the sheets, hearing the wooden frame squeak violently, he brought his hand to the collar of his chemise, unbuttoning the three woolen buttons.

-"Take off your trousers and come here!"- Hannibal ordered, spreading his legs to steady himself.

Will didn´t move, he stood still eyeing the doctor in hope he would change his mind off whatever he was planning on doing, but he didn´t. Hannibal just stared at him, urging him to comply, Will bit his lip as he began to unlace the straps from his trousers, pulling the rough fabric down before he stepped out of them and walked to the doctor. Hannibal grabbed his arm and bend him over his knee, stopping him from rising with a hand on his shoulders, making the runt feel uneased by the position.

-"I tried every punishment I could to address your disobedience towards me."- The doctor stated, lifting the boy´s chemise up.- "You have been neglected all your life when your mother failed to discipline you when you were growing up and correct your mischievous behavior."

The boy gasped when the cold air hit his bare bottom, he clenched his fists against the man´s trousers when the shame of being exposed crashed down to him.

-"Instead she beaten you unconscious, never praising you or punish you for the right reason. You never had a good role model in your life or a male figure to teach you how to obey. Pain and violence it's all you have ever known, so it wouldn´t matter which physical punishment I choose for you…It will never get through.

-"S-stop! What are you doing?"- Will whispered, feeling the doctor switch in the bed to accommodate him.

-"So I will try a different approach."- Hannibal said softly.

The runt cried out, when the doctor´s palm hit his bottom hard, making him jerk forwards.

-"S-stop, you pig!"- He screamed at the stinging pain on his left cheek.

-"I´m not angry at you kid!"- Lecter lifted his hand higher, slapping the wimpy runt again and again. - "It´s my fault too! As your master I failed to create the right environment for you to

succeed".

The boy wiggled under his hands, trying desperately to crawl away from his lap, but the doctor didn´t allow it. He grip the brat´s waist and pulled him again on his lap, pinning his head down with a firm grip on the back of his neck before he resumed his rough treatment.

-"It h-hurts!"- Will whined, he felt his bottom getting warmer with each blow.

-"The pain is there to remind you to discourage your actions in the future and help you reflect on what you did today. This is your penalty and you will agree to the consequences of your decisions!"-

-"You bastard…"- The kid sobbed, biting the doctor´s thigh to escape the pain.

Hannibal spanked him firmly and with a consistent rhythm, he set the tone and pace, guiding the kid with his soft voice but pinning him to reality with the pain and his firm hand. He could hear the boy sob and tremble with the pain and humiliation, Lecter knew he was trying to act tough, blocking his feelings.

-"Talk to me, runt! Communication is important for this therapy to work. It´s not about the pain. Let go of trying to be in charge. Stop trying to lead and follow! Express your emotions to me and let your vulnerability show."-

Hannibal slipped his hand between Will´s thighs, making him whine when he laced his hand around the boy´s leg, pushing him more against his torso when the brat was almost sliding off. Will shivered visibly, anxious of the touch when he anticipated the hand on his lower region. But that was not the doctor´s intention, he switched his attention to the boy´s ass again, however Hannibal aimed his feverish palm at the center, smashing the runt fully and hitting both his cheeks.

-"OH!"- Will cried out, the vibration from the slap traveled inside hitting his prostate.

Will covered his mouth firmly, the cry that ripped out wasn´t of pain, he was aroused. He felt the doctor´s thighs tense underneath him with the boy´s moan. Will was mortified with shame, pawing at the fabric of his trousers to get away from there. The man above him hit him again, making the boy mewled and arched his back with the change of angle and leaving his hunched position. Hannibal kept his hand on the runt´s neck, occasionally rubbing his thumb on the slender skin. He could feel the kid´s breath change and the unmistakable erection starting to grow trapped between them. Lecter purred, the kid was enjoying it!

-"Have we learned the lesson?"- He grinned while he ogled the responsive kid underneath.

The kid´s sobs and pants echoed around the room once the doctor brought his hand down, the silver hair shook with every blow, covering his eyes when it cascaded down. Looking down, he could see the boy´s bright ass cheeks, the angry red shade claimed his pure white bottom along with a thick layer of sweat that covered the runt´s skin. He brought his hand down hard again, seeing the drops of sweat trail down his ass while the kid cried out, his aching penis fully hard against the doctor´s thigh, wetting his pants with the pre-cum.

Hannibal changed his pace, turning the constant rhythm into an uncertain one, forcing the kid to guess. He petted his bruised ass, confusing the runt, mixing a few soft rubs, letting his fingers trail the rosy skin, gripping him slightly just to change into sharps swats.

-“...P-Please stop.”- Will begged weakly.

Hannibal slapped him again, sending a shiver down Will´s spine when the doctor hit his sweet spot again. Will felt his saliva drool down his chin while he panted. He could feel his bottom hot, the warm wave traveling all the way to his lower regions and stopping at his drooling cock. He pushed his ass back, raising it more to receive the smacks, spreading his legs to steady himself and expose more of his sensitive areas to Hannibal. He hid his face, ashamed that he looked like a cat in heat with his arched back and mewling at the pleasurable feeling.

-“You´re enjoying this greatly, aren´t you?”- Hannibal hummed.

He let go of Will´s neck, pushing the kid´s chemise up more before he trailed his fingers along his spine, making the runt whine before he passed his sensitive sacrum, stopping at his entrance and circling it. Lecter licked his lips when he felt the boy rub his penis against his pants, trying desperately to create the blissful friction.

-“What a cunning boy you are!”- Lecter whispered to him before he pushed his finger in.

Will cried out when the doctor aimed for his prostate, rubbing it firmly. The doctor could feel the kid wiggle and whine on his lap, he lowered his head, resting his forehead on the boy´s ribs, making the runt feel trapped when the doctor´s shoulders sank him down. Will mewled uncontrollably as the other man stimulated him non-stop and the doctor´s breath tickle the naked skin of his sweaty back. He was losing his mind.

-“I can feel your body clench down against me!”- The older man purred, pressing his prostate more. - “You’re so eager for me!”

Will crawled and scratched Lecter´s thighs, pushing his hips against the doctor’s hand one last time before he came undone all over his pants with a piercing cry. They stayed there as they were for a while, the runt tried to get up but the doctor didn´t allowed it. He kept his torso on the boy´s back. Will couldn´t understand why, it felt like the doctor didn´t want it to face him.

-"Why did you do it?"- Hannibal questioned.-"Why didn´t you let me kill them?"

He couldn´t accept the fact that this kid still wanted to follow Grutas, he couldn´t understand why he would choose to run back to the woods and keep persuing his life as a criminal. Here he had two meals a day and a warm bed. Wasn´t that enough for him? He kept burring his face on the runt´s back until he felt he kid´s hand on his.

-"...I-Im sorry...but I couldn´t let your rage turn you into a murder..."- He whispered, trying to find the right words carefully.-"Please be patient...it will pass...unleash your rage on me but don´t follow this path of revenge...please... Misha wouldn't want that."

Will stood still while he waited anxiously for the man to react to his words, he would feel older man tremble trying not to feel lost when the kid tried to rob him of the only thing that kept him breathing these last two months, his vengeance. The runt lifted a shaky arm to the doctor´s shoulder, pulling the chemise and letting the doctor crush his body more against his own when he started to cry, not knowing what to do anymore.

To be continued…

Trickster Remedy

Chapter Notes

Hello my pretties!!

I´m so sorry for the late update, I just realize I was taking too long to write and, to my surprise, I realized I was writing almost two chapters. So had to breake it in two. I know the last chapter wasn´t surprising for some of you so I hope this and the next chapter will make you happy :)

Quick Notes!

- This chapter his slightly obscene (and believe me the next one will probably burn you!) ;)

Thank so much for taking a chance with this story and still being around. Once again your feedback and comments keeps me alive so don't be shy!!
Thank you so much!! PLEASE COMMENT and ask question. I love to hear from you guys!!

Bye for now ;)

Chapter 17

“Trickster´s Remedy”

Will sneezed while he rubbed the thick wet fabric, the boy submerged the doctor´s pants again, wiggling them inside the short wooden bucket while he tried to clean his own cum from the doctor ´s pants after spanking he receaved minutes ago. It was humiliating! He crotched down, avoiding

resting his sore ass on any surface still in pain from the morning spanking, although Will didn´t complain afterwards he knew the other man was holding back and that he could do much worse. He plunged the piece of clothing, rubbing the soap fiercely and scrubbed repeatedly until his hands burned with the friction and the linen fabric was beginning to tear with the rough washing. The iron straps around the medium sized bucket squeaked with the force of the bubbly water while the runt drowned the cloth before bringing it up to examine the stain.

-"You keep that up and I will scrub that cloth against your back until you bleed!""- Hannibal hummed, witnessing the rough treatment the kid was putting his clothes through.

Will frown at the comment, piercing the man in place as the doctor lift the axe, cutting the chunk of wood. The damped chemise laid open, exposing his neck and chest while it glued to the doctor´s torso, exposing the tanned skin underneath with the sweat while he brought the sharp tool down, the impact echoing around the cottage grounds, all the way to the woods.

-"I´m missing the part where you think I care if I ruin your property!"- Will twisted the linen roughly, locking eyes with Lecter before picking the washing battledore.

-"You will care if I make you walk around naked."- The man challenged, seeing the boy beat the cloth violently with the wooden paddle. - "Or would you prefer to wear the nightgown from our first night?"

Will blushed brightly with the forceful memory when the doctor hold him for the first time in his bed. It had been shameful! His body shivered, remembering the man unfastening the buttons of the garment on him.

-"One more word and I´ll beat the wickedness out of you!"- The runt warned, pointing the wooden paddle at him.-"And don´t think I´ll spare you just because you're old!"

Hannibal grinned at the boy´s frustrations, he started to unbutton his chemise before pulling the soaked cloth away from his body and threw it over the runt´s head, making the rascal yelp and struggled to get it off him.

-"You can clean that too while you're at it if you have that much energy to spend."- The doctor enjoyed seeing the boy blushed vividly, picking it up and throwing it to the field and away from them before he confronted him.

-"If you're so worried with your damn clothes, we can swap chores and I will do the heavy work for once!"- Will snorted, eyeing the shirtless doctor across the yard, his chest glowing brightly with the sweat.

-"And let a runt try to do a man´s job?"- Lecter laugh, placing another chunk of wood in the middle, aiming his axe before he brought it down hard.

-"I don´t think so!"- He assured him, provoking the kid when he threw the chopped piece to the pile while he ogled the boy.

-"I like it better when you´re *watching me!*"- The doctor purred maliciously as he let the obvious reference hit the kid square in the face.

Will stared at the doctor while he picked another piece, placing it upwards on the stump. Will stood up, leaving the trousers floating in the bucket before he walked to the doctor. The boy grabbed the

axe handle, taking it away from him.

-“Move!”- Will pushed Hannibal out of the way. - “Before you get a cramp, old man.”

Lecter smirked at the runt´s audacity when he picked the axe, steading himself. The dark long handle of the *Dane axe* felt foreign to his slender hands, the tool was too heavy to be handled, however as Will observed, the doctor didn´t seem to be bothered by its weight. He gripped the handle more firmly, changing the position of his hands multiple times before he found a comfortable balance.

-“Maybe you would like the lighter axe I have in the lodge.”- The doctor grin, crossing his arms while he observed the prideful kid.

The brat lifted the tool until the metal touch his back, stumbling backwards when he felt the heavy axe head pull him rearwards. He exhale and with a powerful swing, he brought the tool down, hitting the middle of the thick wood, but despite all the force he put into the blow the chunk didn´t break. Will could feel Hannibal´s eyes on him, waiting for him to admit defeat. Unlikely! It would be a freezing day in hell before he would give up before this man. The runt let out a groan, clearing his throat before he dislocate the blade from the wood, lifting it up and swinging it down again to the middle. The boy lost his balance with the weight, stumbling backwards and again the chunk stood intact.

-“You lack agility and technique!”- Lecter pointed out, seeing the rascal worn out with so little.-“That log will never break if you use brutal force.”

The little rascal ignored him, rubbing his nose and facing the devilish wood, gripping the axe more strongly. Hannibal placed a hand over his mouth, scratching his chin while he ogle the determinant boy, he saw the kid pull the axe and aim it again, doing exactly the same mistakes as before, and again the log didn´t split. If it depend on the runt, they would be here all day trying to chop one piece of wood unsuccessfully.

-“Stop!”- The doctor instructed, going behind the runt and placing his hands on his shoulders.

The boy frown, clearly not approving of his interference. Hannibal kicked his feet apart, making Will yelp when the doctor kept his leg between his thighs, preventing Will from closing them.

-“Keep your legs apart!”- The doctor corrected before placing a hand on Will´s waist and shoulder.-“Stability is important when you hit otherwise you will fall.”

The boy tensed, seeing the doctor´s naked torso by the corner of his eye, the warmth of his body hit his back, making him shiver with the difference of temperature. He gasped, feeling the man´s thigh rub against him, dangerously close to his cock.

-“Lower your waist and steady yourself!”- Hannibal pressed the runt´s back, bending him forwards.

-“Y-You bastard!”- The kid whispered angry at the doctor´s mockery. - “You’re enjoying this!”

-“**Focus!**”- Hannibal ordered firmly, sliding his hand further down, squeezing his hips once.

The kid whined, feeling his spine arch while the other man curved his body behind him. He could feel his sore ass hit the man´s upper thigh, his leg still dominantly between his. The doctor adjusted his posture, bringing the runt´s body flushed against his chest, feeling the boy´s heartbeat speeding.

-“Aim to the extremities of the chunk.”- Hannibal pressed his chest to the runt´s back.-“It´s where the weak spot lays!”

He trailed his palms over Will´s arms, back and forwards while the boy aimed the sharp axe to the edges of the chunk, he gripped the handle more firmly, feeling the goosebumps erupt every time Hannibal caressed his skin, squeezing his shoulders and making him pull the axe up all the way behind while his arms reached back, trapping Lecter´s head, almost hugging him.

-“Lean your head to the side when you pull the axe back…”- Lecter whispered into his ear, grabbing the runt´s head to the side.

Will could feel his legs wobble, losing their strength when his ass sank more into Lecter´s thigh, brushing his testicles and the heat of the doctor´s muscles trailed all the way to his spine. The doctor groaned at the vision before him, the runt was practically resting on his lap, he contracted his thigh muscles each time he felt the kid adjust his posture on top of his leg and his bottom rubbed against him, too close to his cock. Hannibal saw the boy´s bright cheeks as he stood behind him, caressing the runt´s hair and pulling it behind his flushed ear. The gesture exposed his neck to his eyes and shorten the distance of the white skin with his mouth dangerously.

-“Now release it!”- Lecter whispered into the runt´s shoulder.

Will obeyed, letting the blade fall and hit the chunk of wood with velocity, finally slipping it in two even pieces. He could see the runt´s eyes sparkle with the achievement and eager to try it again.

-“Good boy!”- He rewarded, petting the kid´s head and brushing his lips against the bony shoulder.-“You do learn a lot more with your body than you do with just words.”

-“Damn you, old man! Let me go already!”- Will stepped on the doctor´s foot while he gripped his axe more against his chest.

-“Was it what you expected up close?”- Hannibal hummed in his ear, grabbing the axe, cornering the boy in between.

Will almost felt his feet lift from the soil when the doctor pushed the tool more firmly against his chest, hugging him from behind. Will turned his eyes to the side, facing the doctor while he waited for the explanation.

-“My body when I was chopping wood!”- Lecter purred, biting the runt´s ear.-“Did it pleased you?”

Will´s eyes widen with shame, caught off guard at the question, he could hear his heart pound violently against his chest.

-“HARDLY!”- Will tried to wiggle himself, not having much space to move.-“You’re all wrinkled and aged! There is nothing pleasant to look at!”

They heard a horse gallop entering the property not very far from them. Hannibal recognized the village messenger when he approached, waving to him to signal their presence.

-“Doctor Lecter!”-The messenger panted, retrieving a letter from his heavy coat.-“Brauner asked me to deliver you this letter. He wants you at Court!”

Hannibal grabbed the small piece of paper firmly sealed with Brauner´s coat of arms stamped in the solid wax. The doctor looked at the runt, who understood the urgency immediately and ran to the stable to prepare the tired stallion. Will guided Foxglove outside, pulling him by the reins before they stopped in front of the doctor, he was unbuttoning his coat and arranging his riding gloves, ready to step on the saddle. Will placed his hands on the pommel and cantle, hosting himself up on the seat, however Lecter grabbed him by the waist, lifting him up in the air and off the horse as if he weight nothing.

-"Where do you think you're going?"- Hannibal hummed, placing the kid on the floor.

-"W-What do you mean?"- The boy blabbered, turning to the doctor to face him.-"I´m going with you!"

-"You're staying behind! The Court is no place for a little boy like you."- He mocked, petting the kid´s messy hair.

-"Stop treating me like a kid!"- The brat slapped his hand away, seeing the doctor mount the stud.

-"Good! Then washing the remaining clothes and preparing supper shouldn't be a problem for you!"- Lecter mocked, gripping the double reins and making Foxglove face the woods. - "Oh and runt..."

Will looked up with a disgusted expression on his face, cursing the man while he looked down on him.

-"You misbehave in my absence and I will come find you and chain you naked to a tree!"- The doctor grin wickedly, a dark spark glowed in his eyes.

-"You´ve done worse!"- The kid hissed, keeping his head up in defiance.

-"I never said that was the only thing I would be doing to you!"- Hannibal licked his lips and smirked victorious when he spotted the bright blush on the runt´s cheeks.

He let the doctor leave the property before he returned to the bucket and grabbed the man´s clothes and throwing them to the roof of the cottage before he went inside, giggling at his mischief.

Foxglove neigh nervously while the doctor petted his neck, securing the reins in the palace stable. The stud scratched his hooves against the straw, anxious because of the noise around the stable since the other horses moved and neigh, fighting for the doctor´s attention. He rubbed the animal´s nose again before stepping outside and crossing the palace yard in a hurry before he headed inside. He hated being summon to Court, the atmosphere around the palace was always very loud and confusing to him, the direct opposite to the calm and peace of his cottage.

He spot three men talking to each other as he crossed the bright great hall, his eyes frown when he recognized them, Tobias, Dolarhyde and of course Matthew leaned on the wall by the shade. Lecter rubbed his forehead feeling a headache start to appear, if they were here it meant Crawford was

here in Court too, however what left the doctor unease was knowing that Jack only took care of difficult cases, namely his.

Hannibal walked passed them, locking eyes with Brown as they faced each other, he didn´t need to hear from Brauner, the cold and wicked grin ripping on the youngest soldier was enough to inform the doctor what was happening inside the Court.

He stopped at the end of the hall, knocking on the heavy door to announce his presence. Through the stone walls the doctor could hear a familiar racket from a raging voice inside the Trial room, to his frustration he immediately recognized Mason´s voice. He exhaled tired, remembering the last time he saw the noble and the scared expression on his face whwn the runt pointed the bow and arrow at him. The heavy door opened pulling the doctor back to reality when Brauner stepped outside.

-"Hannibal!"- The messenger managed with a nervous smile.

He didn´t delude himself, he always saw Leonard´s sarcasm bright the room even during the dark times, however to Lecter´s eyes he was strangely unease.

-"They're reviewing the charges before announcing their final decision."- Leonard gripped the door as the doctor looked inside.

The courtroom was wide and dark, the long windows were high almost reaching the ceiling but too narrow to welcome the full light from outside. The oval room was filled with the most important and powerful noblemen in the country. Lecter knew they wouldn´t be here if it wasn´t for Verger´s influence calling all the monarchs to testify on his behalf, even if they had no direct association to the case. On the other end he could see Jack calmly sitting while he was bombarded by the monarchs' arguments, his features were tired and angry but Hannibal could see he was trying very hard to keep his calm.

-"What´s Crawford´s position?"- Lecter asked, remembering their last bitter words by the pond.-"Did he present any accusations?"

-"On the contrary! He is representing on your behalf along with the Queen."- Brauner claimed, spotting the surprise look on the doctor´s face.-"You owe a lot to these two!"

-"They are trying to appeal to your good nature, regarding your kindness toward the villagers, your positive role in society and your peaceful background. On the other end, we still have Mason, he is doing all he can to make sure you and the kid get executed! He won´t settle for less."- The messenger state the facts seeing the doctor´s features grow colder and darker.

-"Relax Hannibal! We´re winning!"- Brauner assured, petting his shoulder and squeezing it a little.-"The Court is prepare to pardon your actions toward Verger and your involvement with Grutas Gang."

The doctor turn to him, from all the turn overs their victory wasn´t what he was expecting from all the tension around him. He was surprise, slightly happy as the words met his ears. However while he examined the messenger´s features he could see the uneasiness still on him. Hannibal knew there was more than just their victory behind it.

-"You have assured my salvation, in which I thank you however you haven't mentioned the kid yet!"- Hannibal questioned, feeling the man squeeze his shoulder more.

-“Come with me!”- Brauner whispered, his hand pressed the doctor´s back firmly guiding him outside.

-“The Court will forgive your actions and you will walk out with a full pardon, however these actions can´t simply be erased Hannibal. Therefore…”- Leonard explained slowly scratching his neck while he tried to form the right words.-“… All your accusations will be pass down to the kid and he will bear both your charges and suffer the consequences!”

-“I forbid it!”- Hannibal snapped! Facing the messenger as they cross the palace garden.-“If it wasn´t for that kid´s military past, I wouldn´t be given a fair trial in Court. I owe him! I will not allow the kid to respond for my crimes! It´s not fair!”

-“Hannibal we are cornered! Either we save one of you in that trial or we lose both!”- The messenger rubbed his cheek, facing the soil.-“Jack is trying to convince them you were *lured* by the Devil in committing these crimes including the murder of the two outlaws and Verger´s servants.”

-“Lured by the Devil?! Do you hear what you´re saying Brauner? He is just a kid! He didn't influence me to do anything! His naive personality makes him an easy target for manipulation! That´s what Grutas has done to him all his life! He´s not a killer! He can´t be condemned by his actions much less mine.”

-“It doesn´t matter! We already brought his involvement with Grutas to the light so you could be saved and given a fair trial. We can't hide his guilt anymore so he will be called out and respond for the crimes of theft, violence, rape and murder.”

-“HE IS INNOCENT!”- Lecter screamed, grabbing the other man´s shoulders.-“You need to change the vote! You can´t condemn an innocent.”

-“It´s not about innocence, Hannibal. In that Court it´s about usefulness. You´re useful to society. To their eyes he isn´t! He is an outlaw, by law he is lower than a peasant! If the Court has to choose one of you, they will certainly send the kid to the gallows.”

Hannibal let go of Leonard´s shoulders abruptly, walking in circles, anxious while pushed his hair back. He didn´t agree with this. This was about justice and punishing the guilty, he wouldn´t stand for letting an innocent kid be executed and certainly not taking his place.

-“What can we do?”- He whispered in despair.

-“I´m going to push our luck and appeal for the kid´s innocence!”- Leonard rubbed the doctor´s back, locking eyes with him. -“They don´t have any reliable witnesses to prove his crimes yet. Yes, he is charged by proxy but they can´t prove he did all the crimes the gang was involved in. That´s our only defense. If they don´t find strong proof the Court can´t condemn him to death.”

Lecter stared at Brauner for a few seconds,he felt the heavy weight being lift from his shoulders at the man´s confession. There was still hope and he would hold on to it. It was the only thing they had!

-“Go home, Hannibal. Get some rest.”- The man stated, petting the doctor´s shoulder as he relaxed visibly.-“I´ll win this trial for you.”

Brauner saw the doctor cross the yard, heading for the stable, his shoulders were more relaxed and straight as the man walked away, howeverhe still felt uneasy at their situation.

-“Hannibal!”- The messenger called out again when the doctor turned around facing the man.-“Although they can´t condemn him yet, his life can be taken away overnight if his past crimes can be confirmed.”

The doctor said nothing, eyeing the ground before he nodded and entered the stable to fetch his stallion. They wouldn´t find him. If in fact the kid was charged Lecter would go beyond his limits to hide him forever. Even if it meant the kid would only see his face and only his for the rest of his life. They wouldn´t take him away.

-“Get out!”- Will growled, gripping the door while he tried to close it on the man´s face, inches from crushing the unwanted visitor´s hand and nose.

-“Why, you’re being rude! ”- Gideon smiled, trying to force the door open.-“Didn´t Hannibal mentioned I would be passing by? He wouldn´t be approving your behavior.”

Will looked at the man outside with disgust, piercing him before he let go of the door, making it swing violently and letting the other man fall clumsily inside, his leather bag hit the wooden boards and some of the bottles rolled along the floor.

-“Leave the supplies by the table and get out!”- The boy hissed upset at his lack of power and opinion.-“The sooner you leave the better I will feel!”

Will returned to the thick table, grabbing the knife as he continued to cut the white mushrooms. He could hear the apothecary man crawl and huff on the floor while he picked his bottles, arranging them back on the leather strap he always carried.

-“Where is Doctor Lecter?”- Abel panted, tired as he stood up while he looked around.

-“He was summon to Court and left me here to deal with you!”- Will hissed placing the cut mushrooms on the carved dough bowl, mixing them in the white soup there, the fresh scent of thyme and parsley filled the room, giving the whitish creamy soup a little color and flavor.

-“I see! The servant boy is upset his master is not here to let him ride his disciplinary cock!”- Gideon laughed when the kid gripped the knife more strongly, pointing at him.

-“I don´t have to explain myself to you!”- The kid sat down carefully, picking the wooden spoon and blowing the steam before bringing it to his mouth.

Gideon observed the kid switching uncomfortably on the rough bench, the apothecary man grinned to himself, it didn’t take much to see the doctor either give that bottom a firm hand or a lot of love. He approached the table, lifting the saddle bag and dropping it there, making the bowls jump a good centimeter before coming down again, spilling their contents all over the table.

-“It´s unforgivable for a servant to eat before and without his master´s presence!”- Gideon hummed ogling the kid as he start eating.

-“I don´t own him anything! He choose to leave me behind so I get to eat when I want and I hope he comes home to a cold supper!”- Will stuffed a mouth full of soup, grabbing a sizable slice of bread and biting it.-“If I’m lucky he will fall off the horse and die on the way!”

-“You ought to be spanked for disrespecting your master! But I´m sure he already crossed you over his knee multiple times.”- Gideon laugh, taking the supplies from his bag and letting them rest on the table next to the kid.

-“You should care for your master! He goes out to earn a living, provides for you, keeps your *mouth full* and gives you a bed to lay on…”- He eyed the messed up bed with a grin, imagining all the vile things the doctor made him do.-“ You should bless him with your presence when he comes back, warming his bed and wiggling your ass!”

-“No!”- Will growled stuffing his mouth. - “I will probably castrate you both and nail your testicles to the door if you don´t get out!”

Gideon laughed, looking at the angry expression on the kid´s face as he kept stuffing his mouth full. The apothecary man walked around examining the room, the doctor kept his house clean and very well maintained, as he passed by the bed, he spotted the empty lavender bottle he give to the doctor.

-“You should be kinder to your owner´s genitals, boy!”-He approached the table, addressing the kid.-“It´s probably the only thing you’re eager for at the end of a day’s work!”

-“If you´re done get out! I don´t want you here when he gets home! One Devil his enough to upset me.”- Will choked on the water when he brought the cup to his mouth, doing his best to ignore the man.

-“Do you have an ink pot?”- Abel asked joyfully when the runt eyed him suspiciously.-“I need to write a letter to the doctor before I go.”

The boy frown, dropping the spoon abruptly before he got up. The apothecary man smile when the boy walked heavily to the bookshelf by the door, cursing at the doctor on the way. He opened his leather bag, grabbing a small bottle there with panax ginseng seeds, the reddish oil and berries danced inside with the quick movement when he poured it inside the kid´s bowl, he looked behind his shoulder spotting the kid moving around the shelf, looking for the pot he was sure it was there. Gideon smiled seeing him distracted and letting the oil drip on the boy´s soup, steering the spoon to mix everything.

Will dropped the ink pot in the thick surface, urging the man to hurry up and leave. He raised a brow when he saw the wicked smile while Gideon took an old piece of paper to write on, the obnoxious man kept staring and smiling at him as he wrote down the damn note Will couldn't read.

-“You know kid, I owe a lot to the doctor and I lost count of how many times he saved me from the Inquisition…”- The man folded the paper in two and placed it below the half empty ginseng bottle.-“So I hope you don´t hold it against me for making sure he’s pleased!”

Will sat back on the bench, slightly confused at the apothecary man´s remark but never losing his sight of him even when he gathered his things and went to the door. He opened it as the cold gash of air invade the warm room.

-“You try and be a good boy now!”- Gideon smiled, showing his teeth as he looked one more time to the kid before closing the door behind him.

Will stood there, eyeing the door as the silence embraced the small room once more and the crackling of the fire broke the silence. The boy grabbed the spoon again and resumed his eating, he frowned moving his tongue around when a strange taste linger around it, he could spot the faint nutty and butterscotch flavor there, it was smooth highlighting the multiple ingredients in the soup. Will smiled happily while he enjoyed it, knowing the doctor wouldn´t had the pleasure to enjoy it as he would.

-“Serves you right, old man! For leaving me behind.”- The runt laugh, steering the warm soup and feeling his body getting strangely hotter.

- - -

Hannibal stepped off Foxglove with a grunt, hitting the soil with a heavy sigh. He ran his hand over the back of his neck, feeling his muscles scream with the tension. He was exhausted, the journey felt tiring and more silent than usual and the news from Court weren´t at all satisfying. He just wanted to eat and go to bed. Lecter crossed the yard, heading to the front of the cottage, looking up he could see his clothes on top of the roof, resting there as if they were thrown on purpose and out of reach.

-“That little shit!”- Hannibal purred, noticing those garments were the ones he ordered the kid to clean while he was away.

The rascal choose to get rid of them instead of obeying his direct orders, taunting him greatly with this childish act. Hannibal grabbed the door and opened it when the warmth of the room embraced him, driving the smell of the dry and burned wood to his nose, he looked around expecting the runt to come greet him with insults and fists but to his surprise he wasn´t there.

Hannibal hanged his coat, closing the heavy door behind him before he looked around, the table was laid out with slices of bread, a jug of water by the side of the table and in the middle stood a half-eaten bowl. A wicked grin started to appear on his face when he noticed the lonely bowl in the table, the kid really was either too reckless or too stupid to dare and touch the food before he arrived and apparently he needed another beating.

He stepped outside looking for the runt and eager to find him and punish him severely. Lecter saw the brat´s garments laying across the cold soil and leaving a short path to the small shed attached to the cottage.

He walked slowly, stopping in front of the open door before looking inside, the shed was dark and humid, the hoes and other garden tools were laying against the stone wall and on the opposite side was Foxglove´s food and the squared piles of hay stocked on top of each other. The doctor focused his attention on the middle of the room when a moan echoed around the cold walls making the doctor shiver with pleasure when he found who he was looking for.

The runt was panting and mewling on the straw bed a crossed the floor, his body laid there bare with the moonlight embracing his porcelain skin and glowing with the heavy layer of sweat. Hannibal approached him slowly, licking his lips when he noticed the kid raising his ass more, humping the air while he lied on his knees with his back perfectly arched and his shoulders and head buried on the straw. The boy was stroking himself, whining and shivering completely oblivions to his presence.

-"I came to fetch you for your punishment..."- Lecter purred, towering over the wimpy kid.-"… but I´m pleased to discover you´re already preparing yourself to receive it."

He kneeled down behind the runt, devouring his form while he kept moving his hips and pleasure himself, the drops of sweat trailed down his body, circling his flushed ass cheeks and milky thighs, he could see the thick white line of the kid´s cum fall from his aching tip and puddle on the floor. He swallowed loudly when the runt presented himself more, spreading his legs apart while his hole clapped down aching to be filled.

-"What are you doing, runt?"- Hannibal rubbed his face, hiding his flushed cheeks from view once he felt his own body respond to the obscene scenario, this kid was pushing his control dangerously over the edge.

Looking at the Will´s face, he saw a white garment on the his mouth while he sucked it and wetted it with his tongue, Lecter grunted at the realization, the boy was biting and breathing his chemise, the same piece of cloth he threw at the kid and ordered him to clean, drenched in his sweat from earlier. It had his strong masculine scent on it, making the runt whine and bury his face in it once he lost himself to the blissful pleasure.

-"You keep ignoring me and I will have you bend right here…"- He caressed his ass cheek almost with a feather light touch.

Lecter flinched when the boy cried out, his spine arched completely making the runt throw his head back before he let a loud moan rip his throat out, coming undone all over his hand and floor. Hannibal stood astounded with his hand still in place while the boy fell back on the straw bed, his ass still raised and trembling vividly, riding his powerful orgasm.

-"You´re burning up."- He rubbed the kid´s skin while he humped his hips more.-"Have you been messing with my medicine cabinet?"

Hannibal trailed his palm from his curved ass to his sacrum, the rascal´s body was hot and oversensitive from even the lightest touch, responsive to him and raising his sexual appetite to its highest. He knew the effects of an aphrodisiac medicine when he saw one and he would bet one of his eyes Gideon had something to do with this. He smirked wickedly, the brat was fighting the effects of the medicine alone, not wanting him to interfere. The boy deserved to suffer for what he did to his clothes as punishment, however, it wouldn´t be much of a discipline act if the doctor didn ´t take full pleasure in it.

He grabbed the brat´s arm turning him around and on his back, he stared at him with wide and watery eyes, his lips were parted and swollen from all that sucking on his chemise, a poor substitute for the doctor´s body. Hannibal placed himself between his parted legs, enlacing them around his waist and closing the distance between them.

-"S-stop!"- Will panted, he felt his body on fire.-"It hurts!"

-“Calm down. I´m not going to help you here!”- Lecter purred into the runt´s ear. -“Especially now that you earned your place on my bed.”

Will yelped, when the doctor wrapped his arms around his slender torso and pushed him up, securing his hands on the boy´s bottom and preventing him from falling over. He carried the wimpy boy outside, crossing the yard as they headed back to the cottage. Will grabbed hold of the doctor´s neck, clenching his legs more desperately around Hannibal´s waist while he kept walking. He squirmed and whined with the rocking while the man walked mercilessly and his sensitive body bounced up and down, rubbing his feverish nipples against Lecter´s harsh fabric, making him wince and moan with the bitter-sweet sensation.

Hannibal grinned wickedly when he felt Will shiver in his grasp, trying to stay still and avoid the aching friction. He adjusted his posture, bouncing him in the air as an excused to make him mewl more, clenching his arms more tightly around his neck.

-“You mistreated my clothes with great hatred and disobeyed my orders…”- He purred, looking at the roof and rocking the kid more.-“…so don´t expect me to treat you gently for it.”

A moan escaped Will´s throat when he felt the doctor´s hard cock pocking his belly, the hot pre-cum wetting his sensitive skin there, rubbing him up and down. He bit the doctor’s chemise, preventing another moan from crawling out. His skin burned and crawl at the thought and he knew in a few minutes that piece of burning flesh would be pounding hard and deep inside him, and there was no way to escape him any longer.

To be continued…

Coming Home

Chapter Notes

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Me watching to see if my readers are armed and ready to attack for the late update

Hello Fancy people!!

Yes I know it´s late…. But I hope you forgive me because my house burned down three time because of all the sexual tension in this chapter.

QUICK NOTES:

First: This chapter is EXPLICITE… and I can´t believe I managed to write a huge Chapter with so much sex…

Second: Hannibal is a Bastard in this chapter!!

Third: I was so happy and emotion with one of the phases in this chapter, my dinosaur's heart literally flipped with it…but I will let you discover which phrase is that ;)

ONE MORE THING...I advise you to read the preview chapter before you read this one, it helps to set the mood again. ;)
2023 NOTE- I finally changed this chapter´s image since the other one was not good.

Well that all for now!!

Enjoy!!

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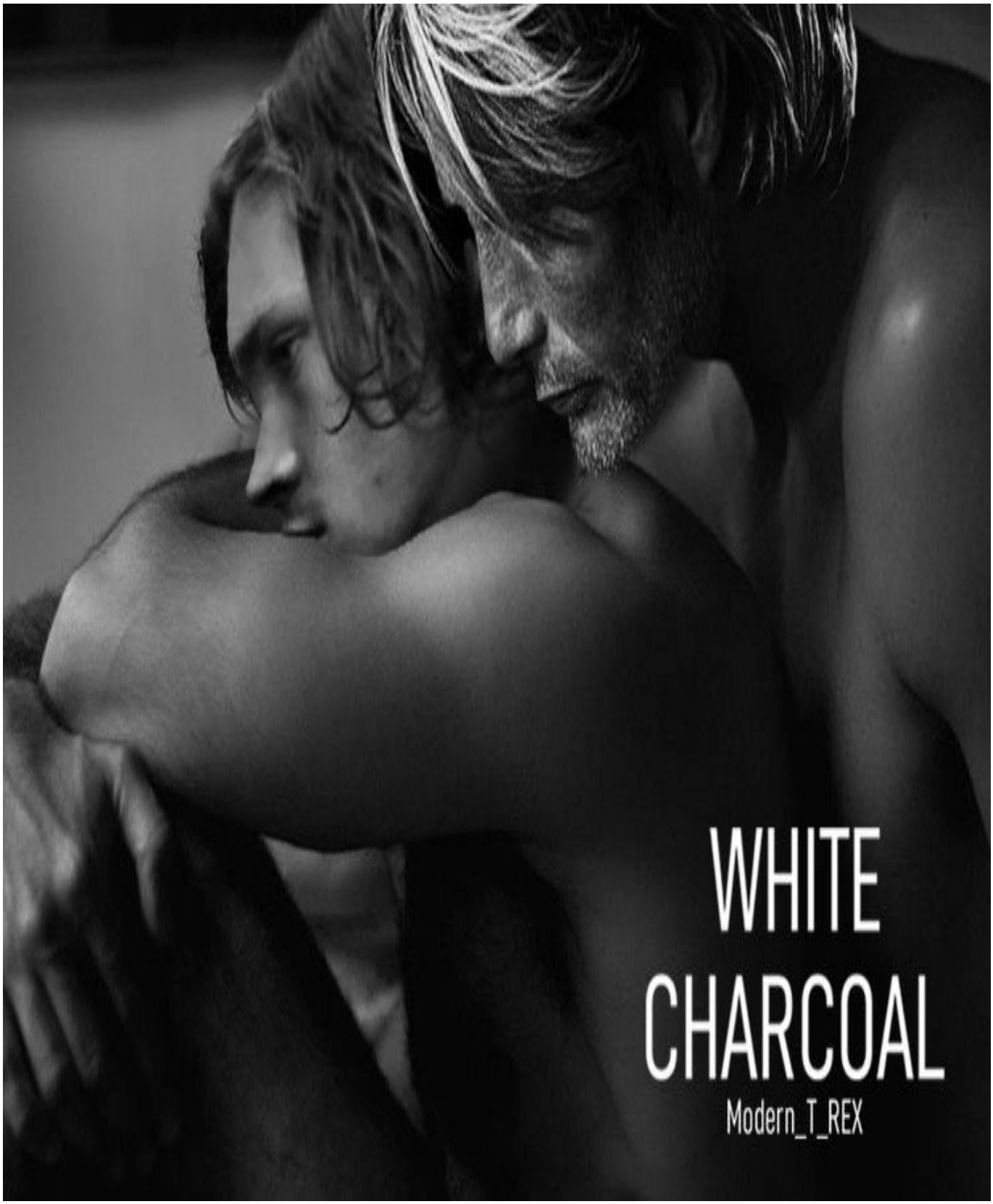


Chapter 18

Will cry out when Hannibal rocked their bodies together, adjusting the wimpy boy in his arms and he carried him back to the cottage. The doctor purred at the blissful whine, making his pulsing cock throb in anticipation while the kid kept squirming against his pelvis, enlacing his legs around the doctor´s waist, the heat of his burning skin traveled through Lecter’s pants all the way to his length. The runt trembled and whined, trying to avoid the friction between their bodies.

-“P-Please let me down....”- Will gasped, enlacing his arms more firmly around Hannibal´s neck in order to reduce the movement.-“…Stop…bouncing me…”

-“I haven’t done anything…”- Lecter grin wickedly, squeezing his palms around the soft ass cheeks.-“…until now!”

He bounced him in the air, the jerk made his feverish tip rub hotly against the rough chemise, the friction burning the oversensitive skin and maked the runt come all over the doctor´s shirt. Hannibal slammed his hand against the door, supporting his body when the brat arched his back violently, hitting the door as he lost himself on his orgasm again. The other man grunt, looking down on him, he could see the runt spasming pinned against the door, his swollen lips parted while he moan with the sensation and the brat´s penis pulsed, staining his chemise with his semen.

-“You don´t even care if we reach the bed, do you?”- The man panted, ogling the wet mess on his abdomen.-“You’re so far gone you wouldn’t care less if I took you here against the door until your screaming out my name, wrapping desperately around me and eager for what my body can give you.”

Will bit his lip, covering his mouth ashamed while his mind forcibly showed him the obscene scenario outdoor. He knew the truth in those words and deep down that wouldn´t take long to happen.

Hannibal pushed the door open with his boot, entering the warm room heading for the bed. The yellowish light by the fireplace unlighted the flushed and glowing skin on the boy´s naked body, making him shiver more while the light of the room let him completely exposed to the doctor´s hungry eyes. Will mewled, feeling his body burn more and more, he felt more naked and vulnerable than usual.

-“It´s all right kid! There is no need to feel ashamed!”- Lecter purred into his ear, ogling the runt´s feverish face, resting on his shoulder.-“Our bodies are already familiar with each other. Just let them communicate in the best way they know how.”

The doctor threw the boy unceremoniously on the bed, letting the slender body bounce beautifully on the open sheets and making the bed frame squeak with the sudden weight. His cock jolt inside his trousers as the kid let out a cry and squirmed trying to avoid the touch of the fabric on his back, the linens were too hot and harsh against the oversensitive skin and the heavy layer of sweat on him quickly damped the sheets below. The older man knew he was in pain, his skin shiver with every slight touch, heating up to the point even the far light from the fire was enough to burn him.

The doctor walked to the table, resting his torso against the thick surface before picking a handful of red grapes, laying in a bowl there and bringing them to his mouth while watching the kid struggle. He enjoyed it fully, every little shiver and whine, every time the wimpy boy lift his head with difficulty, pleading for him to do something to stop his aching need.

-"P-Please…It hurts…"- Will begged low, gasping for air while he struggle.-"…the remedy…"

He grin, letting the juice from the grape trail his chin when he bit it down, however he didn´t do anything, he just kept eyeing the kid wickedly. Let the runt writhe a little longer.

-"Is that what you want, runt?"- Hannibal hummed, his voice coming out hoarse while he licked the juice from his fingers.-"…a remedy? Or perhaps…something else?"

The runt whine as he struggled to turn in the bed, switching on his belly and burying his face in the pillow, inhaling the scent there, he moan loudly while pawing the burning linens, the bed smelled just like the doctor and much like the chemise, the scent was too strong and masculine, drowning him under.

-"..The m-medicine….please..."- He pleaded, too ashamed to think about the doctor´s offer.

His body was on fire, burning every cell and nerve inside, he didn´t know what was happening to him, his senses were altered and he couldn´t think clearly as the aching need drown him over the edge. He felt so betrayed by his own body.

The boy bit the sheets and rubbed his hips on the bed, trapping his aching penis, his member was raw from stroking it earlier, it hurt and burn, but he couldn´t satisfy the need his body was craving. He didn´t care anymore if he was making a mess on the sheets or even letting the doctor ogle the wet state he was in.

Hannibal looked at the empty bottle Gideon had left behind, he recognized the vivid red berries inside, smirking knowing exactly what was passing in the runt´s veins. He walked patiently to the medicine cabinet, taking his time to look at the labels there, even though he knew exactly which to pick.

Will trembled, when he heard the doctor´s footsteps approaching the bed again in a calm and almost predatory pace. The boy turned his head to face him when the man stopped behind him holding a wooden cup in his hand.

-"I´m going to ask you again."- Lecter whispered, rotating the cup in his hand. - "Is *this* what your body is craving?"

Will whine as the doctor´s voice traveled all the way to his spine, making his drooling penis spill another few drops of pre-come on the sheets, he didn´t recognized his body anymore.

-"…Please…"- Will gasped, turning heavily on his side.-"…That´s w-what… I want…"

Hannibal stared at the wimpy brat for a few seconds before lifting his arm for him to take the cup. His eyes sparkled darkly when the boy exhaled in relieve, naively reaching for the remedy. But before he could grab it the doctor opened his hand, letting the cup fall to the floor and its contents spill all over the wooden boards. Will stood there, speechless, eyeing the doctor confused. His

flight instincts flared when he finally understood the man´s decision, seeing the evil grin rip fully on the doctor´s face.

-“ Didn´t I say I was going to punish you earlier?”- He lean his head, humming when the kid cried in despair, hiding his flushed face from him.

-“…You b-bastard…”- He cursed, clenching the linens more strongly as he cry out in need.

Hannibal brought his hand to the collar of his chemise, unbuttoning it slowly as he devour the whining mess on the bed.

-“What do you want from me, runt?”- Lecter trilled, pulling the garment over his shoulders, opening the buttons over the sleeves and discarding the fabric to the floor.

-“Do you want me to woo you? To make love too you? To take my time and be gentle as if we were lovers?”- He brought his hands to the lace on his trousers, unstrapping them slowly.

-“Or do you want me to hold you down and thrust into you hard and rough? To claim and take what I want from you until we fuck like beasts without shame or morals.”- He pushed the fabric down, revealing his throbbing cock to the cold air of the room, making the brat whine at the sight.

The runt stood there facing away from him, rubbing his nose on the linens, completely oblivious to the man´s words. The doctor took another step closer to the bed, aligning his hips with the boy´s ass before he let his body fall on top of him, caging his trembling body with his arms on either side of his head. Will yelped, feeling the burning and hard piece of flesh resting between his cheeks, wetting his bottom with pre-come and dangerously close to breach him.

-“I bet I can make you scream even before I penetrate you!”- Hannibal whispered while looking down on the feverish brat.

The doctor enlaced his arm around his waist, turning the kid over to face him and spread him on the open sheets before placing himself between Will´s legs, making sure he laid spread for what he was about to do.

Hannibal clenched his fists on the damped linens, caging the panting rascal underneath him, his patience was vanishing at a risky pace with the exquisite sight. The boy´s skin burned with the touch, wet and flushed completely with all that friction. He kept humping his slender hips upwards, looking for his sweet release while he moan and grabbed the sheets next to his head. Hannibal drew him beneath him and lowered himself so the weight of his body pressed him down against the mattress where the runt could not escape from the touch of his skin.

-“N-no please…”- Will pushed at the doctor´s shoulders, feeling his skin burn even more in contact with the man above him.

The boy tried to wiggle away, the touch of the doctor´s skin was too overwhelming, he knew the man above him wasn´t human, it was the Devil himself inflaming his body and seducing him before dragging him to hell.

-“…L-Let me go…”- Will whine, writhing underneath and feeling another hot wave travel his spine, burning his sanity all the way to his pulsing member.

Hannibal grunt pleased, when the tip of his cock slide along the runt´s own penis, rubbing against each other. He moved his hips patiently against the boy, making him acknowledged his weight. The runt was so slippery, easing the humping while Lecter kept rubbing them together.

-"Breathing my scent on my clothes won't get you there. Neither will stroking yourself while watching me or ogling a forbidden book."- The doctor rubbed his chest against the boy´s burning nipples.

Will shivered trapped underneath the strong body, he could feel Hannibal´s chest moving over his sore nipples and the warm breath on his neck. Lecter trailed his nose along the kid´s skin, scenting him hungrily while the runt crawled at his biceps, desperately trying to push him away.

-"Listen to what your body is telling you! That remedy won´t satisfy you! I molded your body to the point it will only respond to mine. It needs to be filled. Nothing will save you from me."-

Will moan when Hannibal kissed along his chest, licking the sweat there until he reached one of his sore nipples, bringing it to his mouth and sucking it hungrily. He was starved! He could hear his inner demons howl at him to ravish the boy, no need for consent or wooing. He wanted to bend him over and take him brutally as he was and make him accept the intrusion on his body. He desired it. He needed it. Almost to the point of robbing him of his humanity.

Will covered his mouth, blocking the moans from leaving. The doctor worked his mouth eagerly, circling his pulsing tongue over the abused nipple. The other man released it, blowing at the sore nipple making the runt arched his back and whine desperately at the pleasurable feeling.

-"P-Please…don´t…I don´t want it…"- Will yelped, pawing at the sheets to get away while the man kept trailing down, leaving a trail of saliva and bites behind.

Hannibal grin, feeling the distress on the boy, but it didn´t stop him as he kept working lower, reaching his wet belly, running his avid mouth and licking the pre-come there. He felt the brat´s breath turn more frenetic and fearful when he opened his legs more, switching his mouth to the runt ´s inner thighs, placing open mouth kisses there and circling his tongue on his knee.

-"S-stop…"- Will trembled, eyeing the doctor with watery and wide eyes, embarrassed at the doctor´s actions while he forced his legs apart.

It felt too intimate. Hannibal locked eyes with Will, devouring him while he nibble and sucked at the damped skin of his thigh and lowering further down. This wasn´t what he saw in the dark alleys of his village, the men grunting in pleasure and delight. He didn´t feel it. He was ashamed and defenseless. Will cried out when the doctor descendent his mouth on his aching member, running his tongue down his length, nibbling the sensitive skin, slow and patient.

-"STOP…NOT THERE…"-

Will´s hands grip Hannibal´s head immediately, trying to push him away, he felt oversensitive by the invading heat, drowning him in the wet and slippery pleasure. The pleasure was so great, he couldn´t breathe. His nails scratch Lecter's scalp desperately while his breath came out in short pants, mewling and arching his back. The doctor´s hands petted and squeezed along his trembling thighs while he worked his hot tongue, circling it and sucking at the runt´s drooling length, making Will gasp for air.

-"PLEASE S-STOP…"- Will´s voice came out broken and wet.-"I beg of you… don´t do this…"

It was shameful! This sinful act, the master kneeling down and bringing his mouth on a slave, serving him as if he deserved to feel good, it was immoral. Will bit his own hand trying to block the sinful pleasure from rushing over his spine, he mewled when he lock eyes with the doctor, he could see his aching member disappear in Hannibal´s mouth, eating him alive and devouring him whole. The other man´s stare was so intense on him. It was mortifying.

He jerked, closing his thighs around the doctor´s head to prevent him from going any further. Hannibal grin darkly, when he saw the kid whine and squirm on the bed, trying desperately to escape his devouring mouth. He hooks his arms around the boy´s thighs and in an animalistic move, he spread them wide apart, exposing him to his hungry mouth more as he kept sucking and nibbling there, never breaking eye-contact.

-"P- Please stop…" – The runt´s voice broke down, his eyes watered as he hid his face with his arms.-"…It's…its dirty…"

The wet and obscene sounds filled the boy´s sensitive ears making him wince in shame and scratching the doctor´s head more. The pleading moans from the boy only made his lust and need to dominate him grow larger. His own cock throbbed painfully as he ogled the runt shaking his head in denial. He felt his blood bowl with the alluring view, the runt was a whimpering mess, begging him wetly to stop as his penis was too sensitive from all the repeated abuse. He knew the kid was holding back out of guilt and shame, he pulled up his defenses and kept holding on to these useless emotions he had no use for.

He could feel the boy´s penis throb rhythmically in his mouth as he shyly raised his hips to meet his mouth, unconscious of his body´s response. The doctor obliged him, lifting the brat´s hips more and taking him deeper. He couldn´t get enough of the boy´s taste, he tasted deliciously making him grow hungrier for more with each drop. He grunt when he felt the grip on his hair turn gentler, pushing his mouth more to meet his aching penis, slowly the runt was accepting this, delivering his defenseless body to him. He grin wickedly, it wouldn´t be much of a punishment if the needy boy enjoyed it fully. Hannibal removed his mouth, switching his attention to the drooling tip, nibbling it before gently placing his teeth against the pink head and without a warning he scrap it slightly.

-"**AHH**!"- Will bucked violently, his back arched completely off the bed and his head snapped all the way back, releasing inside the doctor´s mouth as he suffocate on a moan, crying loudly.

The boy´s hips tremble frenetically, for a moment he almost slipped away just to have Hannibal grip his waist, pinning him more against the sheets never parting his mouth as he let the kid ride his agonizing orgasm violently. He kept his gaze on him, enjoying the boy squirming and pawing desperately at the sheets before going limp and fall back on the bed, exhausted and breathless.

Hannibal stood up, cleaning the boy´s semen from his mouth with the back of his hand while he swallowed soundly the spent the kid released inside, making the runt mewl with the acknowledgement. He could see the ravishing runt laying on the linens, spread and trembling uncontrollably, his aching member was still fully erect from the aphrodisiac effects.

-"What an alluring sight!"- The man groan, licking his lips.-"Did it indulge your innocent curiosity?"

-"…I beg of y-you…"- Will whispered, arching his back more.

-"What is your body begging for?"- Hannibal purred, grabbing his throbbing cock and guiding it to the runt´s entrance, pressing it there while he nest himself between the boy´s legs.

The doctor licked his lips, feeling the boy´s slick hole clench madly against his drooling tip, ready to swallow him whole. He just needed the words to come out of the boy´s mouth before he could bury himself in the warm depth. The runt locking his wet eyes with him.

-"I w-want it…"- The rascal panted, breathless when he felt the burning girth slide along his ass cheeks, wetting him there.

The doctor trailed his palm along the trembling legs, enlacing them around his waist and making the kid lift his hips more, presenting himself fully to receive his aching cock. Will shivered, seeing the other man hover over him and press him more against the bed, caging his head with his arms while he lower his mouth closer to his ear.

-"What do you want runt?"- The doctor whispered, kissing his ear making the kid whine in anticipation.

Will turn to him, trying desperately to form the words, he brought his hands to the doctor´s face, cupping his cheeks and lacing his slender fingers along the silver hair. Hannibal locked eyes with him, their lips lingering a few inches apart, barely touching.

-"…The medicine."- Will hissed, exhaling heavily with the effort.

He stood still, eyeing the devious brat below, he was feverish, completely consumed by his own aching need, but the little rascal still had the courage to deny him his body. Bad move! Will jolted when he saw Hannibal face grow darker and dangerous, he knew from the start his words would have serious consequences, however he expected the doctor to be angry at him but the wicked grin ripping across his face showed him otherwise.

-"I see you still have the energy to be cocky!"- Hannibal clicked his tongue in disapproval, robbing a shiver from the kid when the sound reached his ears.

Lecter stood up abruptly, wrapping an arm around the kid and flipped him on his belly, facing away from him. Will yelp, feeling Hannibal´s firm hands on his waist, pulling him back until his ass smashed wetly against his pelvis. He didn´t like this position, the other man made him bend half in and out of the bed as he laid on his elbows with his ass fully raised in the air.

-"I was hoping you would behave so I could take my time with you…"- Hannibal purred, kicking the boy´s feet apart and spreading him.-"But you clearly don´t deserve it. So I will just take what I want from you!"

The doctor brought his hand to his pulsing cock, stroking it once before guiding it to the runt´s entrance, he could feel the boy´s skin clench against the tip, eager for it, he gripped the slender waist and pushed himself all the way inside.

Will cried out, feeling Hannibal´s cock impaling him fully, it burned him, he could feel every little inch and vein as it grow larger inside him. He felt so full.

-"Y-You bastard…"- The runt moan, trying to lift himself on his elbows.

However the doctor didn´t give him time to adjust to his throbbing girth when he began to fuck him savagely, slamming his hips brutally against Will´s sore ass, making his ass cheeks bounce violently with the brutal thrusts.

-“What is it, runt?”- He hummed, spreading the kid´s cheeks apart and ogling the slippery mess there.-“Speak up! I can´t hear you with all that whining and moaning.”

Will bit the damp sheets, rolling his eyes to the back of his skull with the sinful pleasure. It felt so good. The doctor wasn´t even hitting his prostate yet, the heat and touch from the doctor´s feverish body was enough to make his skin crawl and mewl uncontrollably.

-“**Speak up**!”- Hannibal hissed, smacking his hand hard against the boy´s bottom, making him arch his back more and whine louder with the pain.

It was too much on him, his ass was still sore from the spanking the man above him put him through, he could feel the vibrations of the slap inside as the doctor kept thrusting and slapping him at the same time, and he was sure Hannibal could feel it to.

-“…Slow down…-“Will gasped, his rim felt impossibly stretch and he as positive the doctor could grow much larger inside.-“…You´re too big...”

-“Such nice manners! ”- He mocked, slamming deeper and rougher, filling the boy with his drooling cock more and grazing his inner walls. –“Who would know you would grow to be such a good boy…riding my cock so eagerly.”

Will lift his waist more, presenting himself fully to meet the man´s animalistic thrusts while he breathed the sheets below his feverish body. He was losing his control as the doctor scent invaded his brain again, filling him from top to bottom. His chest rubbed against the harsh linens with each rough thrust, making the boy mewl beautifully with the friction against his sore nipples. He felt the bed sink further when the doctor braced himself forward, his hot breath hitting the little hair around the back of Will´s neck.

-“Where is your little remedy now? ”- Hannibal grunt, feeling the kid clench madly around him.

Will hissed, humiliated at the doctor´s mockery, he wiggled under him, using his last bit of sanity to tried and create space between them. Lecter allowed that little shed of defiance, knowing perfectly well it wouldn’t do the kid any good.

-“Are you tired of this position already? - He stood up slightly, smirking at Will´s distress. -“Do you want me to switch on my back and let you ride my cock with full force? Is that it?”

The runt turned on his side, placing his leg between them and with a quick move he pushed the doctor´s torso away, detaching them completely with an obscene *pop*. The older man hiss, trying to get his footing when he saw the runt trying to get up and run off the bed, he watched him briefly while he ran away from him crossing the room on wobble legs, then he understood with a grin what the runt was planning.

Will moan, feeling the pre-come slide along his thighs, trying desperately to reach the medicine cabinet. He couldn´t think anymore, the heat from the aphrodisiac burn him more and more, reaching dangerously with Hannibal´s touch. He couldn´t let the other man claim him, not like this, they were turning into rutting beasts and giving in to their instincts.

He gasped when he felt Hannibal´s body crash violently against his back, involving him in a crushing embrace, preventing him from going any further. He struggled and whined, feeling the doctor put his weight on him, making the brat carry both their weight.

-“Don´t you think you provoked me enough already!”- Lecter hissed low against the boy´s flushed ear, crushing him more against his chest.

Their legs gave out, letting their bodies fall back to the cold wooden floor, the boy mewl when the man above him trapped his feverish bodies against the floor boards, caging the runt in place and leaving no space for him to escape from. Not this time.

The runt groans with the weight on his back while their bodies were glued together, a fine layer of sweat covered their skin and enlighten their bodies to the warm light of the fire ahead. Will felt its clammy coolness on the skin of his back, penetrating his pores so even his insides were tainted by Lecter´s touch. Hannibal spread his legs once more, raising the kid´s waist to meet his throbbing cock and with an animalistic grunt he thrusted back in.

He wasn´t prepared at all, with the new angle it seems the doctor could penetrate him more deeply, reaching untouched places he wasn´t able before, right to Will´s very core. He mewls, scratching at the floor as the beast above him snaps his hips violently against his flushed ass, fucking him repeatedly while the pup parted his thighs more.

-“Not so old now, am I?”- Hannibal grin, giving another sharp thrust.

With every bone breaking thrust, Will´s knees scratch against the rough wood, bruising them more as a few scratches started to appear. His sore rim was stretch fully but he can feel it throbbing rhythmically as it grows larger inside him, he moans at the wonderful pressure, filling him completely to the hilt. Will turn his head to the side, tilting his ass more and arching his back, he could feel the pre-come the doctor release inside slide further deeper into him. It was maddening! He clenched more around the primal man above him, looking over his shoulder while he brought his shaky hands to his bottom, spreading his cheeks apart, offering the doctor to go deeper.

-“Such a good boy you are!”- He grunt, seeing his pre-come slide out of the boy´s ass when he pulled out and drove back in.-“You should learn how to be more honest and listen to what your body is telling you.”

Lecter release the boy´s hips, placing his hands on top of the kid´s, enlacing their fingers together before guiding them to below Will´s chin, hugging him from behind and letting his weight crush the brat more. He changed his pace, pulling out slowily until only the tip was in, just to slam roughly back in, hammering the boy´s prostate hungrily. He groan against Will neck as the boy mewl and undulating his hips against him, meeting every thrust.

-“You have no scent on you…no body odor…”- The doctor inhaled, trailing down and feeling his mouth salivating as his nose rubbed the back of Will´s neck.-“…So your skin absorbs mine completely like a second layer as if it needs my scent to exist and survive.”

The doctor kissed him there, running his open mouth and licking the damp skin avidly. The boy felt exquisite, gripping him like a vice and making him grow hungrier for his body. He trail his hand to the kid´s aching penis, stroking him and matching his own pace. Will jolted, clenching his hand around Hannibal´s fingers when the other man gripped his tip and squeezed it in his strong hand. He knew he was making a mess on the floor, his come puddle against the boards, staining the wood below. He couldn´t come anymore, he was so overwhelmed by the still effects of the aphrodisiac his whole body hurt and he knew there was not one single drop in him to spill.

-“No more…Hannibal…Please!”- He begged, contradicting his words when he spread his legs even further and slammed his ass back against the doctor´s pelvis.

He moan blissfully when Lecter gripped a hand full of his damped hair and pulled it back, turning his face to him.

-“I´m not done with you yet!”- His voice came out hoarse almost animalistic as the doctor kept his firm grip on his hair.

Will mewled when he locked eyes with Hannibal, his pupils where completely dilated, devouring him whole, he looked so powerful, so tribal and animalistic, there was nothing human in his posture as he pound him brutally and mercilessly. There was no love making in his actions, they were only two naked bodies, slamming against one another and their nerves stimulated, creating adrenaline.

Without warning Lecter pulled out, turning the wimpy boy on his back before grabbing him below the knees and lifting Will´s hips off the floor. He groan dangerous when he entered the runt again, feeling his walls clench around him like mad. He was impossibly tight.

-“No more!”- He cry out, feeling the doctor bend him upwards.-“… please…I can´t come anymore…”

He felt trapped, the man above pounded into him savagely, making Will´s knees rest on his own shoulders, completely curved and his chest compressed by their weight. He couldn’t move, his waist was immobilized and at the mercy Hannibal´s demanding thrusts. The other man kept him there, bringing his head closer to the boy´s face and making sure he got his full attention on him and him alone.

-“Next time you feel the need to run your eyes on me while pleasuring yourself, just present your ass to me and let me hold you fully.”- Hannibal groan into the kid´s lips, their mouth practically touching.

-“Stop looking from a far and allow me to pleasure you for once. Face it! You want it and you craved it… Just as much as I crave you!”

The boy wince and cried out, feeling the tip of Lecter´s cock pounding roughly against his prostate and knocking the air out of him.

-“I think it’s time you grow up and acknowledge what´s happening between us! Stop running away from me and give in.”-The doctor hissed, feeling the brat grab hold of his neck, scratching him from the pleasure washing over him.

-“You’re no longer that *arrogant thief* I took by force over the table…”- He clenched his jaw shut, feeling his balls pull up and his orgasm finally washing over him.

-“So stop hiding in the woods and come home!”-

He delivered his final thrusts, battering the mewling kid´s prostate before burying himself completely inside and coming undone, breeding him again and again. The runt screamed, when the hot semen hit his insides, inseminating him fully. The thick come sliding deeper and deeper was enough to shout the last wave of pleasure over his spine, making him release all over his flushed face while he screamed the doctor´s name in blissful pleasure.

They were completely exhausted and spent, Lecter released his hips, grabbing hold of the runt´s face and guiding his face closer. He licked the boy´s own come, he trailed his hot tongue over the

kid´s cheek, passing by his chin and finally stopping over his mouth, pressing his tongue there and demanding entrance.

Will obliged him, coming to meet Hannibal´s tongue with his own, circling them together. He could taste himself on the other man´s lips, Will moan sucking Hannibal´s tongue and bringing it to his mouth at the same time Lecter pulled his hair out of the way, feeling the boy´s cauterized wound on the back of his head. They stayed like that for a while, feeling the effects of the aftermath before the doctor rolled over to the side, letting the cold floor stabilize his feverish body temperature. He grin, eyeing the trail of come the kid left behind while running away from him.

He laced an arm around Will´s shoulder, pulling him to his embrace while the kid panted with his head on the doctor´s chest, tickling him with his rapid breath. Hannibal could feel the runt cold familiar temperature return to his slender body, still shaking from the rough pounding. He smirk, feeling the runt tremble and whine, he didn´t need to look to know all the come he had released inside him was starting to slip from him and puddling on the wooden floor.

To be continue…

Deal Breaker

Chapter Notes

Hello lovelies!!

Thank you so much for all the love and support so far. You guys rock!!
This chapter his slightly obscene and Will is going to kill me for it I´m certain!!

Please comment and give me your opinion. I always love to hear from you all!! :)

That´s all for now!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 19

"Deal Breaker"

-"You have to be kidding!!"- Will shouted with his trembling hands covering his exposed groin.

The cold morning breeze made his naked body shiver and forcing a few goosebumps over his entire frame. Hannibal laughed at his embarrassment, of course, crossing his arms and leaning on the

wooden ladder with his foot resting there.

-“Don´t give me that shit!”- Lecter hummed, seeing the blush on the kid´s cheeks.-“I warned you about mistreating my clothes and that I would make you walk around naked.”

Will closed his eyes and cursed at the man. It was humiliating having his body completely on display out in the yard in broad daylight. He glaced at the man in front of him when he stood confidently with his body completely clothed. Bastard!

-“You can start by climbing the ladder and fetch my clothes up on the roof.”- Hannibal grinned, stepping away to the side to give the runt space to climb.

Will tensed his shoulders further, curling his toes on the cold soil when the other man gave him access to the croocked wooden ladder, still tapping his fingers on one of the bended steps. Will stared at Hannibal´s hands there, his mind unconsciously remembering how those hands forcibly kept his thighs apart while the doctor brought his hungry mouth on him. He swallowed, feeling his bare skin tingling with the memory of his hot tongue trailing along his pulsing length. Will blinked when he noticed Lecter´s finger had stopped and he spotted a sharp grin on his face, it was obvious the doctor knew what he was thinking.

-“Do you need a *hand*?”- Hannibal asked, leaning his head to the side.

-“From you? I don´t think so!”- Will frown, stepping in front of the ladder.-“You should know better! Old folks shouldn´t be climbing up ladders.”

The doctor smirk sharply at the insult, never turning away from the brat while he adjusted his posture behind the brat.

-“Then I suggest you hurry up and start climbing that ladder before I find a greater use for it.”- Lecter purred against the boy´s ear.

He grinned when he spot a spark of panic in the youngster´s bright eyes, it wouldn’t take him to get in the mood, seeing the kid bare and cornered was enough of an invitation that he was going to get. Even if it was by his orders. It would have been something new to them, to take the boy against the crocked old structure, it would break no doubt, Hannibal only had to make sure the runt would be relying on his body for support instead of the ladder with his slender legs firmly wrapped around him and his arms on his neck holding on for dear life.

-“What the hell is so funny?”- Will complained, seeing the man smiling to himself.

The doctor smirked more wickedly while he stare back, unlacing their fingers together, still resting on the wood.

-“Ask me again and you will know!”

Will quickly place his foot on the step, trying to hurry up in order to escape the devil.

-“You´re rotten, you know that!”- He screamed, climbing the unstable structure.

He quivered feeling the man´s lips caress his spine while he climbed further up, his beard scrapped and tickled his sensitive skin, forcing a few stranded moans from the brat just to make him yelp loudly when Hannibal finally dropped his mouth to one of his ass cheek, biting slighty there.

-“Damn you!!”- Will cursed at him, hearing the man laugh.

He climbed the remaining steps quickly, grabbing the edge of the roof and pulling himself up, he blushed brightly knowing the doctor probably saw a few parts of him dangling when he stepped onto the roof.

-“You´re lucky I can´t beat your old ass!”- Will shouted from above.-“It wouldn’t be fair with your old dusty bones, now would it?”

-“Come down here and we will see, won´t we?”- Hannibal challenged him, crossing his arms while he ogled the bare kid above.

He smirked, apparently the far distance between them made the runt forget he was completely exposed and in a very interesting perspective too. The kid lifted his arms trying to balance himself on the slippery structure, the roof was still covered with the heavy layer of moss the doctor had placed there previously. Will placed a steady foot on top of the wooden shingle, making his way to pick the abandoned garments he had thrown yesterday. He chuckled, remembering his little mischief play, he was so angry at the doctor for leaving him behind he had decided to go against his orders and throw his clothes to the roof, circling around the cottage while he tossed each piece of clothing with joy knowing the doctor would be pissed when arriving home.

-“Did you enjoy your little mischief?”- Hannibal smirked seing the kid smile while daydreaming.

Will let out a breathy laugh while he stop to pick the trousers there, lifting the fabric to his face, they were still wet from the washing although the clean fabric now laid stained with a few leafs and chunks of moss from being manhandled to the roof.

-“You know I did!”- The boy said throwing the dirty garment at the doctor.-“And I will throw them into the fire next time you decide to look down on me.”

The doctor let out a groan of amusement when he witness the kid throw his property directly at him, missing of course but with a hint of mockery to it. This would certainly turn out to be a very promising day, especially if the kid kept his defience. Lecter circled the cottage, following the kid like a cat looking at a small bird up on the roof and awaiting the right moment to pounce.

-“You know it’s a shame we didn´t grew up together.”- The older man stated with a dark grin.-“I wish I would´ve met you when I was a young man.”

Will chortled at the stupid idea while he picked one of the doctor´s chemise next, twitching it in his grasp before turning to the man below.

-“And why is that, old man?”- The kid aimed at the evil smirk across the doctor´s face. –“You think you could beat me then?”

He mocked before tossing the fabric at him but Hannibal caught it with a quick and almost invisible move, letting it shake on his strong hand while he locked eyes with the surprised boy.

-“Oh we wouldn´t be fighting, runt!”- Lecter purred, eyeing with pleasure the brat backing up startled.-“Knowing how wicked I was and how spunky you are, chances are you would be too *sore* to even think about fighting me.”

Will tense in place, bringing his hands nervously to his front trying to cover as much as possible again. He felt cornered and vulnerable, even though the doctor was down below, he could still feel the dangerous and predatory aura emanating from him, cutting their distance like a sharp knife.

-“I see.”- Will whispered, trying to mask the uneasiness he felt.-“You sure had your fair share of young maidens in your youth.”

-“Young men!”- The doctor corrected him, a wide smug across his face when the boy paled and backed further away.

-“You would be tempting to corrupt in my early 20´s, there is no doubt about that.”- The doctor provoked, seeing the boy tremble above him.-“We could just be crossing ways and I would simply grab you and drag you to the fields or a barn, depends on what was closer.”

Will felt his body shiver with the image forcibly forming in his mind, he could picture himself holding a basket of fruit and minding his own business while crossing the gravel road along the cornfields. He could almost see it passing right in front of his eyes, he could see the young doctor up ahead with the same wicked grin across his lips, his high cheek bones bare without the beard to hide them and the light brownish hair dangling across his sharp eyes.

Will brought his hand to his mouth, covering it as if the simple gesture could block the thought from continuing running in his naïve mind. He couldn’t imagine the tanned strong body he was so familiar with in his younger self, there was nothing that could be improved from the sculpted and virile body he already had. The boy wondered just how he would be affected by it.

Will turned his head to the side avoiding staring further into the doctor ´s eyes, he could see it clearly, clenching more firmly the basket on his arms while he walked right past the doctor. He could spot it perfectly, the dark spark on his young eyes when the doctor decided to capture him from behind, wrapping his arms around before Will had any time to react while the fruit felt to the floor as the wicked youngest dragged him into the field.

-“You really think I wouldn´t fight you?”- Will raised his voice, starting to lose patience, throwing the last piece of fabric there.

-“Oh I hope you would scream, crawl and struggle against me while I pinned you down.”- Hannibal purred, running the same obscene scenario in his mind a few steps ahead.-“It wouldn’t be interesting otherwise.”

Hannibal exhaled looking at his clothes scattered on the soil around him. Unlike the naïve runt, he have had his share of encounters with some of the village boys in his youth, nothing very worthy just for the purpose of practice and nothing more. Some were too clingy and boring, however if this runt would had have the misfortune to defy him like he always does he would no doubt at pulled him into the woods or other hidden place and ravish him eagerly. Hannibal licked his lips, digging into his dark mind with the perfect scenario unfolding. The boy would certainly bash his fists against him, screaming and cursing at him while he roughly picked him up in his arms, claiming him in his strong embrace and found an abandoned barn nearby. He could feel his blood boil inside, he would toss the little runt into a straw pile there, freeing him from all those useless garments covering his body at the same time he pinned him down. He would have to cover that little mouth of his so no one would hear him, Lecter switched the weight to his other leg when he felt his cock throb with interest at the fantasy. He would just pull his chemise off his back and cover the feisty mouth with it, preventing him from calling out. It would be a shame to block his defiant screams

and threats, knowing how promising and satisfying to him they were. With those wide bright eyes he would certainly lure something wicked to him.

-“I wonder what nicknames you would call me then... Old man? Uncle? Sir?”- Hannibal laugh looking back at the kid.-“We would be the same age, it wouldn´t be justified…”

Hannibal moved his head away when he saw a shadow from above coming right at him, he dodge it easily as it crashed with the soil with a crack. He looked to the wooden objet laying a few inches near him, a wooden shingle stood there.

-“FUCKER THAT’S WHAT!!”- Will howled, kneeling on the roof and picking another shingle to throw.

-“Don´t you dare!”- Hannibal hissed, pointing a finger at the angry runt as he aimed the shingle.

Will ran along the roof edge, picking chunks of moss or loosen shingles to toss at the running doctor. He was enjoying this greatly while he saw Hannibal dodge the attacks from above, Will was so oblivious he didn´t notice the doctor was running away toward the ladder in order to catch up to him.

-“Shit!”- The boy cursed under his breath, running to the ladder at the same time the doctor grabbed it from below.

Will gripped the end of the wood structure, yelping when he saw the older man climb the first steps. The runt tried to push it away from the roof, trying desperately for the doctor to stay away from him.

-“You never learn do you, boy?”- Hannibal grin claiming the steps abruptly while the brat tried to overbalance him.

The boy huffed, pushed and pulled but the ladder wouldn’t give in, he dropped his body, laying his belly on the cool moss while he kept trying to dislocate the climbing tool, a shiver ran down his spine when his bare testicles came in contact with the cold surface of the roof as he kept shaking his hands. Will yelp when Hannibal´s breath hit his neck, reaching the last step the man placed his warm palm on the back of his neck pulling Will down while he rested their foreheads together.

-“Gotcha!”- Lecter smirked, feeling the cold skin clammy underneath.

The boy squirm, turning his head around to escape the grip, he pushed himself up falling on his ass when Hannibal released him. Will got up running back to the edge, the access to the roof was blocked by the other man, he knew he had to find another way down before the devilish bastard could reach him.

-“Weren´t you the one who said you could take me in a fight? Well let´s see it then! Come here!”- Hannibal stood by the ladder, crossing his arms, seeing the corner mouse running around the edge.

-“Stay away from me!”- Will hissed, looking over his shoulder while he stare down.

The runt cursed at himself when he spot the wet clothes he had thrown all across the soil, he should have kept one to cover his naked body, especially now that he laid bare and cornered with nowhere to run. The cottage roof was low however there was a good possibility he would injure himself and

open the stiches on his thigh if he jumped. He shivered when he heard the moss crush under Hannibal´s boot as he stepped forward.

-“You know what your problem is? You think you can provoke me without consequences.”- Hannibal brought his hand to his collar, releasing the buttons there.-“You should’ve learned by now how to pick your fights with me!”

Hannibal grin, walking a few more steps while he heard the rapid heartbeat from across the roof, he stop, seeing the uneasiness on the boy´s face, the runt kept his hands up ready to fight him but it was obvious he wanted to bring them down and cover himself. Hannibal laugh at that, licking his lips at the promising sight.

-“Are you still convinced that little body of yours can take me down in a fight?”- The doctor mocked once more, crossing his arms.

-“Oh I´m sure I can! I just don´t want to be that youngster that wins by fighting weak old geezers! -Will mocked, standing his ground, his eyes glowing with defiance.- Besides…How hard can it be to beat an old man to the ground?”

-“I see...”- The doctor hummed, stepping closer, pleased to see the boy back away in response.-“Tell you what! I will let you off the hook and spare you the pain of a beating in one condition!”

-“Condition?”- Will suspected, narrowing his eyes at the man in front of him.

-“The ladder behind me. Reach it and I will let you be!”- Hannibal pointed his thumb behind him.-“But before that! I want you to hit me once!”

Will learned his head to the side, spotting the wooden structure and calculating how he was going to dodge the doctor to reach it. It was a stretch by it was worth the shot and the doctor challenged him so if he punches him he can´t be accused of dirty play. One punch and he would win. Easy. The kid stretched his back, walking forwards the doctor, cautiously spotting for every move he might fall for.

-“Good boy!”- Hannibal brought his hands to his side when the kid stopped in front of him.

-“Just don´t come crying to me when you break something old man.”- Will mocked before bringing his hands up in attempt to create a barrel between them.

The runt tested him out, he ran to him with raised fists, aiming at his face but Hannibal dodged him easily, coming to his side he brought his palm and slapped the kid´s face, making him recoil with the surprised touch.

-“Try again!”- Lecter mocked, enjoying the kid´s expression.

The boy exhaled determinant while he lounge for the other man again, he prepared a fist combination, aiming at the man´s chin, stomach and liver but once again the Devil duck every single attack, bringing his hand up and hitting the runt in the ass-cheek making him yelp and lose his fighting guard position, his confidence was shattering.

-“Oh… You thought this was going to be easy, did you?”- The doctor grin, circling him more while he studied the rascal’s clumsy posture.

Will growl, charging at the man with full force, trying to hit any part on the man´s anatomy, Lecter moved around him, feeling the wind from the kid´s punches touch his face? For every attack the kid throw at him Hannibal would duck just to slap the back of Will´s head making the boy lose his footing. He was enjoying this to his fullest, the kid had longed lost his cocky attitude and was now trying dirty moves to success.

Suddenly the runt steps to close to him and throws a low kick, aiming at his stitched leg, he smiled victorious he knew it was going to meet his target. However the other man steps closer into his space and grabs his leg, wrapping his arm around the runt´s thigh.

-"You just felt right into my trap!"- Hannibal grin, pushing Will´s leg up forcing the kid to grab his shoulder for balance.

-"You pig!"- He gasped, feeling his pelvis rub against the doctor´s groin.-"Let go of my leg!"

-"The problem is that you have too much time on your hands."- The doctor walked to the edge of the roof, forcibly pushing the kid with him.

-"W-What are you!"- The kid blabbered hopping along the doctor.

Hannibal stop when the runt´s back was facing the edge of the roof, his naked heel was half in and out.

-"I think you should stop fantasizing and drop down to earth for once."- The doctor finished releasing the brat´s leg and pushing him over the roof.

Will cried out, feeling his body in suspension as his organs jumped inside him before his back finally met a solid surface. The straw flow around him as the runt hit the huge straw pile there, he didn´t noticing the pile when he was circling the roof. He could see the doctor crossing his arms while the looked down on him with a full wicked grin before retrieving for the ladder. Will however laid with his wobbly limbs against the harsh texture of the dried straw against his naked body, wondering what the doctor just did.

- - -

Will cursed at the man, he scrubbed the soaked rag roughly against the wooden boards in front of the fireplace, the trail of semen he had left the night before had stained the floor turning the wood surface darker. He complained, his knees and back hurt from being kneeling and hunched over on the cold floor, the extremities of the thin chemise were soaked in the front from the boy crawling on his hands and knees, trying unsuccessfully to clean the stains. He dipped the cloth on the short wooden bucket, seeing the water bubble with the soap before he brought it up again, twisting it in his slender hands.

-Damn you pig, old geezer, dead carcass, mossback…- Will cursed under his breath while he scrub the stain for the 10th time. - "… dirty old man… rotten bastard…Limp fucker!

-"*Limp* you say…"- Hannibal repeated, raising a brow but never turning his eyes off the book while he turned the page.-"I didn´t hear you complain on the subject of my masculinity yesterday."

The doctor rested his back against the thick table facing the kneeling boy ahead, the doctor sat on the bench there, holding the book in his lap while he carefully monitored the frustrated pup, his round ass shook with every jerk.

His grin started to rip in his face, it would´ve been so tempting to shove him against the bucket, spilling its contents all over him as the runt´s thin shirt absorbed it. He cleaned his throat, imagining the runt all soaked with the white garment glued to his body, bringing to view his nipples and white skin underneath.

-"If I remember correctly, you were enjoying me fully when I was fucking you senseless that you couldn't form a single coherent phrase..." - He mocked, opening his legs more in a more lazing posture.

-"I can´t clean the cum out of the floor!"- The brat howl, giving up and throwing the rag to the floor, splashing his lap in the process.

-"Well if you took it inside like a good boy and didn´t run away, you wouldn´t need to clean it from the floor, now would you?"- Lecter licked his lips, he felt his cock jolt when he remembered the boy ran for the cabinet to get the medicine.

-"Is that what you did to your fuck boys in your youth? In the fields and barns? Take them by force because you're not man enough to fight someone your own size?"- Will pulled his head back, feeling the tension on his neck and spine, looking at the doctor from over his shoulder with a mocking smirk.

-"Do you feel the need to pick on little boys in order to feel superior and virile?"- Will laugh looking at the doctor with a dark spark on his bright orbits.-"You're more pathetic than I thought."

Hannibal stared at the kid over the book, his wicked grin ripping more darkly while he saw the kid giggle at his own joke. Tempting indeed. The doctor brought his boot up, resting it on the kid bottom and with a precise move he shove his slender body forward, knocking the bucket as the runt felt to the floor completely soaked with the soapy water.

-"WHY DID YOU DO THAT FOR?"- Will yield, bringing his hands to clean his face while he still laid on his ass.

-"Do you want to test that theory of yours?"- The doctor provoked in a low rumble, resting his elbows on his knees with the book balancing on his fingers while he towered over the kid.

-"To see how much of a man I am? Then let´s find out if you can beat me! But you can be certain of one thing… I will make sure when I´m done with you, I´ll split every shed of pride and innocent left in you. All that shame you felt yesterday when I brought my mouth down on you will be gone and you will not even care if I fuck you against a tavern table while you moan and beg while everyone watches you taking my cock deeper."

-"You´re delusional!"- Will gasped, paling at the dark spark behind the man´s eyes.

-"I´ll pound into you savagely, claiming and every part of your body, against every tree and I´ll make sure you watch as I defile you out in the open. After that there won´t be a single place on my property that I haven´t breed you. So tell me runt! Do you want to take that bet?"

Will shivered at the implication, knew he one way or the other the doctor always found a way to win. He bit his lip, turning away from him while he focus on the drenched garment over his shivering body.

-“Did I managed to scare you?”- Hannibal provoked, seeing the kid return to his shell again, to ashamed to take his offer.

The doctor trailed his eyes over Will´s legs and belly when the kid picked the front of his large chemise and twisted the excessive water into the bucket, still wearing the soaked cloth. The skin over his thigh glow with the bubbly water and revealed the love bites he placed there yesterday over his belly and all the way into his inner thighs.

-“Did you enjoyed it?”- Hannibal licked his lips, turning the page of the book while he faced the annoyed kid.

-“What?”- The boy hissed, feeling his skin grow cold with the wet garment.

-“This!”- The doctor grin, opening the book he was reading and turning it to the kid with a sly grin.

Will looked over his shoulder, seeing the man hold the book he was reading, his eyes grow larger when he recognized the book and the illustration immediately.

-“WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT BOOK!?”- Will yelp, feeling his cheeks getting hotter.

The picture of the couple stood there once more, staring directly at him, his innocent eyes unconsciously studied the image again with the woman on her knees petting the man´s thighs while she devour his penis.

-“Don´t act so surprised!”- He hummed. - “After a certain runt stole it and slacked off because of it, I had to make sure I kept it with me at all times!”

The little rascal frown, collecting the excessive water with the piece of cloth, bringing it back inside the empty bucket. He felt his skin grow cold with the soaked garment glued to him like a second layer, he could fill the skin on his belly and legs slippery with the soap.

-“So…”- The doctor mocked, looking at the young pup.-“Was it good to have my mouth on you?”

The boy faced away from him, scrubbing the floor roughly. Hannibal laugh seeing the kid pull the same hold trick on him, he licked his thumb flipping the page to one he knew the kid would reach surely.

Will twisted the cloth again into the bucket, letting the excessive water fall back before bringing it again to the soaked boards, he flatten his palm down seeing the cloth turn darker with the soap water. He gasped, feeling his upper body being shoved forward once more, stopping only when his cheek smashed against the wet floor, he realized with horror the doctor had pushed him again with his boot, still laying there and pressed against his left butt lock, forcing the boy to raise his ass more and arch his spine until his chest rested on the puddle underneath him.

-“HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND...”- Will blabbered, pushing his hands against the boards, feeling his jaw hurt with the pressure.

-“Tell me if this looks familiar to you…- Hannibal grin, never lifting his eyes of the sinful book while he rested further against the table.-… *tainted with scarlet lust and the Devil´s promises the chaste boy fondles his delicate member, intoxicated by the flesh adult image of the farm man working*..”-

Will whine while the doctor read out loud the small description regarding the illustration he was now on, he knew the picture the older man was reading to him - the Altar boy and the Farmer- Will could tell all the details on that illustration, the colors, the brute perspective and especially the familiar guilty feeling behind it. He knew the doctor was reading this to him regarding the incident outside his cottage when he humped the grass ogling the other man while he chopped the wood.

-“You’re disgusting…”- Will tried to look over his shoulder unsuccessfully.

-“*…The temptation incarnate of the disrobed man, reaping the field with its phallic long-handled scythe was enough to tremble the moral innocence of the curious virginal lad as he stained the soil with his first drops of corruption…*”-

Hannibal grin, feeling the kid writhe under his boot, he knew the runt wasn´t enjoying the vulnerable situation he was in, he was positive the memory of the incident was stabbing is vulnerable mind. He kept reading out loud, highlighting certain words with a perversion nature, pausing to studied the kid once in a while, he leaned his head to the side, sliding his boot from Will ´s sacrum to the boy´s inner thigh, spreading it apart and bending the boy more, forcing him to present his ass more.

-“I bet I wouldn´t even need to snatch you into the fields, you would have come to me on your own willingly.”- Hannibal purred, pushing his boot up while the wet garment slide up revealing the white curved bottom to him.

-“You son of a bitch…”- The boy hissed, completely hopeless under the doctor´s boot.

Will yelp, feeling the man´s foot slide slowly along his leg, rubbing slowly the skin on his inner thigh before guiding it up until the tight leather touched his penis. The boy jolt, biting his bottom lip on the process, he didn´t knew he was hard until the devilish man connected his boot against him.

-“S-Stop you pig!”- The kid cried, uncomfortable with the cold touch there.

-“You once touched yourself in the woods without my knowledge…”- His voice was hoarse imagining those little blue orbits on him, desiring him to the point of making him perform such an act.-“It´s time you repay that depth while I´m the one watching you.”

-“W-What?”- Will blabbered dumbfounded by the man´s request.

-“Touch yourself!”- The doctor ordered, resting more against the table, moving his boot and resting it on the boy´s ass one more time.

Hannibal laid there, waiting for the kid to obey, but to his delight he just stood still battling his pride. He saw the skin over his neck and back turn even redder than before, his heart beat was impossibly accelerated to the point it echoed inside the slender body all the way to his boot. But he would make the kid accept it, there was no way out of this.

-“I can make this a lot more uncomfortable for you than it already is!”- Hannibal state, opening his legs more.-“You better take my advice on this one!”

Will hide his face, burring his forehead on the wet floor, this was humiliating, being on display with his naked bottom facing the doctor´s hungry eyes. He forced his teeth further into his bottom lip when he reached back, wrapping his slippery hand around his member, stroking hesitantly. He hate it, he felt completely bare and defenseless, and he could feel Hannibal´s eyes on him, ogling him up and down as he kept working his palm.

-“Did you manage to come with just ogling my body?”- He asked.-“Or did you imagine a specific scenario?”

-“J-Just…your body!”- The boy whispered, hiding his face more, never stopping his hand, he could feel his whole body tremble with Hannibal´s voice.

-“Your lying runt!”- Hannibal purred, narrowing his eyes when he witness the kid jolt at the accusation.

He knew the truth, this kid started to hump the grass in infatuation over his naked torso, that much is true but Lecter knew at some point he revealed his naïve curiosity on the feeling of his arms around another warm body, embracing him and pinning him down. This boy want it. He knew that since that morning, when he talked during his sleep, completely oblivious to the Devil hearing his own confessions. He want it to know more about it. He wanted to know how far he could push the kid and how hard he could make the runt talk without his shame and useless prejudice get in the way.

Will gasped, feeling the bench squeak behind him and Lecter´s boot lift and rest on the floor. The runt couldn´t see the man behind him or read his expression. To him this was worse than having to deal with eye-contact. He jolt, feeling Hannibal´s breath on his wet skin, he looked over his shoulder, the doctor had pushed the bench closer to his body, resting his elbows on his knees while he kept his legs apart cornering the slender body spread on the floor.

-“What did you *imagine* while you were doing it?”- He asked, seeing the kid´s pre-come stain the floor boards below.

His skin was glowing the soapy water all over his trembling water, the boy´s started to hump his hips forwards and matching the movements with his palm, making the muscles over his back and bottom clench and relax under the thin porcelain skin. Hannibal grunt, devouring the exquisite view as the kid laid there spread and ready to be pounce.

-“Y-your arms…”- The runt cried almost in silence, feeling his member throb against his hand, staining the wet floor further.

-“What about them?”- Lecter groan, switching back on the wooden bench when he felt his cock uncomfortably tight against his trousers.

-“..I imagined t-them…”- The boy finally admitted, turning his head to the side, locking eyes with him. - “… embracing and pinning someone down…dominating them completely…”

Hannibal grin darkly at the words, it was ironic that the runt dream of it, looking from afar but he never would´ve guested he would know the feeling to it. Will whine, feeling the doctor lace his arm around his waist and the other around his leg, pulling him up and against his lap. He grow anxious

when Lecter turned him around, making him face him while the rascal grabbed his shoulders for support.

-“Put your hands on my knees!”- The doctor grunt, enlacing his strong arms around Will´s bottom making sure he didn´t felt backwards.

Will shut his eyes, letting a few tears of embarrassment flow over his flushed cheeks while he obeyed, exposing his aching penis to the doctor as he arched his back.

-“Good boy! Keep them there!”-

Hannibal spread his legs making the slender legs above his part simultaneously when he brought his hands down, unlacing the strings of his tight trousers, freeing his pulsing cock to their eyes.

-“W-What are you doing?”- He gasped, completely out of breathe.

-“Didn´t I say this morning I was going to lend you a hand?”- He hummed roughly grabbing Will´s cock.

The boy moaned under the man´s grasp, the feeling was so different from his own hand, more filling and strong, driving every cell on his body insane to the point of torment. He turned to the side, feeling the older man´s gaze on his face, smirking at his reaction while Will shut his eyes.

-“D-Don´t look…”- The runt´s voice came out wet and low.

Hannibal could feel the boy´s hands on his knees, gripping his nails further when he brought his hand to the tip and squeezed it, rubbing his index over the urethra. The boy sing in delight making his own drooling cock throb while he worked the kid. He already knew the wimpy body before him, he knew exactly where to touch and what to say to make him respond beautifully.

-“Do you want to touch it?”- Hannibal rumble, spotting the curious gazing dangerously at his abandoned girth, pulsing against his abdomen.-“Touch it!”

Will bit his lip nervously, wrapping his slippery palm around the fat length, he panted feeling it throb against his hand, the veins there were so salient, massaging his shivering palm. It felt so heavy. The color was darker even more than the tanned skin covering the rest of his body. Will frown, his penis was almost as white as his skin and next to the doctor it looked smaller and softer. It wasn´t the first time he touch it but it always felt like it every time.

-“Don´t compare a skinny runt´s penis to a full-fledged cock of an adult man.”- Lecter purred eyeing the curious expression on the kid´s face.

He was practically salivating for it while he caressed it, he pressed his hand around the kid´s base, making him moan at the pressure. Hannibal released it bringing his hand against the kid´s lips, making him mewled when he shoved his fingers in, wrapping them around his tongue.

-“Taste how good you are.”- The doctor grunt, bucking his hips against the kid´s hand while he worked his fingers in.-“You were riding my tongue so eagerly yesterday on the bed... I thought I was going to starve with your taste.”

Will gagged against the doctor´s intrusive fingers, tasting his own come on his tongue. The doctor pushed his head further back, bring to view his pink nipples as they peered the soaked thin chemise.

Lecter removed his hand, wrapping it again over the kid´s member, the saliva made the moves smother driving the runt insane, riding his hand in ecstasy.

-“If I knew you tasted this good I would´ve come for you sooner!”- He grunt, feeling the boy squeeze his palm a little too strongly.

He clenched his hand more around the burning girth, making the other man throw his head back and groan in pleasure, Will swallow soundly, feeling the man´s pre come slide along his shaft and wetting his slender hands, the obscene sounds and moans echoed in the small room. Hannibal guided his free arm to the runt´s ass, bringing him closer until their cocks touched, imprisoned in each other’s hands.

-“Take them both in hand!”- Hannibal panted, grabbing the kid´s hand and involving it around him.

Will cried out, bucking his hips against the doctor more when he felt Hannibal´s cock flushed against his, shadowing it completely. It felt so hot, almost burning him, he stroked them together, mewling and shivering every time the doctor´s thick veins throb against him, sharing the pleasure together. He kept his hands busy while Hannibal brought both his palms to Will´s ass, petting him there, he let out a low groan from the deep part of his throat, feeling the runt rubbing his ass against his legs, mimicking a riding motion. He throw his head back, arching his spine back against the table as they come together against the kid´s palms, the kid cried out lovely, spilling all over their bellies. The doctor pushed him more against his hips, riding the peaceful waves of their orgasm and making sure the wimpy runt wouldn’t fall from his lap.

He felt the brat go limp, pulling him against his torso while they jerked still affected by the powerful orgasm. Looking up he could see the full moon over the ceiling where the shingles were missing, letting the blue moonlight enter. He unlaced an arm around the small frame, feeling the warmth of the kid´s body against his, guiding his other hand to his soaked hair, petting him and caressing the soft locks.

-“I-I will tell you…”- Will whispered, trying to catch his breath while the doctor played with his hair.

Hannibal kept eyeing the low ceiling, feeling the boy´s heart beat punch against his own chest, feeling it echoed inside him as if their hearts were connected.

-“Tell me what?”- He whispered against the kid´s ear, embracing him more and trapping their cocks together.

-“I will tell you where Mischa is!”-

To be continue…

Chapter End Notes

I have to admit I had a moment of weakness regarding the fantasy of young Hannibal snatching Will into the fields or a barn. I literally lost myself in that idea…I´m so tempted to

write a small story regarding that scene were they have both 22 years!! Oh the obscene possibilities!!

Debt Repaid

Chapter Notes

I have a few confessions to make:

First: First: I like pineapple and banana on my pizza!! I´M SORRY! That´s just how it is! Deal with it! I know it's even considered public offense and a crime in some countries. But I can't help it!!!

Second: I never really understood the people who cried while reading a book. It was completely alien to me how a bunch of words can cause such a reaction!!! That of course change when I started to write his story, especially this chapter!! Oh boy!!! I almost drown in by own tears.

Other thing...Isn´t the image on the begining cute!! I really thing it worded out very well from my recent ones!!

Well I´m out of words,

Bye for now!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 20

"Debt Repaid"

The soft crackling of the campfire broke the grave silence of the night, their bedrolls laid spread over the mossy soil and on top of a thick layer of fur and woolen blankets. Hannibal laid on his back facing the dark night, his palm clench the woolen blanket fiercely while it rested over his bare chest. They had ride almost for a whole day, ever since they left his cottage the kid as almost too tense and quiet, he refused to tell him the exact location as they head out for Mischa's grave, the runt gave him shallow and short directions while they headed east, never revealing their location… go straight ahead, turn here, let´s take a break there.

He exhale loudly, bringing his other hand to the back of his head, he couldn´t sleep, this journey was starting to be a nerve wracking, they were positive if they agreed to go it would be a huge turning point between them. Hannibal would know what happened to his little sister and coming face to face with the dark truth, he would knew just what did the kid did to her, in a way he understood the reason the kid was mortified of the outcome, Lecter didn´t even knew how he would reach in the end.

Lecter turned his head to the other side of the fire when he heard the kid sneeze from across the vivid flames. The fire illuminated his soft curls as the brat stood curled up with the furs covering his slender body leaving just the hair exposed. He frown, the kid was stupid enough to lay his bedroll directly on the cold moist soil, without a layer of moss or fern below him to break the cold from crawling directly from the dirt to his slender back. Stubborn brat.

-"If you had made the moss bed like I told you, you wouldn´t be suffering!"- The doctor point out dryly, adjusting himself on the furs.

Hannibal saw the white hand peak out of the heavy blanket, small and trembling just to grab the end of the rough cloth and pull it up more, covering himself completely.

-"Why don't you come here and lay with me?"- The doctor exhaled, examining the great distance between them.-"If I remember clearly you always needed to hold something to be able to fall asleep."

Lecter laugh to himself, turning his head to the side to see the kid pop up his head from the covers across the fire, however to Hannibal´s surprise the runt wasn´t annoyed by the remark, his young face had a mocking smile followed by a raising brow.

-"Well if I didn´t know better old man… I would say you're afraid to sleep out in the wild!"- Will joked raising a brow.

-"What if I am?"- The doctor grin while he played with his silver hair, unlacing his finger on the back of his head.-"Would you come to me then?"

-"Hardly!"-Will turned on his back, laughing joyfully at the man´s provocation.

He stared at the dark grey sky, the fire was enough to prevent the winter´s night from turning peach black as it light the small clearing where they rested. The boy inhaled, filling the cold scent of the pine trees around them fill his nostrils and bring a sense of nostalgia to him. His slender fingers played and pulled the fringes of his covers, feeling slightly fringed with the absence of something to cling.

He shivered, feeling the rough texture of the soil dig deeper into his back and freeze his bones further. Will frown at that, for ages his body got used to the hard soil of the woods when he was a bandit and the cold temperature didn´t bothered him anymore, however Hannibal had to spoil him with a soft bed and a warm body to make his battle tested body grow soft and delicate like a child.

-"The colossal and invisible doctor Lecter…"- The boy stated with a mocking tone.-"…to afraid to leave the comfort and safety of his cottage and live out in the wild with the ghastly squirrels and grisly furry rabbits…"

Will paused his narration when he heard the doctor laugh, his hoarse voice travelling louder than the cracks from the wet wood popping and burning on the fire between them.

-"*Colossal*…I like the sound of that!"- The doctor smirked, rubbing his naked abdomen over the furs.-"Is that one of the illustrations from that book you stole? I must have missed it!"

Hannibal contained another laugh when he saw the runt roll his eyes at him and the white skin of his cheeks growing brightly with the mention of the forbidden book.

-"No?"- The older man mocked, pulling his arms over his head.-"Maybe we could make it together! I write it and you would take your chances with the drawing."

-"I could write it down while we *practice* it together at the same time."- Lecter closed his eyes as he spoke.-"Now what do you say?"

Will rubbed his face vigorously when he saw himself sitting on the doctor´s lap facing the thick table, buried deep in Hannibal´s cock while the doctor wrote and narrated to him, the mischievous mouth right next to his ear. The man on the other side of the campfire grin, knowing exactly what the kid was imagining.

-"I think you're too old to be trying to do two tasks at once."- Will quilt cut him off.

-"Pity! It would have been a great book."- The doctor smirked, switching again on the furs.-"Another forbidden and sinful one for you to ogle."

-"Not everyone has a wicked and rotten mind like yours to call that type of *book* enjoyable."- The kid frown, pulling the covers again over his head.

-"Why don´t you come over here, let me tell you a story and we will see if we don´t share the same tastes?"- Lecter licked his lips showily.

-"And go to the Devil´s cove?"- Will hugged his knees, letting the darkness cover him.-"I would rather freeze to death."

The runt could hear the furs fondling far away but the cracking of the fire masked the soft friction of the cloth. Will opened his eyes abruptly when he felt the blanket over his body being pulled away from his shivering frame.

-“What are you…”- The boy stopped when he saw the view.

The doctor was standing over his body, completely bare out in the cold opening, holding his blanket in one hand as he kneeled down.

-“Relax! I´m not going into your bedroll!”- The doctor assured petting the bed as he felt the hard surface, too hard to be considerate comfortable before he lock eyes with the boy. –“You´re actually going into mine.”

Will was going to protest the sudden intrusion but the older man was quicker grabbing his arms and pushing up and throw the youngster over his shoulder as the runt started to struggle and bashing his little fists.

-“So the little runt is keeping his stubborn attitude!”- Hannibal walked back to his large bedroll.

Lecter brought his hand to the brat´s ass slapping him while he kept squirming. Will yelp with the contact, he could feel the doctor´s body temperature travel all the way to his freezing body. He kept his fight until the doctor dropped him on top of the soft surface, making his body sink into the soft layers beneath. Will seat up abruptly just to have Hannibal place a firm hand on his shoulder and push him back down.

-“Stay there!”- He ordered while he kneeled next to the kid.

Will laid there quietly on the open bedroll while the other man arranged the fabrics around the runt, the doctor´s bed was much softer and comfortable with the heavy layer of fern and moss. Will caressed the dark furs around him, they were warm with the man´s scent. Lecter placed his rolled up chemise under the kid´s head before placing himself between the furs once more, grabbing the wool blanket and covering their bodies. The boy flinched when the doctor slide inside, touching his feverish body with his while the man laid on his back resting his hands behind his head.

Will turned on his side, facing away from the doctor, he felt his body nestled between the doctor´s warmth and the heavy cloth beneath him. The boy hide his face inside, rubbing his cold cheeks into the furs, Will brought his hands to the lace on his thick chemise, rolling his finger in it as he tried his best to fall asleep.

He hold his breath when he felt the doctor exhale and turn on his side, snaking an arm to Will´s head making it rest there and his naked chest connected with the boy´s cold back as his breath hit the back of his neck, forcing the little hairs there to stand up. He was anxious, his heart-beat pound in his ears and he was positive the other man could hear it to.

-“Your freezing!”- Hannibal whispered against his sensitive skin.

The boy whine when the doctor´s voice broke the silence, he could practically feel Lecter´s lips against the back of his neck, tickling him there.

-“I´m f-fine.”- His small voice broke, silently as a whisper while he curled up more trying to avoid their naked legs touching.

Hannibal brought his arm between the covers and rested it on the runt´s hip, he slide it down slowly until he reached the end of the long chemise, the kid gasped at the touch when Hannibal trailed his hand up over his side, pulling the garment up and exposing the kid´s body until the chemise rolled

up to his torso. Hannibal cuddle more against the shivering runt, gluing their naked skin together, the difference of temperature was enough to make the kid moan.

-“I can practically hear your thoughts pounding in your head.”- The man behind him spoke softly against his ear.-“What´s making you anxious?”

He felt the kid tense even more when he nuzzled his nose over his soft curls, breathing his scent, the kid shivered as he brought the other hand to the runt´s chest and pull him flat against his body. Will mewled when the doctor connected their bodies together, crossing his broad arms around him and hugging him completely, leaving no space between them.

-“W-Why are you naked?”- Will gasped, focusing his mind over the contact of his body.

-“Why wouldn´t I be?”- The doctor grin with the boy´s question, running his palm over the Will´s naked belly.-“The furs are enough to keep me warm. And the garments well…”

Will jolted when the other man placed his burning hand under his knee and pulled his slender leg up to his cold chest, sliding his own leg between the kid´s and brushing it against the boy´s testicles.

-“… they would be inconvenient.”- Hannibal purred, licking the shell of his ear.

Will whine as Hannibal´s moves became bolder, the doctor distracted him while his hands grabbed the end of the chemise and pulled it off the boy´s body, leaving him bare and vulnerable. Will tried to move to the corner of the bedroll, but Lecter clenched him further against his body, until his ass was completely flushed against Hannibal´s pelvis, nesting his cock perfectly.

-“You haven´t answer my question yet.”- He whispered, caressing his lips on the cold skin of the boy´s neck.

-“W-What… What question?”- Will whine, covering his mouth to block the moans from crawling out.

The doctor caressed his palm over the runt´s white tummy, making him shiver with the goosebumps erupting all over his body while Hannibal pushed his leg up and between the kid´s thighs.

-“Regarding you stop running into the woods…”- The man trailed his mouth from the bony shoulder to Will´s jaw.-“…and coming home.”

The boy froze at the words, he didn´t want to answer him, especially cornered like this. He couldn´t blame the other man for not knowing the ugly truth, Will was certain tomorrow when he guide him to Mischa´s whereabouts the doctor wouldn´t need him anymore, he said before, the reason Hannibal kept him breathing was because Will was the only one who knew about the location, that’s what kept him alive. It was his last bargaining coin. Lecter could get rid of him afterwards with in a heart-beat. All this stupid reactions, his warm exchanges don´t really mean nothing, his just there to warm his bed, there was no need to pretend otherwise.

He said that to him once in the field. - *Your no one! You will never be loved or missed*. - Those words still ringed in his head at night, even if the doctor laugh or show kindness to him, Will wanted to take his companionship but those words blocked his actions.

It was easier to block it than to surrender and being reject afterwards, that's the only valuable lesson his life ever taught him - *Never get attached to anything. It will only hurt you more*.

Hannibal flinched when he felt a few hot drops ran along the flushed cheeks and land on his hands, still pushing the kid´s chest to him. The doctor placed a hand on his shoulder and pushed him on his back, facing him. The runt had his jaw clenched shut with his eyes red from the tears.

-"You're so stupid old man!"- Will whispered, turning his head away when his voice broke with the sob.-"Why can´t you just leave me alone?"

Hannibal stare at the kid as he laid there curled up, trying his best not to cry. The doctor grabbed the furs abruptly and shoved them away exposing their bodies to the cold night and the bright light of the fire. Will screamed, feeling the older man grab his shoulders to make him face him once more, it hurt, Will want it to shelter himself, he bashed his fist violently up in the air while the doctor grabbed them.

-"Why are you trying so *hard* to run away from me?"- Hannibal screamed in the kid´s face, while the brat kept wincing.-"What are you so afraid of? Why do you keep escaping back to the woods?"

-"What is it that got you so anxious and all tied up in little knots. With your little sobs when you wake up in the middle of the night with cold sweats and your heart pounding? The way you crawl at your arms while you're blaming yourself for your past?"

Hannibal placed himself between the kid´s legs, sinking him more into the furs and ending a little of his struggle when he wrapped a hand around his shoulder and another one to his head, crushing the kid completely under his heavy weight.

-"Aren´t you tired, runt? From all that running…"- Lecter tried to reason with him, whispering softly on his ear.

-"IT´S EASIER!"- The boy shout it.-"Why can´t you see it! I´m not worthy. I bring death to those around me! I have nowhere else to run!"

Will howled and crawled at the doctor´s back, ripping the skin in hopes the man would recoil but he didn´t flinch, his strong naked body kept caging him under, leaving no space between them. He was mortified, his mind was going blank with no possible way of escape. The runt panted, exhausted slowing his moves down and finally dropped his arms to his side. Lecter trailed the tip of his nose over the kid´s jaw, finally hovering his face inches away from the brat while they faced each other.

-"Please…Let me go…You have to let me go..."- The boy pleaded, too tired from his struggles.

-"No!"- Hannibal whispered into the cold lips, bringing his mouth down and connecting them.

He kissed him hungrily, trying everything to make the scared kid forget his past demons, his lips rub against the runt´s making him gasp for air and still out of breath, Lecter takes the chance and slips his feverish tongue inside, entwining them together while he taste him. It felt different for them and new, so far they only locked lips during sex, but not now. This was different, it connected them on a more intimate level while he worked their mouths together he could feel the kid heart beat pounding against his chest and on the tip on tongue.

He broke the kiss, letting the boy suck on the air while the doctor occupied his mouth over his jaw and neck. Will moan and arched his back in attempt to create friction between their bodies, just to

have the other man sink his lower body further against him and obliged his request. Hannibal enlaced their fingers together and guided their hands over Will´s head, letting his body weight rest on his elbows before he returned to ravishing the boy´s panting mouth. He was exquisite. He always was there was no denying that. He grunt into the kid´s mouth, sinking him further when the boy laced his legs around his waist, spreading himself more for the doctor to access. For a moment Hannibal wanted to prolong this moment, stretch it in time until it couldn´t anymore. He was so afraid, for the first time in a long time he was afraid for tomorrow. He didn´t knew how the discovery of Mischa´s remains would affect him, he didn´t knew if he would grew violent toward the kid. And that scared him more than anything.

- - -

Leonard Brauner

The messenger huffed while he pulled his old white horse into the palace stable, the morning had been a complete disaster, he had left the village on his way to the palace Court, passing the thick forest just to have to turn around and discover the main bridge that led to the palace had fallen. Considering how old and unstable the structure was it was no surprise to him the rotten wood had fallen apart, Brauner just wished no one was crossing it when it happened.

He worried his pace knowing he was late when he turned his head and spotted the captain of the King´s guards across the yard. He was mounted on top of his intimidating war horse with a serious expression on his face as the servant boy attended to Jack´s horse, preparing him for the ride. Behind him was the captains most loyal and formidable soldiers, on the first line Leonard could spot Price and Zeller, they were clearly not comfortable or happy on the reason for being there.

Brauner frown, following the three men was a prison cart attached to two strong studs, the large wheels of the heavy wooden structure were bigger than the normal standard cart. Its rectangular wooden shape stood powerful with a wooden surface and ceiling, the dark iron bars circled the moving cell, managing to imprison even the most savage of beasts. And behind the prison cart was two more horses, one was Tobias as he moved his sword to accommodate his posture more on top of the animal, and finally next to him was the stable boy, grabbing the reins of a stallion without it´s rider.

The messenger clenched his heavy book more against him, feeling a sense of uneasiness when Crawford finally spot him, shaking his head in denial with a heavy and serious expression.

-“Staying for the show Brauner?”- A voice behind him called as the messenger looked over his shoulder.

Matthew stood there, his red leather armor glowing impeccably out in the open while he stood confident with a wicked smirk across his young face.

-“Show? What show?”- Leonard asked, suspicious of the young man smirk.

The young man stopped next to the oblivious man, crossing his arms and puffing his chest in a dominant posture.

-“Didn´t you hear? The captain send out a warned for an arrest while you were late for Trial.”- Brown slowly explain, making sure the shorter man catch up on every word.

-“Apparently Lord Mason wasn´t still satisfied with your deal of letting the kid go unpunished. So the Court reach a verdict and authorized us to go after him.”

-“This is outrageous!”- The man yield, facing the evil soldier. - “You can´t touch the kid without proof!”

-“Weren´t you listening?”- Matthew mocked.-“This is not about the kid´s involvement with Grutas. It´s about his stupidity when he threaten a noble at arrow point! And he did threaten a monarch in his own forest. That at least we can prove and it´s enough to send an arrest.”

-“You see Brauner, we might not manage to touch the kid regarding is dark past actions but we can certainly hold him responsible for what he did to Verger.”

-“It´s pathetic isn´t it?”- Brown whispered in a mocking tone, unlacing his arm on the man´s shoulders.-“You tried so hard to protect them but still you couldn´t save them both!”

The soldier laugh as he crossed the yard, looking over his shoulder to ogle the fright expression on the other man´s face.

Matthew shoved the servant boy way with a heavy arm before he mounted his horse, gripping the reins with confidence, while the captain and the two soldiers ahead shot him an impatient look for his delay. Brown bowed his head in a fake and theatrical apology at the same time he stared at the wooden and ironed structure of the cage in front of him, soon enough this dark and cold cage would have a small little shit there, whining and crying as they headed back.

-“It seems the day would turned out to be very promising indeed!”- Brown whispered, petting his thigh in anticipation.

- - -

The doctor kneeled down, bringing the leather sack to the cool fresh stream and let the pure water fight its way inside the small container. The doctor brought his other hand up to his face cleaning the splash of water from the river that rushed to his cheeks. He stare ahead, eyeing the kid while he guided Foxglove by the reins, pulling the tired animal into the middle of the stream, his long chemise glowed brightly with the low winter´s sun reflecting on the water´s surface, his trousers where carefully folded to his knees but the angry water still managed to wet him.

He kneeled cupping the water and throwing to the animal´s naked flank, making him recoil with the cold temperature. The stud pushed his paw against the water, splashing them both while the kid tried to wash him.

The doctor looked over his shoulder, noticing the detached wooden card resting on the tall fern, heavy with the camping and food supplies. They haven´t packed lightly, their bedrolls occupied most of the cart with their heavy layers of furs and thick wool blankets, and the food there could last for more than three days. Hannibal leaned his head to the side, studding the kid more as he laid there circling around the stallion, the brat had been too quiet since their night together, sneaking his gaze over him when he thought the doctor wasn´t aware, it was obvious to Hannibal the kid was planning something, but whatever it was Lecter didn´t liked it at all.

The boy scrubbed his slender palms against Foxglove submerged hooves, cleaning the dirt from the iron shoe before bringing his hands to the dark mane, burring his fingers on the wet hair, brushing them there. Hannibal stood up, resting his hand around the knife holder, fully belted around his waist, the same knife he had to cauterize his head and fought over the table.

-"Bring Foxglove over so I can attached the cart!"- Lecter ordered grabbing the saddle on the heavy wooden cart.

Will obeyed, gripping the double reins and pulling the animal to shore, stopping in front of the doctor while the boy helped placing the saddle there. The runt walked a few steps back watching the doctor level the leather belt and tight it to the animal´s flank. He ogle the strong muscles clench under the linen chemise, damped with the water from the stream.

-"Do you enjoy watching my body that much?"- Lecter grin, his back turned to the runt.

Hannibal waited for the kid´s answer however the kid stood silent behind him, he turn to him as the runt faced him with an anxious expression, holding a piece of paper to him. Lecter stood, not taking his eyes off the brat when he picked the paper, opening it. There stood a few lines and drawing of trees and other simple figures.

-"What is this?"- He questioned calmly trying to keep his voice calm to avoid the kid from getting startled.

-"A map."- Will answered, locking eyes with the doctor. - "Where not far from *StagPaw* village, follow the stream up the valley and you will find what you are looking for. Leave the cart behind and take Foxglove. I will only slow you down."

Will felt his heart beat stronger when the other man didn´t say anything, he just kept staring at him.

-"Please don´t make me do this!"- The runt begged in a small voice. –"I know what I did was wrong but… I don´t want to face the consequences of what I did to you when you see her."

The boy lowered his face, staring at his feet while he clenched the chemise tighter against his body.

-"Please…Whatever you decide to do to me afterwards I will accept it…"- Will shut his eyes, feeling a few remaining tears trail his cheek.-"I just don´t want to see your eyes when you find her! I don´t want to hurt you anymore!"

Hannibal could see his frustration on the kid´s face, all the despair and fear crashing against his tiny body. Will gasped, feeling the doctor´s hot palm on his head, petting his hair.

-"Will I find you here when I come back?"- He asked, searching for the truth in the kids bright eyes.

Will could spot the fear in Hannibal´s voice, he blinked, it was the first time he ever showed fear to him.

-“I promise…I will stay by the cart!”- He assured him, forcing a smile.

The older man stared a little longer into his eyes, before lifting his hand and returning to Foxglove. He pushed himself on top of the animal making him neigh in surprise.

-“When you find her I want you to read this!”- The runt blabbered, lifting a small piece of paper to him.

He took the paper, never unfolding as the kid requested. He stared at the runt below one last time before slapping the reins and setting Foxglove into a quick pace ahead, leaving the kid behind.

-“Hannibal!”- Will called out to him, pleased when the doctor looked over his shoulder.-“I´m sorry! For everything!”

Hannibal let his voice travel the short distance all the way to his brain, he stayed in silence, turning back and riding away from the kid. Will stood there, eyeing the doctor disappear in the dense forest before the turned away heading back to the small clearing and away from the wooden cart as promised.

-“How much longer are you going to stay hidden?”- Will howled angry into the clearing.

He saw the heavy bushes move a few meters away and out of the woods came the King´s guards, their war horses pulling an intimidating prison cart, empty but not from much longer. Will let them approach until he was face to face with the captain.

-“You were on to us?”- Jack questioned, his expression stone hard as always.

-“I know my way into these woods!”- Will smirked, confident of his achievement.-“You came to arrest me. I´m sure. So hurry up and do it! But leave the doctor out of this!”

- - -

Hannibal Lecter

Foxglove huffed tiredly as he ran in full speed, his heavy cloak flew with the wind while the doctor kept whipping the reins more violent encouraging the animal to run faster. He didn´t knew why he was in such a worry, he wasn´t certain it was to find Mischa after there long two months or to turn back at the kid. They cross the meadow before spotting a house closed by, the house was small and surrounded by the cornflowers and the tall pine trees in the back ground. He pulled the reins to a stop, stepping out of the animal and bringing the map, the charcoal stains darker the old brown paper, he examined once more noticing the mark pointed forwards, in direction to the small house.

Hannibal walked ahead, he could hear a woman laugh nearby, he narrowed his eyes, out in the open was a slim women laying her wet clothes on the clothesline, her long dark hair flew with the morning breeze as she hanged a child´s garment. It was when he turned that Lecter recognized her immediately- Beverly Katz - the petite girl from the meat market.

Hannibal walked closer, the ragged sheets hanging there shined brightly with the sun, revealing a child´s silhouette running behind them. He recalled the small garments the woman had brought that day. This was the small child the runt had left in this woman´s care- *I killed that kid´s only family and left it with nothing*.- the boy had said to him. The doctor approached them curious to see the child while he watched the childish moves behind the sheets and then Hannibal froze in place, the small child ran across the yard, revealing her pretty face and short blonde hair to him.

-"**MISCHA**!!"- Hannibal called out, charging toward her and tripping on the way.

Her small frame stopped with the familiar voice as her big dark eyes widen seeing her brother alive and well, he picked her pace and run to him.

-"HANNIBAL!"- She jumped to his arms as he swing her before falling to his knees.

He buried his nose in her soft hair, kissing her and hugging her tightly, afraid she would disappear in thin air before his eyes.

-"Your alive…You're alive…"- He gasped, cupping her pink cheeks.

-"I thought they had killed you!"- Mischa cried pulling the silver hair away from his face.

Beverly came running to him as she reached them in six long steps, however the look on her face wasn´t of relieve like them.

-"WHERE´S WILL?"- She howled to the kneeling doctor, not spotting the boy nowhere.

Hannibal stood up with his little sister on his arms, eyeing her up and down as the truth started too sat in.

-"That´s…That´s why you were anxious when you heard of my name back on the market! You knew who Mischa was!"-

-"WHERE. IS. WILL!"- Katz screamed, clenching her worn out dress as the concerned grow more on her.

Lecter stared at her confused, the name wasn´t familiar to him at first, his mind clicked when the runt´s face popped once again on his mind.

-"He´s alright! His safe."- He exhaled, turning to his sister.

The petite woman sigh loudly, relived with the answer while she rubbed her palms over the rough fabric as the doctor petted the small, frail back of her back.

-"Will always thought you had died that night."- Beverly begin the turning of events. - He brought Mischa here two months ago and asked me to take care of her. He sometimes brought the meat for us, even when Mischa fought him and hated him for it."

Hannibal laugh nervously at the image of his little sister trying to banish the runt from this house, not welcoming him at all.

-“I wonder who she takes after!”- The doctor whispered to himself, cupping her cheeks.

Hannibal remembered the small piece of paper that the boy had gave him, telling him to read it when he found her. He dropped one of his hands to his pocket, retrieving the piece of paper and unfolding it to his eyes. And there in large lines of black charcoal was the only thought the kid had write to him in two brief words. - *YU IDIOTT*!

The doctor stared at the misspelt words over and over before rolling his eyes at the paper and crushing it under his hand. Very funny runt! He stood up, grabbing his sister and placing her on Katz arms.

-“Keep her safe! I´ll go and pick him up.”- Hannibal assured her.

-“I don´t want to stay! I want to go with you Hannibal!”- His sister started to pull a tantrum and struggling to get down.

Hannibal mounted Foxglove quickly before pulling the reins in a circular motion.

-“There is not enough room for the three of us! I´ll come back for you!”- Lecter promised before setting the stallion into motion.

- - -

Hannibal walked back to the wooden cart at full speed again, his head was so full of questions, and he couldn’t understand the reason behind his lie. The doctor bit his lower lip, he had made him go through hell and back, he raped him brutally against the table and out in the open, he threaten to sell him to the brothel, all the abused and hard work. Why? Why didn´t the kid just told him she was alive from the start.

Hannibal forced Foxglove into a stop when he spot the red leather of the guards uniform next to the wooden cart, he panted examining the soldiers position as he approach. He recognized Price and Zeller immediately on top of their horses with a tired expression and Tobias was over the cart inspecting their supplies. Next to a tree in the shadows was a gloomy prison cart and inside was a slender creature, wrapped in a thin white chemise, hugging himself with the winter´s freezing wind.

-“RUNT!”- Hannibal jumped off Foxglove running to him, just to have the Matthew block his way and punch him in the gut.

-“Where are you going, doctor!”- Brown laugh, seeing the other man leaning on him for support.

The doctor couldn´t breathe with the blow, he kid kept looking down, avoiding staring at him. He looked so small inside the iron structures. It wasn´t for him, he wasn´t a wild beast as everyone around him blamed him. He sucked the air, really to call him again and did time he was going to face him.

-“Wi…**WILL**!”- Lecter shout it, making the runt finally acknowledge him.

-“GET OUT OF THE WAY, FUCKER!”- He groan, pushing Brown in the jaw, making him recoil with the strong blow.

-“Uh!”- Price and Zeller said theatrically at once, enjoying the evil soldier in pain.-“Nice punch!”

He shorten the distance, colliding violently against the cage and grabbing the kneeling kid´s arms, shaking him before he brought his face closer.

-“Why! Why didn´t you tell me she was alive?”- The man whispered against Will´s face.

-“That´s the thing old man…I did!”- Will said softly, bringing his hands to grip the harsh bars.-“I told you when you chained me to the tree. I might have avoided the question afterwards but I never lied to you!”

Lecter stood still shaking his head in denial, his arms petted the boy´s arms more, he pulled the kid more against the bars, connecting their foreheads.

-“Why? All that abuse! All the pain…”- He whispered, shaking his head.-“Why didn´t you defend yourself?”

-“I knew you would still go after Grutas if I told you the truth. You were so enraged and vengeful that I knew you would killed them and face the law for what I did! It was my fault! I didn´t want you to turn into a killer! That´s not how Mischa saw you! That´s not what I wanted you to became!”- Will forced a smile. - “I knew if I hold on while you unleashed your anger on me I could save you from a murderous life! It´s what you want it and that´s what I deserved!”

-“Doctor Lecter.”- Crawford called him, his voice calm and professional.

Lecter ignored, rubbing the kid´s arms and back, he was freezing. He unfold the string of his heavy black cloak, pulling it away from his back to wrap it around the runt´s shivering body, rubbing him more to create friction. He was always so cold, so cold.

-“Come home!”- The doctor whispered, locking their eyes.-“Stop running and come home!”

-“Where is home, Hannibal? Can you tell me?”- Will sobbed, his voice wet and breaking.-“I don’t know where that is.”

-“Step away from the cart, Hannibal!”- Jack said calmly, pushing the man´s shoulder as they backed away a few steps.

-“Stop hiding, step out of the woods and come to me…”- He whispered.

The soldiers took their original position as before, the two friendly guards on the front and the two other on the back of the moving cell. Brown shot a piercing gaze at the doctor, but he didn´t even notice while he kept staring at the kid. Hannibal saw them as they ride away with the boy leaving the doctor behind on the quiet woods.

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Hello again!!

That´s okay…I´ll give you a moment to catch your breath!!

Now, before I thought about writing the story there was two things I was certain, first the beginning and the end of it. Actually my original thought was this to be the last chapter (Hannibal finds his sister alive and Will his sentence to death, debt his paid, END OF STORY)

BUT, I feel I can still stretch it and they have so much going on between them that it would be a crime to stop now.
Thank you so much for reading it and please comment or you're going into that awesome prison cart next to Will.

PLEASE COMMENT AND ASK QUESTIONs!!!

Bye for now! ;)

P.S Dawn!! DeadBeatNymph you really nailed it! I never expected for anyone to actually suspect Mischa was alive! Very good my friend!! *Standing ovation* 👏👏👏

Tight Chain

Chapter Notes

Hello darlings!!

Quick notes:

-Will is going to be whipped in this chapter, nothing to graphic but it was neither that or the Iron Maiden :|

- Here´s my Pinterest Account if you want to see the images on the beginning of the chapters. I used to put the link in the first chapters but I completetly forgot about it, so check it out if you would like. Sometimes I update a new image before I release a chapter.

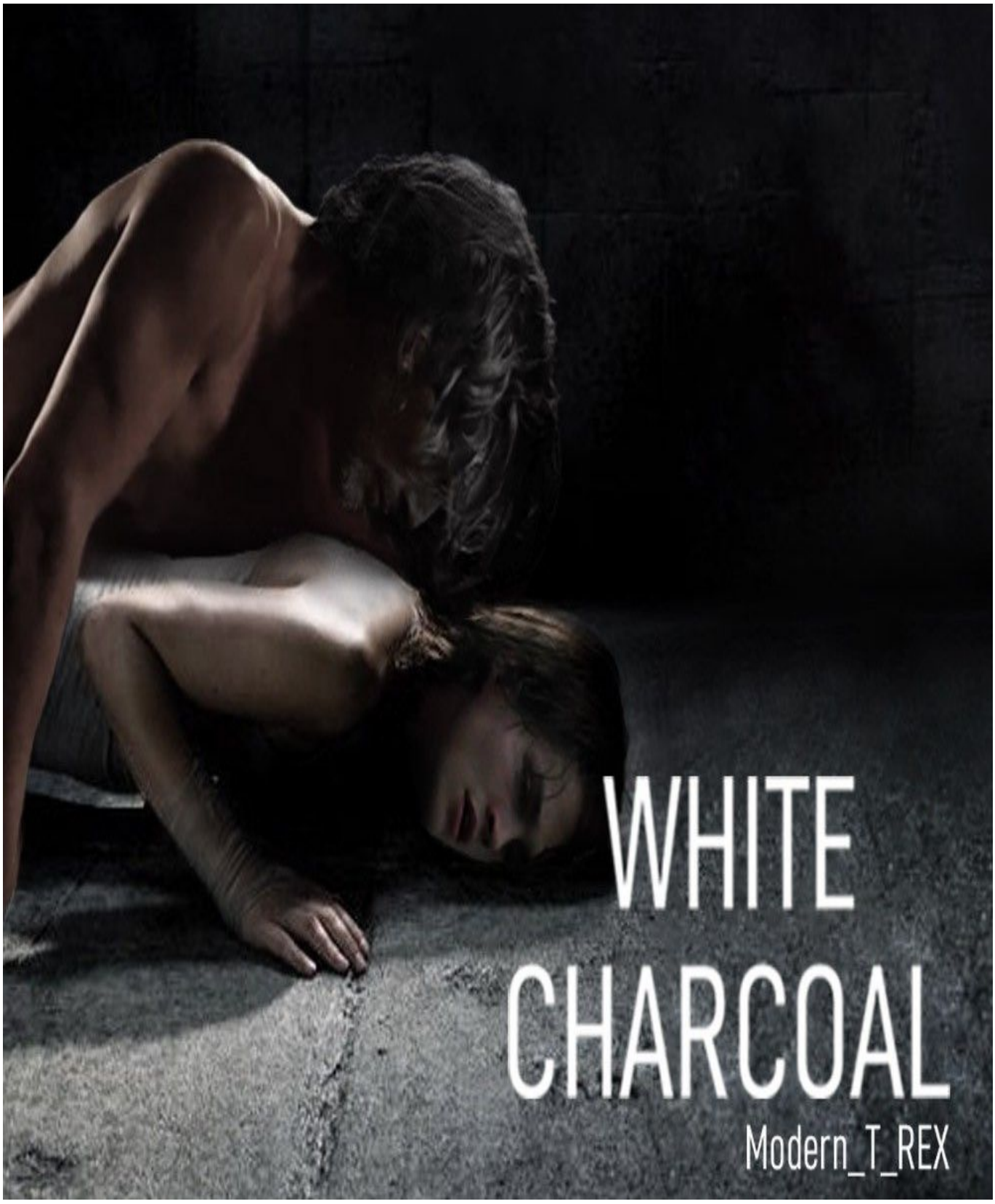
https://www.pinterest.pt/moderntrex/_saved/

And another thing I just found out a site that as ALL the delete scenes from the film Age of Uprising that I couldn't find on YouTube. So feel free to watch the deleted scenes. I know you will enjoy them as much as I did! One more than the others.😈
Sharing is Caring! :)

https://plaid-suits-and-paisley-ties.tumblr.com/post/92946315851/xshiromorix-michael-kohlhaas-deleted-scenes/amp

PLEASE COMMENT!! AND ASK QUESTIONS!!

Bye for now!



Chapter 21

“Tight Chain”

Will Graham

The boy clenched his knees closer to his chest and grabbed the black wool cape to cover his shivering body as he stood in the corner of his prison cell. The cold stones dig into his bones, covering the dark, windowless dungeon and blocking all the light from outside. Will narrowed his eyes, trying to focus anything with the gloomy darkness of his claustrophobic cell, a few torches stood led in the hallway, illuminating the entrance to the prison cells and in the back stood a small wooden table where two guards sat drinking and laughing at the misery of a prisoner they had tortured yesterday, it was obvious to Will they were old on the job since the sickly sweet rotting smell didn’t seem to bother them.

The runt switches his ass, feeling the harsh texture bruise his skin over his pants, the floor of his cell was covered with a thin layer of dyed straw but that wasn´t enough to break the cold from the stoned floor from crawling against his small body or to cover the dried blood trail there, from when the guards dragged the bloody prisoners back to their cells.

His nose twist with the nauseating stench of piss and blood corroding the humid air of the dungeon and stagnant puddles formed between the spaces of the stoned floor where he could spot a few larvae writhing there.

Will shut his eyes, trying to fight his surroundings, his sanity wasn´t made for captivity, at least not like this, he has wondered around the woods all his life, running and hiding out in the open. He felt trapped, dragged into the coldest layer of hell without a soul or a warm body to support him.

Will buried his pink nose in the dark soft cape, breathing it deeply to avoid the stench to sicken him further, the warm garment smelled like the doctor, his strong masculine scent of oak moss and wood drown him in a sense of numbness and suspending the darkness and evil around. Hannibal had wrapped it around his body before they left him alone in the woods, he wince remembering the unsaddled expression on his face as they drove away.

A clash of iron connecting brought the kid to reality as the echo of a heavy turning key and footsteps was heard on the gloomy hallway, he turn to the cell bars when he spot the two guards walk along the corridor and stop in front of his cell.

-“Raise up, little shit!”- Matthew laugh mockingly, resting his arm on the iron bar. - “Your punisher is here to deal with you.”

They dragged the boy down the dark hall way, passing the ten prison cells, five on each side, Will shivered spotting one of the prisoners there, the man was trembling on the stone, completely bare and scratching his chubby fingers on the floor while mumbling a few uncoherent words in Latin. Will brought his hand to his nose, blocking the strong and visceral smell from him, the man was covered in fresh wounds but the kid couldn´t see past the darkness of the cell.

Will faced forwards when he heard the unmistakable strife behind a thick semi-open door, two opposite souls kept raising their voice to each other, unable to get into an agreement. He raised an eyebrow knowing exactly the two owners of those voices.

Tobias kicked the door open, revealing the Herald of Arms and Lord Verger spatting on each other.

-"…I told you already, YOU CAN´T DO THIS!"- Leonard gestured his arms while the noble grabbed the whip.

The room was no different from his cell however the boy quickly understood he was in a interrogation chamber, a few torture instruments were arranged in the dark corners of the room, namely Will could identify a pillory usually on display in the village´s square for the purpose of humiliation and juridical punishment. A shiver ran down the runt´s spine when he saw an intimidating wooden chamber on the middle of the room with is doors open, the depth of the wood was so thick he was sure when closed the loudest howl of agony wouldn´t slip out side, as he walked closer he could see the art craved along the wood, a young maiden face stood carved, staring motionless at him.

The boy raised his chin in defiance when he spotted the monarch circle the table towards him, however before Mason reach him, a harsh movement shoved him inside the larger room making the kid fall on the cold hard floor, Will cursed at the two guards, trying to get back on his feet when he felt a hand over his bony shoulder to helped him up.

-"Are you alright kid?"- Brauner lift the boy, helping him back up.-"You have to excuse them, they tend to handle a prisoner much like they handle their own mothers!"

-"Enough! I want this done immediately!"- Mason screamed impatiently.-"Because of this little shit I already lost two good servants and a pure bred dog! I have no more time to waste on this peasant! Get on with it!"

The messenger block the way when he saw the younger soldier head his way to grab the boy.

-"Get away from him!"- Brauner pushed his hand into Brown´s chest, placing himself in between as he faced Verger.-"Listen to me! It´s true he is hold responsible for your losses, however BY LAW you can´t punish the boy without the presence of his master!"

-"WHAT DOES IT MATTER? He already waited long enough for his punishment!"- Mason howl theatrically, pointing the end of the whip handle to the kid behind the other man.

-"IT´S ILLEGAL! You can´t "damage" another master´s property without signing a legal document of the occurrence and both parties being present during the juridical punishment!"

-"It´s ok Brauner! There is no way to reason with him! "- Will whispered, petting the man´s shoulder.-"Go get Hannibal!"

Tobias and Matthew separated them when the man turned to Will and tried to reason with him, the older soldier grabbed Leonard and dragged him outside while Matthew pulled the runt to him.

-"MASON YOU SON OF A BITCH! You can´t do this!"- The messenger tried to dodge the guard and return back inside but the soldier kept a firm hand on him.

-"Don´t worry yourself Brauner!"- The monarch mocked.-"I´ll keep the whip warm so when you return it won´t chill the little fucker anymore!"- The noble laugh in a high pitch voice, stroking the whip.

The leather instrument was hard and rough with dry blood staining it and few pieces of ripped dead skin glued in the middle. Among the whips in the chamber this was relatively soft, it would break the skin no doubt and create an agonizing pain but not enough to tear the muscle to the bone. That´s what he intended, to prolong the pain gradually until he switched to the heavier and sharper whip. He smiled, rubbing his gloved index along the spine of the tool.

-"Get on with it!"- The man ordered Brown without lifting his eyes, ordering with scorn as if he was a servant.

Matthew towered over Will, examining his cold and defiant eyes before he pulled the large dark cape from his shoulders, throwing it to the ground. He brought his harsh hands to the collar of the kid´s loosen chemise and ripped it open, tearing it in half and revealing the cold porcelain skin. The soldier licked his lips spotting the love bites and hand prints on the runt´s white skin, ripping the rest of the chemise to the damped stoned floor.

-"Well well… who would have guested… the old fucker still can keep it up!"- Matthew mocked, understanding the situation behind those claiming marks.

-"Does he uses a piece of wood to replace what he is lacking? Maybe he gets off while he watches you on all fours being fucked by a phalic wooden object, unable to satisfy you with his own."- Matthew mocked. - "Is that it?"

The young soldier pulled his dagger from his sword belt, bringing it to his mouth and trapping the sharp tip to his teeth's as his other hand grabbed the boy´s pants by the waist before he guided the to the fabric, ripping the ankle banded pants to shreds. Will wobbled with the strength when the young man ripped the rest throwing the remains into the pile, leaving the kid completely naked in the humid and dark room.

Matthew grabbed the back of his neck, guiding him abruptly to the middle of the chamber where a dangling rope stood secured on a hook attached to the high ceiling. He pulled the rope, wrapping it around the slender wrists, giving a final stare at the kid´s motionless face before retrieving to the wooden wheel on the corner of the room. He rotate the handle, stretching the rope in order to push the kid´s hands over his body, suspending him in the air as his legs dangled in the emptiness.

-"Now! By law I´m entitled to deliver upon you 30 lashes!"- Mason sang dramatically, circling the hanged rascal.-"But you see…the human body can only handle so much… and by the 10 lash the damaged area … well… starts to go numb…"

The monarch gestures, pitching the air almost as if in a joyful play while the boy watched him walking around him with the whip dangling in his gloved hand.

-"So the problem is…"- He blabbered, rolling his eyes to the ceiling.-"You won´t feel the 20 lashes after!"

Matthew smirk leaning on the wall when he heard Tobias enter the room again, he saw the monarch giggle as he got closer to the brat.

-"So I will deliver the first 10 and tomorrow I will whip another 10 again and in the third day the final 10!"- Verger laugh, spotting the anger in the runt´s eyes.

He connected the rolled up whip against the boy´s white cheek, leaving a red welt line behind before he brought his face closer to Will.

-“You want to know the best part? I will only make them count when your master gets through that door!”- Mason spat the words on the kid´s face.-“So until then… I´m whipping air.”

The noble rolled up his thick sleeves of his yellow and black coat, leaving the wrists exposed before he pulled the bullwhip behind and with full force, aimed it mercilessly at the kid´s back.

Will choked on the air when the first lash connected with the sensitive skin, he jerked violently, clenching his teeth together while the crack of the first whip echoed inside the torture chamber. It was excruciating. The harsh friction of the leather torn the skin, leaving an angry red line behind. The noble pulled the whip back just to lounge the tool more violently against the kid´s shoulders.

He hold on as harder as he could, biting his lower lip to avoid howling in pure agony and giving that satisfaction to the sadist behind him. The rope suspending the wincing kid stretched and bounced with the brutality of the strikes.

-“Cry little piggy!”- The noble giggled loudly, cleaning the sweat over his brow with the effort.

Will let out a piercing cry, ripping his throat out when the burning bullwhip hit is target once more, however his punisher changed his angle midway, making the cutting leather wrap around the boy´s torso before he pulled it back again brutally, ripping and burning the skin over his belly and chest.

His mind was going blank, he could hear the strong crackling of the fire burning on the heavy torches but that could even be mistaken for the cracking of a whip. He didn´t know anymore, the sound echoed so far away too far too even reach him. He could smell the faint scent of copper in the room, no doubt coming from his fresh wounds, he closed his eyes trying to block the pain away.

The enforcer altered his barbaric strikes, forcing Will´s body to be on constant alert and never falling into a constant rhythm, he stepped closer, striking the bloody skin at a short distance just to step further away letting the very tip of the feverish whip clash the wounded back, like a wasp burring its sting on the soft flesh.

Will stood there, his face wet with tears while a thick line of saliva escaped his parted lips, his damaged mind brought him the sight of the doctor´s face, resting on his bedroll across the fire camp, staring mockingly at him.-“*Why don´t you come here and lay with me?”*- He had offered. The boy dig his nails deeper into the rope as Hannibal´s offer echoed inside his mind, in the emptiness and left without a reply. Oh what he wouldn´t give to turn time and had accepted it, seeing the relief in the doctor´s face while he sheltered his slender body in his strong arms, pulling him closer and kissing him tenderly.

Will jolt to reality when he felt his limb body fall back to the hard floor, he could barely move as he looked around spotting the relaxed soldiers walk away from the wall, Tobias took the bloody tool from the monarch. The boy narrow his bright eyes, his vision going shaky while he stared back at them, he couldn´t hear the men laughing past the persistent loud ringing in his ears when the two guards came to his naked side, each grabbing an arm and pulling him outside, not caring if they bumped into the bloody lines a crossed his back.

Will grunt in extreme pain when they passed the clothes pile, he jolted falling on top of the ripped garments and grabbed the doctor´s black wool cape before the guards pushed him brutally back on his feet and dragged him back to his prison cell, throwing the kid inside and closing behind them.

The runt stood wincing in the stoned floor, clenching the cold cape to his body, he felt so heavy and weak that every little movement was enough to make his skin burn in agony and the feeling of his

damaged skin stretching with the heavy breathing was excruciating.

- - -

Hannibal Lecter

The doctor grunt loudly as he tried to push the chunk of the tree from the gravel road, blocking his way to the palace. His navy blue coat stood thrown to the soil, resting there while the man laid with the damp chemise glued to his body, exposed to the cold air of the foggy forest. Foxglove walked in circles behind the doctor, the anxious stallion was still trying to accept the strong dark aura emanating from the doctor since the little boy was taken away. Lecter huffed, resting his hands on the rough texture of the pine tree, looking at the end of the chunk it was obvious to him it had been strategically chopped off in attempt to block the way ahead.

He brought his fist hard on the blocking object, smashing them repeatedly as if the force from his punches were enough to move the tree out of his way. He was panting, the sweat trailed down his face and back, his hands was bloody when the harsh protrusions of the surface opened a few rash along his knuckles and fingers. Hannibal jolted, turning his head to the side when he heard a horses trot nearby, the tall bushes moved as a black horse stepped out of them. The doctor groan when he spot the red leather uniform from the rider, the man on top of the stud stood high and motionless as he eyed the doctor, trying to push the fallen log.

-"Doctor Lecter!"- The soldier greeted motionless.-"What are you doing here in the middle of nowhere?"

Hannibal panted, never losing sight of the red man when he stepped out of the bushes, looking around to their surroundings, almost making sure they were *alone*. The doctor frown, when he notice the rider stare at his saddle bags, looking to see if he was armed, Hannibal cursed, he remembered he stood there without any weapons, his old axe and cross-bow were in the wooden cart left behind with Miss Katz and Mischa.

-"I should ask you that too Dolarhyde! What are you doing here?"- Hannibal groan at the soldier.-"Separated from your unit and from your captain."

-"I am separated from my unit…"- The soldier whispered, still looking around for something the doctor wasn´t aware of.

The man approached the doctor slowly, stopping his horse when the animal was mere inches from the doctor below.

-"But I´m still here following orders!"- Dolarhyde stated firmly, finally locking eyes with the doctor.

The soldier omitted the reason for his presence, leaving Hannibal reading the situation between the lines.

-"I would advise you to follow the short cut into the woods to reach the palace."- Francis stated, pulling the reins and ordering the animal to follow the road.-"You shouldn't be out here alone."

-“And why is that?”- Lecter challenged him, standing his ground.

He gave the soldier the opportunity to make a move on him, which was clearly the man´s intention, judging by the way the guard eyed him. Hannibal knew exactly that look, it was the same unhuman and deadly expression he eyed Grutas´s members when he trapped them in the wolf pit. Dolarhyde stare at him persistently but choose to follow the gravel road instead, turning away from the doctor.

-“Watch yourself, doctor Lecter!”- The soldier whispered, turning over his shoulder to grin at him.-“Rumor has it, there are *bandits* in these woods!”

The doctor saw the man move away from him, the heavy fog on the road swallowed the rider silently, leaving him alone once more.

- - -

Will Graham

The boy jolted awake when the faint sound of moving keys echoed inside the dungeon. Will rolled his eyes in attempt to focus his sight to the darkness, he was still laying in the dirty floor of his prison cell with the doctor´s cape scattered below him. Laying on his side, the runt brought his hand to his nose, scenting it, he recoiled in fear at the realization. It was gone! His scent and the doctor´s was gone. Will whine, running his nose along his arms, shoulder and hair. The runt howled in agony, he smelled like death and blood, the same rotting scent around the bloody battlefields in his childhood.

A stranded cry escaped him when he tried to get on his hands and knees abruptly, his back shot stabs of pain through his brain violently making the boy fall back down against the dark garment. He stood there, clenching his fists and buring his head into the thick cloth as he let the tears roll out, he felt too weak and vulnerable. This place was robbing his identity, his recent sweet memories. He felt the dark shadows and pain return, crashing down like the darkness around him… he was so afraid.

He tried to recall the memory of the doctor laying on his bed in the morning they woke up together and shared the linens for the first time, his naked body on display for him to stare. Will bit the cape, sucking the garment and tasting Hannibal´s sweat on it, he wanted to hold on to that memory and block the freezing and nauseating cell.

Will rubbed his chest against the wool fabric, trying desperately to pass the remaining scent to his skin and help him remember his warmth, his feeling…his feverish touch.

-*“Did you had another nightmare?”*-

The kid moan loudly when Hannibal´s voice echoed inside the empty cell, making the boy turn his head around hoping to find the doctor there. But to the kid´s despair he wasn´t there, he clenched

his jaw more, rubbing his cold forehead into the floor. He brought his shivering hand to his penis, stroking it as he spread his knees more on the hard stone.

In his blurry memory, he saw himself back in the doctor´s cottage, by a corner next to the cold fireplace with the morning light embracing the two bodies on the bed.

Will mewled, raising his ass more and humping the air, matching his strokes while his cold hand squeezed the pulsing tip. He stood there, eyeing them together, the doctor laid on his side, his naked body covered with just the thin linen and sheltering his lower body. The kid´s bright eyes followed the white sheet to the other end and just like he remembered, his slender frame laid there asleep with his back to the other man while Lecter ogled him in his sleep.

Their garments were still scattered across the wooden boards from the previews night with his bridal nightgown on top of the doctor´s chemise. The boy hissed painfully, feeling a thin layer of sweat cover his body, the salt there burning his wounds even more than before. He focused his mind on his memory, stepping closer to the bed while the other man rested his head on his elbow, his strong chest raising up and down calmly and in control. Slowly the doctor turned his head to the "standing" Will, even though this was Will´s fantasy the image of the doctor before him felt like it had a power of his own, unable to follow Will´s orders even inside his mind.

A provocative grin started to rip on the doctor´s face before the man returned to the boy´s sleeping frame, he guided his palm to the boy´s waist, pulling the linen down slowly as it revealed pure white skin.

Will moan, lowering his hips to connect the harsh fabric of the cape with his drooling tip, sending shivered of bitter-sweet pleasure along his damaged spine. The other man released the sheet and trailed his finger along the spine of the sleeping boy, the feather light touch made the runt shiver and moan in his sleep, accentuating the doctor´s grin with the vulnerability.

A groan echoed around the dark cell while the kid worked his hand more strongly, he bit his lip with the frustration, he couldn´t reach his peak. No matter how much he worked his hand and rubbed his tip to create friction, he couldn't orgasm…there was something missing.

He focused back on the fantasy, eying the doctor retrieving his fingers and connecting his burning lips in return against the cold skin of his hip. Hannibal trailed his mouth, nibbling and licking the skin along the side of the ribs, he stepped over his unconscious body, caging the brat with his legs and arms only touching him with his devouring mouth. He kept his exploration, trailing lips over the boy´s shoulders…neck…stopping at his ear, exhaling into him.

-*"I warned you didn´t I?"*-

Will groan, looking over his shoulder, he could feel Hannibal´s breath on his ear as he spoke slowly into him, his fainted hoarse voice echoing inside. A warm heat wave embraced his slender back, numbing the damage skin as if the doctor lurked over him, pinning him more against the stoned cold floor.

-*"Didn´t I teach you?... That your body needs mine to respond...It needs to be filled."*-

The wimpy boy stopped his hand, biting down on the damp garment while he released his member, sliding his slippery hand further behind him more until he reached his entrance. He trembled at the thought when his finger circled the tight ring of muscles, spreading his pre-come and with a slight

hesitation he pushed in, exploring himself for the first time. He whined moving his slender finger inside, it was so slippery, his walls were soft and warm, clenching around him.

-*"Good boy!"*-

The shadow of the doctor´s voice made him tremble more, he imagine how his soft core felt around Hannibal´s, squeezing him tightly, he wondered just how much did the doctor felt inside him. The runt raised his ass more in the air, riding his finger while he rubbed his feverous nipples into the cape. He could feel the doctor´s presence on his back, rubbing against him.

-*"Keep working your hand…stretch for me…"*-

Will spread his thighs more and welcomed another finger and presented himself to the darkness. A loud moan escaped his throat when he felt the older man´s lips touch the back of his neck and licking the sweat there, the light touch was almost possible to miss. He arched his back when the doctor trailed lower with the tip of his tongue over his spine, stopping at the curve of his ass. His sweaty frame jolted, battling his instinct to flea when the ghostly feeling of the doctor´s palms touched his ass cheeks, spreading them apart and exposing the runt´s fingers as they disappeared inside himself.

The humid and cold air of the prison cell wasn´t enough to calm the blush running over his face and back ending at his slick entrance while he stretched it open. The boy trembled when he felt the other man´s breath there, goosebumps erupted all along his chilled skin when the doctor´s shadow kissed his bottom, nibbling the damped skin, he switch to the boy´s trembling fingers, licking his slick knuckles. The kid cried out while the man trailed his feverous tongue all the way until he reached the tight ring of muscles.

His hips jerked violently with the pleasure, pushing his ass more against the doctor´s mouth at the same time he devoured him whole.

-"…P-please…"- The boy gasped feeling his orgasm building in his lower tummy.

-*"Keep it spread for me runt…"*-

Lecter caressed his hips, trailing his palm along his ribs and bringing them back, giving a firm squeeze over Will´s bottom before slipping his tongue inside. Will mewled, pawing at the coat underneath him when the other man´s tongue slipped in, circling his walls while he kept his two fingers spread, stretching him open. The boy writhe underneath the faint shadow feeling the burning tip reach impossibly deep. He bit the garment trying to avoid his moans and pants from leaking out to the remaining cells, a trail of saliva slide along his flushed face and his eyes watered while Hannibal circles his tongue around the opening, lapping and slicking him further, making the runt arch his back more and wide his legs further apart as the doctor´s breath touches his wet skin. His tongue felt so good, ravishing him and devouring him whole.

-"Such a nice view!"-

Will doesn´t need to turn to know who the voice belongs to.

-"I knew he was a little whore since I saw him!"- Another voice echoed by the other side of his cell bars.

Will grunt in pain when he tried to sit up, he lowered his bottom, cleaning his sweat with the back of his arm before he looked over his shoulder. Brown stood by the entrance and next to him was a young cocky man grabbing the cell bars in hopes he could mock the prisoner better inside.

-"Hello Randal."- Will whispered motionless, turning his head away from them once more.

The boy could spot the dark bruise on the youngster's jaw, result from there preview encounter when Will threw him on the ground and punched him severely, the bruises marked the young prostitute´s face even after five days.

-"I came to deliver a message."- The young kid stated in a mocking tone.

The young soldier slipped the key into the rusty and old mechanism, unlocking the bars with a horrendous squeak.

-"Be quick about it!"- Brown hissed, hurrying the kid.

Randal Tier slip inside Will´s cell, gracefully walking up to the sitting boy, still facing away from him, the prostitute smiled when he saw the multiple angry wounds on the other kid, much more painful than the punches the runt throw at him the other time.

-"Why do you get to escape while I didn´t?"- Tier whispered.

Will let out a bloody scream when he felt the guy´s foot connect with his fresh wounds, making him felt forward once more. The runt hissed and squirmed at the same time Randal grabbed his hair and shoved his face into a puddle, making the boy grunt in agony while feeling his jaw being shoved violently against the stoned floor.

-"WHAT MAKES YOU SO SPECIAL?!"- He screamed in his ear as he lowered his head to Will ´s.-"I struggled too!!! I suffered and fought to survive in there!! Why would he choose you?! Why? Why do you get to leave and I don´t?"

-"That´s enough! "- Matthew ordered firmly, his arms crossed while he leaned by the wall.

The young man released him immediately, seeing the boy rest his forehead on the floor but choosing not to fight him this time. He laugh, he was surely done for! What excited the doctor was his fighting spirit and his rebellious nature and now this kid wouldn´t last long here. The doctor would certainly be fed up of him soon. He reached for his pocket taking an old rag and unfolding it lazily.

-"I told you I came to deliver a message."- He kneeled once more placing the small object in front of Will´s head.-"And since you won´t come back around to the brothel I might as well deliver it to you now."

Will panted, trying his best to gather the strength and lift his head, he spotted the small object there, the light grey piece of charcoal stood there facing the runt´s eyes. - A small piece of *White Charcoal*.

-"Chilton sends is regards!"- Randal grin wickedly, eyeing the objet on the floor.

Will reached for the piece of graphite, rolling it in his fingers as it stained his palm, he remembered the time he sat next to the doctor, by the fire place while the older man explained to him the

meaning of that title to him. He knew now that as of today there was only one thing that awaits him from today forward.-Death.

-"It´s a pity you didn´t get through the *charcoal treatment*…I would have loved to see you struggle for a whole month just to see the knife meet your throat in the end!"

The boy laugh, looking behind his shoulder while he stood up, Will stopped him, grabbing his wrist and pulling him closer, face to face.

-"You're not a bad kid, Randal!"- Will whispered, looking into the wide eyes of the other boy.-"You're just a victim of all that abuse you were put through since you were a child."

Tier looked the fallen boy straight in the eyes, not seeing a hint of revenge or anger towards him, even after what he made him go through. The runt knew exactly what it felt to be abused all his life, and because of that it forced him to choose a life of crime because he was led to believe he was worthless.

-"…And I forgive you!"- Will whispered, releasing the guy´s wrist.

Randal backed away, confuse by the weak peaceful expression on the other boy, the calmness emanating from him was the least emotion he wanted to see. That´s not what he wanted at all. Matthew pushed the kid out of the cell, shoving him into the hallway.

-"You got what you wanted. Now fuck off!"- The guard hissed, looking down on him.

-"W-what… Wait!"- Randal blabbered still confused, he grabbed the soldier's uniform to face him properly.-"You… you promised me you would give me a post in the king´s army if I testified against him! You promised me!"

Matthew brought his hand hard against the boy´s cheek, making him recoil to the side and almost stumbling over.

-"Are you that stupid!"- Brown mocked, pointing a finger at him.-"Did you really thing someone like you had a place serving his Majesty!? A whore and a snitch! You're only good for one thing!"

-"Now get out of my sight before I cut out your tongue!"- He shoved the kid away with disgust as if he was touching a dirty and nauseous thing, the kid recoil still grabbing his bruised cheek as he backed away.

Will saw the young guard pick an object on the floor before coming inside his cell, looking up he spot a rusty iron bowl by the man´s hand.

-"I thought you might be hungry."- Brown grin, ogling the boy´s bare frame.

He kneeled down, placing the bowl on the floor, Will frown seeing the rust on the dirty bowl, contaminating the food there, the utensil was stained with dried remains of food, making him gag at the nauseating sight. Inside two small potatoes drowned in a broth, so translucent the runt believed it was just water, he bet the rats lurking inside the walls wouldn't even touch it if they came across this food. His stomach protested, he hasn´t eaten since yesterday, they barely stop to eat on the journey to find Mischa and the torture released upon his back took the remaining strength he had saved so far.

-“I almost had to spear the cook to lighten the cauldron and warm up your meal!”- He kneeled next to the boy´s head, leveling his crotch.-“Won´t you eat it?”

He grin wickedly when the boy clenched his slender hands into the doctor´s cape below him, fighting his needs as the kid decided to reach or not for the food. But that battle didn´t last long when the kid stretched his arm toward the bowl. Matthew placed a finger on the edge of the bowl, pulling it away from the kid´s hand.

-“Why don´t we trade it?”- He hummed, licking his lips as he ran his eyes over the kid´s body.-“I will let you eat and in return you give me the fucker´s cape! There are other ways to keep yourself *warm* in this cells. If you know what I mean. You won´t be needing it!”

As soon as the bargain left his mouth he saw the runt retrieve his shaky hand, refusing to accept the deal. Brown was anxious to separate the boy from anything remembering him of the doctor, he could just rip it away from him, there is not much he hasn´t done already to cause the prisoners the maximum agony in here. However, that´s not the game he was playing with this one. He wanted him to come willingly, and not to take him by force.

-“These are *very* humid and cold walls! Most of the prisoner don´t survive the first night!”- He explain, still eyeing the brat´s vulnerable frame.-“I have you here for two more days! You better start being polite and friendly to me! I wouldn´t want to hand you back to the doctor in a bad shape!”

-“C’mon now little boy!”- He trailed his finger over the edge of the bowl, circling it eagerly. - “It´s not like I´m asking you to do something that you never done before.”

-“I´m curious… how many times did the old geezer made you spread your legs in exchange for food?”- He leaned his head, bringing his finger to the kid´s neck. - “If you’re going to let a man fuck you, wouldn´t it be better to choose a more virile and bold specimen of our gender?”

Will breathe heavily, clenching his jaw more at the soldiers comment, his head was getting light with the pain all over his back, he clenched his fists more on the dark garment hoping to suck the strength out of it to fight the other man.

-“You think about that! I´ll be outside when you come to your senses.”- Matthew stood up, grabbing the bowl and throwing the cold broth all over the floor, splashing the laying boy on the face.

-“In the meantime, keep using your hand on your ass! It´s probably the only thing that fucker ever used on you too!”- The guard laugh and headed for the door.

- - -

Hannibal Lecter

The doctor walked angrily along the palace yard, pulling the reins of the *Orlov Trotter* along the careful arranged garden, passing a few surprised nobles as they gasped at the sight of him bringing his loyal stallion along the palace. The stable boy screamed at him when he didn´t left the animal on the stable, but Hannibal howled, making the kid curl up in fear as he brought the horse along, he was pissed at what the guards had pulled during his way back. He didn´t understand what would they gained delaying his arrival while the kid awaited his punishment in a cell. He stopped suddenly, spotting young Randal leave the palace, he could see his cheek bruised as the kid walked frustrated, he stopped locking eyes with the doctor. Tier eyed him up and down almost with sadness before he lowered his eyes and left.

-"HANNIBAL!"- Leonard called to him as he run to the doctor, crossing the garden.

-"Where is he?"- Lecter asked impatiently, still eyeing the boy walking away.

-"He is in a cell down below! I need to talk to you."- The messenger tried to keep up while the doctor hurried across the yard.

-"Verger was here! He broke the property law and punished the kid in your absence!"- Brauner almost collided with the doctor when he spotted abruptly turning to him.

Lecter examined the paled expression on the other man´s face, somehow he didn´t need to confirm what he already knew from those words. The fallen tree was a decoy to give the noble more time.

-"Listen Hannibal, as far as I know the kid is being detained for the crimes of trespassing into Royal Forest grounds and threatening Verger."- Brauner walked again when the doctor resumed his pace.

- "The punishment is set on 30 lashes but as far as I know the kid only received 10, Verger will come back to …LISTEN TO ME!"- He grabbed the doctor´s arm, making him face him.

-"Lord Mason broke the law of *property* inflecting the punishment in your absent! So you're entitled to take the kid away without the punishment being over!"-

The doctor stood still, breathing in relieve when he heared the man say he didn´t had to witness the boy´s pain and he could bring him home. He knew he wouldn't stay quiet and still in a corner while the other fucker brought the whip on him. He hurry up to the palace and bargain with Verger, he wanted to swap places with the kid and recieve the punishement instaed. However, now that the noble broke the law the kid was free to go and they could bring the case to Court once more.

Hannibal entered the dark dungeon, bringing his hand to his nose when he felt the disgusting stench of death and feces contaminate the air. He walked down the slippery steps, feeling the cold penetrate his feet even under the thick leather of his boots, with every step it felt like he was descending more and more into the lowest layer of hell, the agonized screams echoed around the stone walls, masked with the cracks of the whips or the squeaking of the wood from the tortured instruments. He felt sick to his stomach!

He stop in place when he saw Matthew cross the sinister hallway, dancing an empty bowl in his hands. They passed by each other, the doctor could see the mocking smirk on the young man´s face right below the bruised he had punched the day before. He hurried his pace until he reached the last cell with the open door and stepped inside.

The boy was laying on his side, resting his naked body on the stoned floor, he narrowed his eyes noticing the boy was clenching his cape, the one he had wrapped around him for warmth. Lecter approached him silently, he didn´t want to startle him more than he already had been. The doctor kneeled by him, placing a warm palm on his bony shoulder to examined the wounds. He clenched his jaw in pure rage when he saw the fresh wounds there, he counted them, one by one, again and again to make sure the whip didn´t reached him 30 times. The runt´s skin was freezing even more than usual and the doctor couldn´t see with the darkness around them but to his eyes the white porcelain skin looked grey and lifeless. Hannibal unbuttoned his thick blue coat, placing it gently on the boy´s body, making sure it didn´t touch his wounds. He saw the boy grip the cape below him and bring it closer to his freezing body.

-"Don´t worry, I´m not going to take it away from you!"- Hannibal grin, the movement around him made the boy think he was another guard probably there to take the garment.

-"You can have it if you like it that much."-

-"…Y-you're not here…"- Will whispered weakly, his mouth felt to dry to accomplish a complicated task like talking.

-"That´s one way to put it!"- Hannibal laugh, sitting the boy gently and resting his sweaty head on his strong chest.

The doctor took the water leather sack, still wrapped on his belt and brought it to the kid´s mouth. The fresh and cool water from the stream wet his lips, making him gulp the water like a newborn while he breast feed. Lecter rubbed his nose over the boy´s hair and guided his palm there to caress his hair away from his eyes, watching the boy whine as he tried to swallow and breathe at the same time.

-"Let´s get you home!"-

To be continue…

The Barn Rope

Chapter Notes

Hello fancy people!!!

I hope everyone is well!! I have to say you guys are amazing!! Even after 22 long chapters I´m glad you guys are still with me!! I LOVE YOU GUYS SO SO MUCH!! 😍😍

Quick notes:

- New image: The image on chapter 1 was altered, I thought it didn´t represent the chapter very much, and it´s important for me since it shows the reader the first view of the story…so I hope you guys like it and find it fitting!!

- Second: Let´s talk about the fact Hannibal is 48 years old and Mischa is 6 !! Is it weird? In the book she is 6 and Hannibal is 8…I only noticed the huge age gap now!!

- Well this chapter his Obscene…Big surprise there!!😒😊

PLEASE COMMENT AND GIVE ME YOUR OPINIONS!!

Bye for now ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 22

"The Barn Rope"

The sun set low, painting the meadow with heavy shades of orange while it hanged peacefully near the horizon. The heavy pine trees surrounding the silence plain land turned darker with the lack of light and the crows came out to hunt, shaking the branches as they fly away. Beverly lift the long wooden staff and guided the small group of goats back to the barn, Misha helped out cornering them and moving the little arms around as she shorten their way inside. Her little herd of 10 goats was easy to look after, Beverly didn´t had much but the goats kept her alive through out harsh weather, the animal provide milk, warmth, meat and of course company.

The winter was harsh on them and the freezing nights always brought the wolfs out lurking for food, Beverly barely managed to survive that winter, when more than half the herd was hunted down over night by a starving wolves, leaving her to deal with no more than the remaining frightened goats. The fear on the animals spoiled their milk and meat and left her with almost nothing. It hadn´t been a good winter that one. The old barn squeaked loudly when the slender woman closed the door and bolt it shut, making the wooden structure tremble with the small movement.

They turned when a faint gallop was heard not far away from the house, looking ahead they spotted the great *Orlov Trotter* stepping out of the tall trees and entering the meadow towards them. Katz placed a hand over her forehead, blocking the sunlight as she examined the situation. The doctor pushed the reins with persistence, guiding the stallion into a constant and gentle pace, narrowing her eyes further she spot a slender body wrapped around a black cape while it laid across the man´s lap, his naked feet dangled on one side at the same time the boy kept his curled up position. They both run to them by the time the stud passed the crocked fence and stopped in front of the house.

-"What´s he doing here?"- The small girl frown when she saw her nemesis.

Katz petted her thin blonde hair, trying to calm her before returning to the doctor.

-"What happened?"- The young woman asked, seeing Will´s face paled more than normal.

-"He´s injured! Help me get him down."- Hannibal said while he released the reins abruptly.

The other man wrapped his dark cape more around the drowsy kid, sheltering his bare body to the woman, he placed a gentle hand on Will´s neck and another to his thighs, eyeing the small woman as she laid with open arms to support him down. The runt´s bottom slide slowly along Hannibal´s legs before his weak frame collided with Katz embrace. He screamed in agony with the quick movement, making the garment around him touch his wounded back and glue the fabric to the bloody wounds.

Hannibal jumped off Foxglove abruptly to assist the kid, helping the fragile woman as she guided them inside the crooked house while Mischa grabbed her stallion's reins pulling him to the barn and looking behind her shoulder seeing her big brother go inside with the injured bandit.

Lecter looked up, eyeing the tall ceiling covered with shabby wooden boards and a thin layer of straw, leaving a lot of space between them as the cold and wind entered inside. Looking around the doctor saw a small loft and the floor boards was filled with fresh straw to keep the house warm inside.

-"Drop him here!"- The doctor pant, laying the boy on top of the wooden table as the woman took the dishes away.

He pulled the kid on his side, much like he had found him on the floor of the prison cell, making sure to keep the garment away from his injuries. He grabbed the apron nearby and wrapped it along his waist before he turned to the frightened girl.

-"Do you have *Prunella* or *Hypericum?*"- Lecter asked, eyeing the confused expression on the woman´s face.-"Ale… wine… anything with alcohol."

-"N-no…"- Beverly whispered, a little ashamed of her poor situation.

The doctor understood her discomfort, he turn his head to the window seeing the lemon tree outside.

-"That´s alright! Bring me two lemons off the tree, please."- He said softly, placing his hand on her shoulder.-"And a clean sheet, if you would be so kind."

Hannibal grabbed the collar of the cape, bringing it slowly down and exposing the kid´s shoulders while the kid sobbed and grabbed the end of the table, digging his nails into the old surface. The doctor cursed, rubbing his hand on his face when he felt the fabric of the garment was stuck to the boy´s skin with the dried blood.

Katz ran inside placing the lemons on the rough surface of the table, he stared at Will´s face, her small eyes widen with the obvious pain on the boy when he gasped trying to block the pain.

-"I´m going to ask you to go outside."- The doctor asked, taking the knife from his belt.

Lecter had to disrobe the boy and attend to his injuries, it wouldn´t be a pretty sight for a young lady. He smiled in relieve when he saw the woman nod in understanding and left closing the thick door behind her. He cut the lemons, squeezing their juice to the wooden bowl there before he stared back at the kid. He was shivering in pain, curled up on the hard and cold surface, the doctor brought his hands to the cape once more.

-"I´m sorry."- He whispered and without a warning he pulled it off, leaving the kid bare on the table.

Will let out a stranded cry, feeling the skin rip with the detachment, he crawl and sobbed on the table, the burning pain there felt like a second whip in flames hitting his damage back repeatedly. Lecter hissed, clenching his jaw more when he examined the damaged done to him in the light, the force of the whip had broken the skin to the muscle, not enough to tear it underneath but enough to bleed and infect if left untreated for much longer.

-“I wish I would have never dragged you out of those woods!”- Hannibal whispered and grabbed the thin sheet

He ripped a piece, rolling it and trapped it between the runt´s parted mouth before the boy could said anything. The older man circled the table to help the kid sit up and letting the brat´s head rest on his shoulder.

He lift the bowl, bringing it to their eyes, Will winced feeling the strong acid scent of the lemon jolt him awake, he bite the rag more locking his watery eyes with Hannibal. He knew what the doctor was asking permission for, he shut his eyes resting his head on the other man´s neck when he felt Lecter rub the back of his neck and hold him there.

-“Breathe slowly.”- He comforted, lifting the bowl to his shoulders.

Lecter felt the kid wrap his slender arms around his torso, holding on to him. He remembered that time outside his cottage when he chained him to a tree, holding the runt against his chest while he brought the burning knife to his skull, cauterizing the wound. Hannibal turned to the knife on top of the table, the blade still shining with the lemon juice. That time he crushed the runt in his embrace while he crawled and fisted his shoulders, trying to escape. But this time the kid hold on to him, too afraid of the agonizing pain he was about to feel. He breathe deeply and turned the bowl letting the lemon juice cover the kid´s wounds.

Mischa trembled when she heard the boy howl in agony, the scream was so powerful it reach her where she was standing while playing on the dense cornflower field. She lowered herself in the tall grass, too afraid of what her brother was doing to him. Katz kept an eye on her while she removed the pegs from the sheets, her hands trembled with Will´s screams, understanding his suffering. She brought a linen to her face, covering her tears and making sure the little girl didn´t saw her crying. She was so afraid for Will, he didn´t deserved none of this and she knew while growing up with him, all the pain he carried on his shoulders.

The runt cried out loudly, crawling and pawing at his chemise while the doctor emptied the bowl on his skin. Lecter hissed, clenching his teeth when he felt the nails dig deeper into his flesh. They hold on together as if connected, gradually he felt the boy go limp on his arms, he stared at him, Will laid there unconscious, the pain was so intense it robbed him of his will to stay awake.

The man let out the rest of the juice to his back before laying him back on the surface, he ripped the sheet in two, wrapping it around his back and torso and bandaging the wounds. He worked carefully, spotting to see if the kid awaken. He finish up, grabbing the remains of the ripped linen and when to the bucket there, dipping it in the cold water. He cleaned the boy´s face, washing the dirt and filth from the prison still on him, he needed a proper bath however he couldn´t do it with his fresh wounds. He rubbed the cloth gently over the intact skin of his arms and legs, stopping over his soft belly and the semen there.

He paused, taking a step back to eye him completely, the counted the love bites over his neck and thighs, trailing his index gently over the skin as he did so. He caged the slender body with his arms, resting his forehead on Will´s shoulder. He had a peaceful expression on his young face, even after all that had happened he hold it in, he breathe in and out softly, Hannibal looked away from him, nothing like the second night he was under his hand, after he had raped him brutally. He grabbed the black cape bringing it to his nose, he could smell the blood and dirt on it, but underneath all that filth he could still scent the faint scent of the runt, he spot the semen stains on the thick fabric, they

had dried turning the cloth hard and slightly shiny. He clenched the garment closer to him before stepping outside.

He could see Beverly facing away from him, staring into the field as his small sister ran around the meadow as if she was a free spirit. The young woman stared at her side, noticing the doctor had stopped there, looking at the sun rising lower, the orange color losing its brightness and giving of a more purple shade around the horizon.

-"Will he be alright?"- Beverly asked, moving her hands nervously over her shabby dress and apron.

Lecter didn´t need to look into her eyes to know she has been crying, her voice broke as she spoke and it came out wet and anxious.

-"That´s the problem, miss Katz!"- The doctor whispered, still keeping his eyes ahead.-"Will is always "alright" with everything people throw at him. He has been neglected and abandoned all his life. He tried to please everyone around him and accept their brutality to avoid them from leaving him."

-"It doesn´t matter if it´s his mother´s abuse…Grutas cruelty or the villagers scorn…"- The doctor gripped the black cape more strongly.

-"…Even my revenge..."- He closed his eyes when the boy´s cries of help echoed inside his skull when he took him on the table.-"He is so submissive regarding his well-being he will certain die unless he changes his ways."

-"Will doesn´t expect good from others regarding him, it confuses him."- Beverly whispered, - "But he will still make an effort to help others and do what´s right!"

She smiled, eyeing Mischa hiding in the fields, slowly approaching them while she studied the situation from a far. Hannibal faced the slim woman when she rested her petit palm on his shoulder.

-"I´m glad you gave him a chance."- The young woman walked back.

Hannibal saw her go before turning to the meadow once more, eyeing the melancholic cornflower shake rhythmically with the wind.

-"That´s the thing…I didn´t."- The doctor whispered, feeling his heart ache.

Lecter took the knife from his belt once more and brought his hand to his eyes, the blade flashed brightly with the lemon juice, eyeing it before he clenched it more in his fist. He remembered their fight over the table because of this object.

-"Remember my shape well! ´Cause from now on my cock is going to discipline you truly."- Lecter pounded one, two, three more times before spilling his seeds inside, defiling the boy, breeding him fully.

He had pulled out and strapped his trousers again, letting the blood and his come dry on his spent cock while he eyed the kid sob and broken, sliding off the table as he headed for the door with shaky legs, falling a few times just to stand again, he wanted to get out of there. The runt sucked on

the air, trying to breathe at the same time he sobbed uncontrollably, his red face was full of tears while he clenched his belly, sore and aching with the strong pain from being penetrated brutally.

Hannibal grabbed the end of the table, pushing it back to the center of the room, with their fight it had travel almost to the corner, resting his palms on the table. He looked the mess around the floor, the cold stew spilled all over the wooden surface and dripping to the wooden boards below.

Lecter picked the spilled bowl and his knife throwing them back on the table, he ran his eyes along the rough wooden surface seeing the multiple scratches there when the kid tried to crawl away from him. He had hurt him severely, broke him and scarred him deeply... and that wound would never heal. The doctor placed his hands over the table, resting his upper body much like before. It felt good... to break the runt´s spirit and defile his cocky attitude. Hannibal felt in control and power over him while he forced the kid to accept the consequences. It felt good but now there was a sense of emptiness inside that he never knew before. A sense of cruelty robbing him of his humanity and rationality. This wasn´t him. This savage and brutal act wasn´t who he was. This wasn´t what he had planned to do. This was not how he was going to honor his dead sister and make the kid pay. Lecter knew this wasn´t going to change anything and it wouldn't bring her back. He had to finish this.

Hannibal grabbed the knife abruptly and walked outside, heading for the shed where the kid had run off to, he entered, spotting the boy curled up and naked on the straw bed, his frail arms wrapped around himself and crawled at the skin of his arms and tummy. He approached him slowly with his knife in hand, determinant to end his life quickly and end this. He noticed the visible dark hand prints forming on the kid´s hips. The doctor kneeled beside him seeing the thick semen leaking out, mixed with an angry shade of red, staining his porcelain white skin. He exhaled, blocking the boy´s cries from his mind, this would only last a second, he placed a hand on the cold neck and brought the blade closer to his slender throat…

-"I´m …I´m sorry…I´m…"- The kid mumbled in his sleep, scratching his skin further, completely defenseless.-"…I´m sorry mommy…sorry…please…I´m…"

He stared at the kid´s face, brushing his long hair away from his eyes, heavy tears trailed freely along his cheeks. He looked like a wounded animal, squirming and sobbing heavily in his sleep. He couldn´t escape reality or his nightmares. Hannibal knew he had hurt him deeply. He was just a kid…arrogant and prideful yes…but just a child nonetheless…a kid he had raped and harmed… He was no better than the outlaws he killed and hunted down. Hannibal rested his elbows on his knees, rubbing the back of his neck, still crunched down while he trailed his eyes over the curled boy.

Lecter blinked when he saw the big dark eyes of his sister looking at him hidden in the tall grass, he smiled at her softly assuring her he wasn´t angry, retrieving the knife again. The doctor raised a hand toward her and signaled her to come to him. Mischa stood up and ran out off the field, stopping only when he met his legs, wrapping her small arms around them. He lift her up in his arms, hugging her closer to his chest as he petted her beautiful light hair, glowing brightly in the sunset.

-"I hurt him, Mischa."- He whispered, clenching her frail body more against him.

-"He deserved it, didn´t he?"- The little girl rubbed her small nose on his neck, wrapping her arms around him.-"He´s a bad person…a bandit…isn´t he?"

He kept staring forward seeing the sunset lower and lower, shaking his head in denial slowly while the thunder roar close by, blowing his linen chemise violently and her white dress, he pulled his cape over her covering her petit frame from the weather.

-"No one deserves what I did to him, Mischa!"- He closed his eyes, trailing his hand over her back to block the strong wind from hitting her.-"I broke him to a point he will never fully heal."

Hannibal felt the guilt stab him completely, he knew he had to let him go but his selfishness stopped him from releasing the boy from his debt. The two days without him had been torturous, he had missed him truly, his childish behavior and defiant attitude…the feeling of his cold body next to his and the warmth inside his body when he slide inside gently and his slender body opened up willingly to his. That was the worst part… he desired him. But he knew he had to restrain his needs and desires…especially from touching him. He couldn´t hurt him anymore. He leaned his head over Mischa's while they stared at the sun until it drown in the wet line of the horizon, the loud thunder roar far away when the sun extinguish himself. A storm was coming.

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Will grunt, feeling his body sore and weak while he struggled to open his heavy eye leads, he could see the bright shades of yellow from the fire place illuminating the poor house and below him the rough texture of the wooden surface, making him gasp in pain realizing he was still laying on top of the table, his cheek marked with the harsh protrusion of the wooden surface. A giggle and faint whispers echoed behind him, quickly forcing Will to connect his hand with his chest remembering he was naked when the doctor was treating his wounds. His cold hand touched the soft fabric and noticed Hannibal had dressed him in his linen chemise. The boy sat up on the edge and turned around spotting the three of them sitting and laughing with the plates on their laps while the table was busy.

-"Finally! We were running out of insults to call you!"- The doctor mocked, lifting a piece of bred to his mouth.

They laugh, eying the confused expression on his face, he ran his eyes over them, Beverly and Mischa were sitting on the two chairs near the fireplace and close to them was the doctor sitting on a wooden chest there, he grabbed a small piece of meat from the stew and guided it to his mouth. Will gripped his hand over the woolen buttons of the chemise covering his weak frame while he eyed the doctor, the boy nod in thankfulness. Hannibal kept the gaze, licking the broth from his fingers and nodding his head back in understanding, accepting the boy´s gratitude for clothing him before the girls could see him. Will´s stomach growled with hunger, it had been days since he ate and he refused to eat Matthew´s food for what he had offered in return. He tried to place his bare feet on the floor and stood up but easily regretted it when his legs hobbled and threaten to give out at any second.

-"What are you doing, runt!"- Hannibal dropped his bowl to come to Will´s side.-"You're not strong enough."

The brat rolled his eyes at him, recalling saying the exact same thing to him when Mason´s dogs bit his thigh and he had ripped the stiches with his poor choices afterwards. Hannibal grabbed the bowl and rest it between Will and himself, the boy stretched his arms to take it but the other man moved

it away. He picked a piece of carrot and brought it to the runt´s mouth, silencing him before he could protest, the doctor smiled pleased when the kid chewed hungrily with a frown on his face, he hated when Lecter treated him like a child, hand feeding him while he towered over him, placing his long fingers in and dropping the food on his tongue for the boy to chew, repeating the process all over again. Will could see the dark red spark on the doctor´s eyes, devouring him while he feed him the remaining pieces of meat there, rolling it on his tongue but to the boy´s surprise that red fire quickly disappeared when the other man lowered his eyes away from him almost with *guilt* and shame.

Katz rubbed Mischa´s petit nose, seeing the girl frown at her brother´s acceptance of the little scrawny thief. The woman took the empty bowl away from her and replaced it with her warm hand, guiding her to the sink to help her with the washing, giving the two some privacy. Will switched on the table, pushing the doctor´s chemise more to cover his exposed thighs while the doctor kept filling his mouth. The boy frown slightly feeling the bandages too tight around his torso.

-"It will heal…in time!"- Lecter whispered, noticing the kid frigid reactions.

Will pulled at the garment more, feeling the rough linen brush against his fingers.

Beverly closed the heavy window shutters, sheltering the old house from the raging storm outside, Mischa sweep the floor, piling the straw there into one big pile and Hannibal emptied the buckets of water from the rain falling into the multiple roof cracks. Will was left in the corner arranging an extra straw mattress on the floor, Mischa almost ran the broom on him when he got closer to help her, making the boy ran around the house while she chased after him angrily and the adults laugh.

-"Time for bed Mischa!"- The slim woman petted her light hair.

The little brat ran to Hannibal wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing his forehead, the doctor stayed kneeled giving Mischa the weight for her to kiss him goodnight. Will lean his head seeing them while the doctor wrapped his arms around her small frame, rubbing his big hand along her back. He couldn´t imagine what it must have felt for them to be these two long months apart, all because of what he done to them. He released her as she followed Beverly to the crooked stairs to the small loft, climbing them slowly as they squeaked violently, even when the young woman hold them steady.

-"No kiss goodnight for me?"- Will pulled her leg, laughing loudly when she turned around and faced him with a deadly glaze.

He could see the resemblance on them, Mischa had the same deadly stare he had seen on Hannibal the night he sat on his bed and Lecter found him there, before their infortune encounter on the table. The boy hissed and brought a hand to his chest when he felt his skin stretch with the laughter, feeling the wounds open again with the jerk.

-"Serves you right!"- The little girl cursed at him proudly when she climb the last steps.

Lecter walked to the straw mattress carefully prepared by the runt, the fabric keeping the straw in side was ripped in the end, making a few strings of straw fall from it when the man sat there, removing his boots to the side. He turned to the kid, seeing the kid pick a thick blanket and open the heavy door to the exterior.

-"You're not sleeping here?"- His hoarse voice echoed, switching to examine the mattress size once more, they could fit there together.

-“I always sleep in the barn.”- The boy gave a nervous smile and stepped outside.

Hannibal stood still, eyeing the door in chance the kid would come back.

-“Don´t resent him.”- Beverly whispered softly while she folded a few clothes across the floor. - “It ´s where we found him when he was little.”

The doctor switched on the mattress while he eyes her, waiting for her to gather her strength to continue.

-“My parents found him hiding in the barn when he was 4 years old…”- She turned to the floor, clenching the folded blanket on her arm.-“… after he had run away from his mother again... with his arm broken in two different places…”

-“… He was so terrified when we tried to get close to him, he hissed and writhe like a wild animal …”- Her voice broke with the horrific memory.

The petit woman turn her back to him slightly, not wanting the doctor to see her cry with the mortifying memory, Will was in a deplorable state, his whole hair was muddy with a few missing hair, exposing his scalp from when his mother pulled him across the mud and dirt. Her parents found him curled by a corner, his feet bare and cut from the long walk from the village here. She brought a hand to her eyes, cleaning the tears, the villagers had treated him like an animal, no different from his own mother so it was no surprise his frighten reaction when her parents tried to attempt to his injury, he had screamed and begged for mercy while they treated him gently. He never knew better. He never had harm anyone in his life…but the world met him great harm… death even.

Hannibal rested his elbows on his knees, rubbing his face, he tried to cover the hatred he felt from all the wrong the kid as ever been through. It was not fair! All that suffering! He had misjudge him completely, he thought he was arrogant and prideful when he had forced him to work on the field, it wasn´t knew to him Beverly´s words, but now that he knew of his innocence those words sounded harder and his cruel actions towards the boy stabbed his heart even more.

Mischa gripped her blanket harder, listening to the adults’ conversation down below, she didn´t understood most of the topics. She still didn´t forgive the little bandit for robbing her from her home or holding her while the other ugly men beat her brother. She closed her eyes, pushing the fabric further over her head and curled up on the straw bed. She didn´t understand at all…not even the ache on her heart.

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Hannibal stared at the high roof as the heavy rain felt from the spaces lacking a few wooden boards, unable to fall asleep with Beverly´s words knocking against his skull. He pushed his arms behind his head, listening to the peaceful breathing of the two girls on top of the wooden loft.

He sigh heavily, he grabbed the blanket over his body and throw it a side, heading for the door in three long steps. Lecter opened the bolt there and stepped saliently outside, walking to the old barn, the rain felt heavy and soaked his linen chemise and trousers, gluing his silver hair to his head. He

could barely see the way if not for the horrid thunder above him, the blinding flash from the thunder illuminated the muddy way as he walked to the front of the barn and stepped inside.

The crooked barn had more cracks in the high roof as the house, the rain cascaded down constantly with the blizzard outside, soaking the heavy layer of straw on the floor. The timber frame stood visible, exposing the basic skeleton structure that kept the barn standing and on the opposite wall stood a rope dangling from the ceiling to pull the wheat straw bales to the hay loft. Foxglove snored in the corner, sleeping on his belly and surrounded by the goats there, they circled the stallion while resting their snout on his broad flank, warming each other. Hannibal walked further inside, guided by the blue moonlight that crawled inside the huge cracks of the old structure. The doctor narrowed his eyes when he heard the soft breathing by the opposite corner where the boy laid covered with the thick blanket he took hours before.

-"Still having trouble sleeping alone, old man?"- The runt´s voice echoed softly in the glumly night.

Will sat up on his elbows and turned his head when the other man kept quiet, he was acting strange ever since they brought him back, the doctor stood there in the shadows looking at him. For a second he didn´t knew if the person there was the real doctor or the shadow that had embraced him in that cold cell, whispering wickedly in his ear. The boy swallowed, pulling the blanket to cover himself more, feeling naked too his eyes in the darkness of the storm, he couldn´t see the other man ´s expression. His skin looked dark from head to toe, the creature lurking in the corner could even be the stag man from his nightmares, pinning him and claiming him in front of the other demons.

Hannibal stepped out of the shadows, approaching the sitting kid as he kept staring at him. Will parted his mouth, taking a long breath as he ogled the doctor, his clothes were completely soaked making the garment stick to his torso like a second layer. He still couldn´t read the expression on the man´s face, the boy spot a hint of guilt and pain but strangely enough he looked peaceful.

The doctor kneeled down slowly, grabbing the blanket covering the kid and slipped inside, resting on his side with his back turned to the kid. Will faced him, eyeing his soaked and cloaked body, his broad shoulders raised and fall slowly, outlining the dense muscles there underneath the white garment, Will licked his lips, he knew each and every single muscle in that body. He had dreamed it many times, touched it and tasted the sweat there while they pinned him down again and again. He had missed him. He closed his eyes and reached his hand closer…

-"Don´t!"- The doctor´s hoarse voice whispered, stopping the kid on his tracks.-"You're hurt! I don ´t want you to strain yourself."

Will paused his palm immediately when the man coldly refused him, Lecter never stopped him before, on the contrary he always encouraged and provoked him but now he felt distant and indifferent to him. He sat up, clenching his chemise against his chest, feeling the bandages underneath tight around him while he watch the doctor on his side, his soaked head rested on his arm, wetting the chemise further while he kept his eyes shut, trying to block his presence away. Will tangled his fingers along the wet silver locks while he felt Hannibal jolted with his touch. He wanted this, he wanted to feel the doctor´s warmth…for him to help him forget the horrors and pain that still crushed him from that cell. The doctor grabbed his slender hand, untangling it from his hair and placed it away from him.

-"You will get wet if you come closer."- He ordered, turning back to his side.-"Stop thinking about useless things and go to sleep!"

He laid back down again, slightly closer to Hannibal, the boy rested his forehead on the doctor´s back, feeling the damp warmth travel all the way to his face and the strong scent of rain and oak moss emanated from Lecter´s body, drowning him in. The scent was stronger than before, making his body respond almost immediately, the boy closed his legs, rubbing them together when his penis pulsed with interest, poking the large garment. Will stepped closer, connecting his hand around the doctor´s torso and rubbed his palm up and down his damped chest and abdomen.

-"Runt!"- Lecter warned dangerously, his voice came out impatient.-"I will not warn you a second time."

The boy frown before he brought his hand again desperately, this time lowering it to the man´s crotch and groping him there. Will jolted with Hannibal´s grunt of pleasure, he was hard and throbbing, the doctor´s member was hot against the slender hand, wetting the soaked fabric of his trousers even more than the rain outside could. The boy panted, the hot breath hitting the tense muscle of the man´s back. Will didn´t understand, the doctor was like this, burning with need, hot and ready but he refused him still. He felt hurt and alone.

Lecter grabbed the boy´s hand abruptly and throw it away from his body, trying to detach the kid but he kept clinging to him, the boy groan frustrated and started to punch the doctor's arms. The boy whine feeling his wounds stretch with the struggle making the other man respond.

-"YOU STUPID BOY!"- Lecter grabbed the boy´s hand abruptly, and turned to him and grabbed him by the shoulders. – "What are you trying to do? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?"

-"…T-touch me…"- Will whispered, feeling his voice break with the pain.-"…Please…"

The boy felt dirty with the scent of blood from the prison, he couldn´t stand it. He wanted the doctor to take him and make him erase the stench on him, to rubbed their bodies together and pin him down, leaving the ugly prison cell behind. That´s all he asked of him and nothing more. Hannibal could abandoned or push him away afterwards but right now he just needed this moment.

-"I won´t!"- Lecter hissed determinant, shaking the kid´s arms.-"I told you! I didn´t come here for this."

-"Go to sleep!"- Hannibal laid back down, covering his body more with their blanket.

Will stood still, clenching his chemise more while he stared dumb folded to the doctor laying there peacefully once more, always having the last word. He couldn´t breathe, his bandages managed to crush his torso more and more.

Hannibal exhaled deeply, feeling the kid swift on his side, the other man could hear the faint sound one woolen button being pulled and the friction of fabric being manhandled before the garment was thrown into a corner. Lecter groan when he felt the thick blanket being ripped away from his body and the humid air of the barn meet his soaked frame once more.

-"ARE YOU STUPID BOY?"- He hissed, turning on his elbows.

However the doctor didn´t finish when the kid stepped between his legs and started to unstrap the laces of his soaked trousers and releasing his aching cock to their eyes.

-"If you're going to grow cold I might has well get you in the mood!"- Will snort, wrapping his cold hand around the pulsing length.

The boy stroked him eagerly, squeezing all the way from the base to the drooling tip, he felt it throb against his hand with the salient veins massaging his cool palm before he brought it to his mouth. He saw the other man grunt dangerously, the warning made the boy shiver while he kept working his hand and tongue, coating it with his saliva until it was fully hard. He guided the hand with the doctor´s pre-come to his bottom circling the tight entrance before placing his fingers inside.

Hannibal laid back, breathing heavily while he covered his eyes with his arm, trying to block the kid from view. He kept stretching his entrance, moaning while he swallowed the semen drooling out of the throbbing cock. He wanted the doctor to acknowledge him and ogle his shivering frame while he worked his hand and mouth. This was all for him.

-"This is pointless! Stop playing this child games and go to sleep!"- The other man panted, clenching his jaw further.

Will swallowed uneased, the doctor wasn´t taking the lead as he wanted, he was still cold and distant. He pushed his soaked pants further down, grabbing the base while he mounted him with his back turned to the doctor.

-"You're a coward!"- The boy whispered, grabbing the man´s cock and aliening it with his entrance.-"You touch me whenever you want and now you cowered when I need you the most. What´s stopping you from doing it now. Is it my injury? Or your guilt?"

Hannibal breathe was uneven, coming out in short pants when he felt the boy connect the slippery ring of muscle with his cock, feeling the runt´s body swallow him slowly into his warm core. The doctor clenched his fists on his side, gripped the straw bed to fight the urge to wrap an arm around him and shove him completely down on his aching cock. But he couldn´t, the older man opened his eyes, eyeing the ripped sheet bandaging the boy´s slender back. He couldn´t touch him…he had no right after everything he made him go through. Hannibal turned his head, the kid was too naïve and damaged to understand his coldness towards him. He had to let him go…he didn´t want to hurt him anymore.

Will pushed his hips persistently, forcing his own body to open up to the intrusion as it slide down wetly stopping when his bottom hit the damped skin of the doctor´s pelvis with a wet sound. He moan loudly feeling the thick member pulse inside, hitting his prostate while he accommodates inside, stretching him completely. He grabbed Lecter´s thighs, clenching his palms around the soaked fabric while he throw his head back, mewling with the blissfully sensation, he felt so full, reaching him deeper than his fingers could ever accomplish.

-"Are you finished?!"- The man growled angrily, bringing a hand to his abdomen, clenching the fabric underneath.-"If you are done playing this stupid game, get off me!"

Hannibal exhaled heavily, the tension in his abdomen was building up and he didn´t knew how long he could hold on. The kid´s actions were dangerous towards him. He was wounded and in need of serious rest and he knew himself too well to know he would snap and take him hard and savagely if this kept going. He could feel the boy tremble on top of him, his shoulders were tense as he lowered his head, sobbing slightly while he cleaned his eyes with his slender palm.

The other man grunt in pleasure when the runt pulled out and slammed all the way back, impaling himself completely again. Hannibal unconsciously lift his hips to meet his thrusts, feeling Will´s warm and slippery core drown him under completely while the boy started to fuck himself eagerly on top of him. He placed both his slender hands behind him, resting them on top of the doctor´s abdomen, he moan loudly feeling the muscles underneath clench against his cool palm. Will whine

in pain when he arched his back and threw his head back more, looking at the rain fall from the roof cracks and masking his moan to the outside world, his eyes unfocused with the sinful pleasure rushing over him.

-"You´re such a liar, old man!"- He gasped, closing his eyes while he kept this delicious pace.-"You keep trying to dominate me … you harass and provoke me constantly but when I´m the one taking you there… you curl up in a corner like a coward."

-"Gideon was right!"- Will moan, throwing his head to the side erotically and locking eyes with the laying doctor.-"You´re getting soft with your age!"

The boy gasped when the doctor sat up abruptly, gluing the wet chemise to his bandaged back and wetting his skin, Will tried to turn his head to him but the older man stopped him, wrapping his hand firmly around his neck, blocking the air out of him. Hannibal brought his other hand to Will´s waist pulling his frail body all the way down with a brutal grip, making the runt cry out and throw his head to the doctor shoulder.

-"Are you satisfied?"- Lecter hissed against the boy´s sensitive ear.

The boy jolted with the rough thrusts, meeting every one of them eagerly, the doctor´s wet pubic hair scratched his soft bottom all the way to his sacrum, sending sweet shivers all over him. Will crawled at Hannibal´s trousers, feeling the muscles of his thighs underneath move upwards while the man raised his hips violently against his white porcelain skin.

-"Are you satisfied?"- Lecter hissed between closed teeth while he saw the boy loose himself on his cock.-"RUNT!"

The boy mewled feeling the drooling girth throb inside him while he turned to the other man.

-"ARE. YOU. SATISFIED. NOW?"- He spelled, making the brat pant while he gather his strength.

-"…H-Harder…"- The rascal pleaded wetly, arching himself more.

Hannibal grabbed his waist and with a powerful moved he shoved the boy forwards, letting him fall on his hands and knees. He yelp, feeling his body hit the thin layer of straw, he shivered feeling the doctor´s semen leak out of him and ran along his spread thighs. He felt the other man move between his legs, opening him more and the wet tip poked him again, however he didn´t expected for Hannibal to grab his wrists and pull them behind him making the kid arch his back and fall back on his chest.

-"I will *not* hear a word out of you in the morning!"- He snorted, kicking his knees and spread the kid more.-"So don´t you dare complain when you wake up in pain!"

The doctor grunt and slammed back inside resuming his feverish pounding, the boy writhe and moan while he aimed at his prostate, making the rascal clench around him perfectly. The straw strings glued to the runt´s sweaty skin and scratch his nipples with the friction against his chest on the floor, he raised his ass more for the doctor to pound him harder. Will turned his head to the side, looking at Hannibal´s face while he fucked him deeper with quick and short thrusts, he was sight, the ghostly shadow from his cell was replaced by the real doctor, his touch was authentic and warm…he was there with him. The boy whine lovely, gripping the man´s wrists, imitating his grip while his slender fingers caressed the salient veins on the other man´s arms, hot and pumping like the lower member claiming him eagerly.

-“Why aren´t you satisfied yet?”- The doctor whispered, his hair falling more and covering his predatory eyes.

He released the boy´s arms, letting him fall clumsily on the straw covered floor again, panting and humping the air while he clenched around nothing still waiting to be bread properly. Strong hands grabbed him by the waist and pulled him up on his feet leaving another set of hand prints there, Will wobble in place noticing his legs wouldn´t support him much longer. Hannibal captured his arms and dragged him along until they stood by the dangling rope on the ceiling, the doctor tried to catch it while it shook with the wind blowing and the stream of rain falling from the cracks and hit his face, enabling him from seeing. Will gripped the soaked chemise covering the doctor´s torso, he wanted to feel his warm skin against his.

-“Haven´t you had enough!”- Lecter panted, grabbing the rope and bringing it down.

He wrapped it firmly around the kid´s wrists while the rascal struggled to open the woolen buttons, he finished just to go to the other end of the rope and pushed it hard making the boy´s arms go over his head, imitating the same scenario he knew the boy had been through but this time he would break that memory from him…. Not with a whip…no his body would do it better than any other to deliver that message. He returned to the kid quickly, grabbing the end of his chemise, finish the kid ´s job and pulling it over his head, throwing it to the wooden boards. Hannibal pulled the messy trousers to the floor and away from him leaving his body bare to the kid´s eyes while he stepped closer, the doctor connected their chest together before grabbing Will´s thighs and lifting him up, wrapping the boy´s legs around his hips and adjusting the runt´s hips to his.

Hannibal laced an arm around the boy´s bottom and the other to the rope, inches away from the slender hands and without a warning Lecter dropped to the floor, falling on his back again and pulling the rope and the boy down with him. Will felt on his knees, feeling the weight of his body impale him completely on the doctor´s cock with the impact.

-“**AHHHH…”-**The runt cried out from the top of his lungs.

Lecter clenched his jaw more while he pinned his hands on the kid´s waist, it felt so tight inside the wimpy boy, the kid´s body jolted rhythmically, squirming involuntary, pulsing inside and moaning loudly.

-“Is this enough?”- Hannibal grunt, enjoying the delicious around him.

He continued his rough pounding, thrusting his hips more feverishly forcing the kid to whine and moan louder and over the storm outside, he spot the runt trying to drop his arms unsuccessfully. Hannibal grin at his effort, the strength from the fall was enough to trap the rope between the iron and wheel on the pulley, making the boy´s struggled useless. Will tried to stand up but the devilish man kept his waist locked in place, thrusting upwards while he ogled his trembling frame, inch by inch, changing his aggressive thrust into a more patient rhyme, slamming into the boy with long and slow thrusts. He licked his lips, spotting the kid whine and beg every time he hit his prostate and worked his burning rim.

-“What happened inside that cell… to make you this needy?”- The doctor hummed, trailing his burning palm along the kid´s belly and chest.

Will rested his head on his arm, he could feel his body burning up from top to bottom, he didn´t knew anymore if the fire was from his fresh wounds, from the hot semen coating his insides over

and over or the feverish hands exploring his body. He shivered when the direction of the wind changed outside, making the rain fall over the rope to his arms and chest, wetting them more.

-“Didn´t I warned you… you would get wet if you come closer?”- The doctor purred, grunting with the jolts from the wet mess above.

-“I don´t blame you… Hannibal…”- Will whispered, circling his hips and taking the drooling cock deeper.-“What happen between us…”

The doctor narrowed his eyes, laying his head on the straw while he waited for the kid to catch his breath.

-“…I don´t blame you!”- The boy felt their orgasms building up.-“…Your body… your dark actions…Your vengeful choices…”

The boy mewled, bringing his head again to ogle the breathless doctor while he kept riding him passionately.

-“…I´m not afraid of them! - The runt provoked, feeling the man tense underneath him.-“I forgive you...So stop holding back, grab your dusty bones and take me *there*!”

The older man launched his hand to the front of the boy´s bandages, wrapping his clenched fist there and pushing the boy flushed against his thick girth. Will´s scream echoed around the barn, passing the loud thunder outside when the Devil pulled at his bandages, the fabric tighten around his wounds, smashing more against it while Lecter used them as leverage, slamming the wimpy runt down on him again and again.

-“That´s a bad attitude your showing, runt!”- He kept his other hand on the boy´s ass, squeezing him there.-“Didn’t I warn you about your defiant behavior?”

Will was going insane, he felt the tension building in his abdomen, all the way to his urethra, the boy didn´t want to acknowledge it, he tried to move away to deal with it but the doctor kept him pinned as if they were one.

-“What´s wrong boy?”- He smirk wickedly, studding the kid´s reactions, knew what was coming.-“Didn’t you say you could handle it?”

-“S-stop….I´m going to…”- Will didn´t finish as he squirt on the doctor´s abdomen.

Hannibal grin while he kept thrusting inside eagerly, seeing the runt squirt a few drops every time his burning tip hit his sweet spot, making him convulse in pleasure. The boy´s drooling penis flapped against their bellies with the powerful thrusts below, wetting them further. Lecter keeps his hand on the bandages as he guides the other to the boy´s penis.

-“Was it so good you wet yourself?”- He mocked, stroking him slowly and feeling the boy ride both his throbbing cock and hand.-“…Such a little kid…”

He let go of the runt and sat up, he trailed the boy´s knees making him wrapped them around his waist while he cross his legs. Will´s arms felt heavy on Hannibal´s shoulders when the man unlaced the rope, crushing him more against his broad chest before he resume his thrusts again, making the brat moan and hug him more. The damped straw glued uncomfortably to their drenched bodies,

Will rubbed his slender palms along the tanned skin before he faced the doctor, their nose touching with the proximity.

-"…You're shivering…"- The runt whispered, rubbing his hands over the man´s beard.

His body and clothes were completely soaked with the rain as he walked to the barn, robbing him of his body warmth.

-"…I´m cold… runt."- Hannibal grunt into the boy´s parted mouth.

Will clenched him more in his embrace resting his chin on top of the man´s soaked hair, pushing him more against his chest, Lecter trailed his fingertips over the rascal´s ribcage, feeling him whine with the shivers that kept crawling over his over sensitive skin before the doctor cupped his bottom and resumed his rough mating, jerking the kid on his lap.

They were so close, Will throw his head back mewling oblivious to everything around him while he scratched violently the other man´s back, marking him there. The rain drops fall on them, wetting the boy´s head as they trailed his neck just to meet their end in Lecter´s mouth as he licked and sucked on the porcelain skin hungrily. He quicken his pace, slamming more brutally, claiming and breeding the runt as if they were animals mating out in the wild, he kept his hands on the boy´s bottom while the runt´s kept cupping his face, connecting their hungry mouth. They kissed, nibbled and sucked on each other tongues, working their body in a perfect pace while they let themselves be washed from their orgasms, Will cried out as he came all over their bellies, arching his back completely when he felt the cock inside him pulse rhythmically. Lecter worked his hips one, two more times before he pushed the kid more against him and released inside the wimpy boy, making them groan in pleasure into each other's mouth.

Hannibal grabbed the kid before he went limp, letting Will rest his head over his chest as the doctor laid down on the straw floor once more. He brushed the boy´s damped head and tilted his chin to kiss his forehead.

-"Did you missed your old bed, old man?"- The runt provoked, playing with Lecter´s chest hair.-"Is that why you came to sleep in the barn?"

He let out a grin, rubbing his hot palm along the kid´s ribs until he reached his ass cheeks, cupping them while he felt the slippery mess there.

-"It´s not the bed my body is lacking…It´s your warmth next to it!"- He whispered into his sweaty skin, trailing his lips further down until he claimed will´s mouth once more.

To be continued….

Chapter End Notes

Hello again,🤗

Ohh boy! Foxglove and the goats didn´t slept all night with all that action!!
If you have time read chapter 3 and 4, it will refresh your memory on Hannibal flashback that he had on this chapter. But let me tell you…now that we know Will´s innocence and Mischa whereabouts those first chapters are going to sting hard…but it will highlight a few topics back at the very least. 😌

Warm Water

Chapter Notes

Hello my pretties….

I´m terribly late on this chapter I know!! And I´m sorry!! It had been a terrifying busy week!! Still thank you for holding out for it!!

Thank you so much for all the love and support.
Please comment!! PLEASE…PRETTY PLEASE!!

Bye for now ;)

Chapter 23

The boy hissed loudly, his wounds burned while he spread the straw on the top of the logs, patching the old roof. From the roof top he would see the meadow around them, shaking the blue cornflowers and the mountains far away, a small noise switch his attention to the ground were Mischa stood crouched down on an old bucket with dirt and straw, she lowered a large jar of water mixing everything with her tiny hands forming a muddy paste. He strained his back with difficulty, the billowy chemise blew in the wind, hitting his wounded back violently, Will sucked on the air sharply, letting another hiss leave his mouth while the skin stretch when he worked the shearing hook with his effort.

-“That´s not a complain I´m hearing, is it?”- Hannibal provoked on the other side of the roof.

The naked tanned skin on Lecter´s back glowed with the sun while he adjusted another log, covering the big cracks there, looking down he could see the table from last night, clearly visible below with the boards missing.

-“Because if I remember correctly…”- The older man looked up, facing Will with a grin.-“…I warned you about complaining, didn´t I?”

-“Don´t give me that shit old man… ”- The boy snored, grabbing a hand full of reeds and bending them in the middle.-“It´s YOUR FAULT my injuries are worse than they were!”

The doctor laugh with his comeback, eyeing the boy while the worked on the top of the roof, he kept clenching his fist in his chemise when the morning wind wiped the garment against his injuries.

-“You stubborn kid!”- Hannibal walked to him quickly, stopping a few steps after.

He towered over the runt, blocking the winter´s sun light from his young face and forcing the brat to stand up to face him. He stumbled on the ridges in attempted to backup when the doctor launched his strong hands at him and wrapped them tight around his chemise.

-“Didn´t I tell you to let your wounds heal out in the open?”- The doctor scolded, ripping the garment away from the frail torso.

The runt yelps and squirms, ashamed of his exposed chest while he covers his arms around his slender body in hopes the doctor didn´t saw him in his vulnerable state. He felt naked in front of the other man, even though he wasn´t entirely bare, he felt embarrassed as the sun light cleared his torso, lighting the white skin and lean muscles…nothing compared to the virile torso in front of him as the doctor toss the chemise off the roof, mocking him with a victorious smirk.

-“Such a big mouth but so little confidence on your boyish wood!”- The other man eyed him up and down.

-“Is it just me or do you make any excuses to get naked?”- Will hissed annoyed, eyeing the strong naked chest.

-“Unlike you I have plenty of confidence in my body. - He provoked, pulling the boy´s long hair behind his ear, exposing the blush there.

-"…but most of the time I disrobe in front of you for *your* pleasure!"

-"Is that it?"- The runt hissed sarcastically, slapping the doctor´s hand away. -"And here I was thinking you were getting fat with your age and your garments were shrinking!"

The doctor gave him a frown, raising his brow in a warning when he saw the kid back up again and grab a hand full of ridge, bending them in half and placing them on top of the roof while he glued them together with mud and straw, still eyeing the older man with mockery.

-"Are your chemises getting too tight with your belly fat?"- The boy laugh, circling his tummy to reinforce is point.

The doctor brushed him off, focusing his energies on his task. He felt his muscles heavy and tense with fatigue and a small headache was beginning to form right behind his eyes. He felt tired, he hasn´t slept since that time in the bedroll by the campfire before the king´s guards captured the boy and took him away from him. Not knowing how he was or what they were doing to him robbed him off all energy to breathe or to rest until he knew he was safe.

The runt sat on top of the ridge board with a leg on each side while he secured the straw coat with the rusty iron crooks and another thick layer of mud and dirt. Hannibal brought his hand to his forehead, cleaning the sweat that ran along freely while he ogled the clumsy brat, he was mounting the roof the same way he was riding him yesterday needy and eagerly. Will eyes widen when he spot the other man run his eyes at him, eye-fucking him shamelessly, he cleaned his throat with a wicked smile.

-"Is it time for your nap, *Grandsire*?"- Will mocked, feeling the older man stare at him.-"I don´t want you to strain yourself because of me! Please follow your own pace, grandfather!"

-"What did you expect when a needy runt didn´t let me sleep *at all* last night!"- The doctor exhaled, rubbing the back of his neck theatrically.

He saw the kid tense with the accusation but to the doctor´s surprise the kid didn't backed down like that other time on top of the roof.

-"Don´t blame this on me, you old bastard! It´s not my fault you lost interest in sex because of your age and you needed a little push! "- Will laugh, raising his shoulders and hands up.-"The invincible and virile doctor Lecter…murder of outlaws and punisher of defiant boys…robbed of his golden times when he couldn´t keep up in bed!"

The kid looked down at him, shaking his hand to clean the excessive mud before he brought his index finger to his face, locking eyes with the doctor.

-"Tsk…tsk…your little village boys would be disappointed!"- Will mocked, shaking his finger in a denial movement.

The doctor laugh with the mockery thrown at him, he kept attaching the logs in place while he heard the kid launch a few new insults in his direction.

-"Are you feeling the weight of time on your dusty bones, *grandpa*? "- Will stretched his legs childishly, balancing himself on top of the ridge board.-"We already know you're getting fat… What else did the age brought you? Trouble sleeping? Bladder problems…"

Hannibal smiled still crotched down while he gripped the log stronger, trying to battle the urge to bend the kid over his knee and teach him a lesson in aging, especially emphasizing the difference between a boy and a grown man the best way he knew how.

-"…Irritability…loss of bone structure… Oh I know!"- The boy smashed his fist in his palm as the ultimate insult came to his mind.-"…erectile dysfunction!"

-"Be careful, *little boy*!"- Hannibal grin, straighten up while he faced the kid.-"If I grow limp I´ll place you on top of the *wooden saddle* without a second thought!"

Will switch to Foxglove, who was grazing freely on the meadow before he turned to the older man again, with a mocking expression on his young features.

-"Oh now I´m hurt!"- The runt placed a hand over his chest dramatically and soiled it with mud.-"Are you sending me away after ALL the trouble I had to drag you to the wrong side of the law?"

-"Oh that´s not what this is about!"- Lecter straight´s his back, letting a few drops of sweat trail along with a full grin.

The boy squeezed the mud in his palm, mixing the content together inside the bucket while he spot that dark red flame in the doctor´s eyes.

-"The *wooden saddle* is a saddle with a phallic penis made of wood attached to it!"- The doctor crossed his arms, grinning at the serious look across the runt´s face. - "You place a lustful runt on top of it and let him ride to his orgasm as the horse runs along the meadow…"

The boy grabbed a fistful of the muddy paste and throw it at the mocking doctor, hitting him square in the back of his head, staining his bright silver hair, Hannibal turned to him abruptly to scold him but ended up receiving another mud ball across the face.

-"MY MISTAKE!- The boy screamed, ashamed at the image in his mind.-"To think you could control your libido!"

In seconds the doctor was on him, trying to catching while the kid grabbed the bucket and run around the patched roof, throwing mud behind him in hopes it would hit him in the process.

Beverly brought a hand to her mouth down below, laughing as she saw the boys having a lot of fun. She stared at Mischa, the little hands hold the basket with tomatoes more against her small chest, frowning at the boy´s audacity.

-"Aren´t they having fun!"- The tiny woman whispered gently, petting the girl´s blonde hair.

Mischa run towards them, lifting a finger down below while he focused on the runt, still throwing the mud to her big brother.

-"YOU PUNY THIEF! You better not hit my brother or he will kick your little scrawny ass!"- The feisty girl shout out, pointing a finger at him.

Will kept running, dodging the loosen logs there with the older man on his heels but full conscious of Misha´s words.

-"YOU HEAR ME, WEAKLING? You´re no match for my big brother!"-

He frown out of breath when the little girl kept persistently insulting him with half-true comments. The runt was losing it!

-“You tiny creature!”-

Will stopped at the age of the roof, lifting a handful of mud and threw at the little girl, hitting her square in the head, dirtying her beautiful golden hair and turning it darker. The runt stopped abruptly in shock, he was so frustrated at her words he acted childishly toward her but he never expected for the mud ball to actually it her. He felt a shiver run down his spine when he saw Mischa grab her muddy hair and stab him with an angry gaze.

-“YOU IDIOT!”- She howled at him with discuss.-“You wait until you get down!!”

Will didn´t even had time to register when he felt his body being lift from the roof and the world around him switch until his slender frame rested on Lecter´s shoulder. He almost had forgotten about him.

-“Oh you done it this time, runt!”- Hannibal hummed wickedly as he crossed the roof to the ladder.

the doctor hold him steady while he climbed down the wooden structure with the brat squirming and screaming, he grin at his efforts when they reached the last steps and the little girl came at him, circling her brother´s legs and anxiously to have her pound of flesh when Hannibal lowered him. The doctor crossed the yard stopping at a large pound of mud, fresh from the heavy rain that had fallen yesterday, he kneeled down and dropped the topless runt on it. Will´s body it the dirt wetly, splashing a few drops around while he tried to sit up but failing when the slippery surface stopped his every attempt.

-“All yours Mischa!”- Hannibal signal for his baby sister to approach him.

She threw her little body at him, grabbing handfuls of mud and rubbing them on the other kid´s face while Hannibal kept him steady in place with a firm hand on his chest, preventing him from standing up and running away. Will laugh, trying to dodge Mischa’s attacks, the little girl´s managed to cover him almost completely, it had been so long since he had felt this joy and happiness…for the first time his wounds didn´t seemed to mind him or did their situation. He felt peaceful and…loved. He grabbed the doctor by the arm and pushed him towards him, dirtying him completely as their chests touched and with another hand he brought Mischa down too, dirtying them from head to toe but they kept going. Beverly laugh from a far, much like Will she was used to so much fun happening around her, she watch as all three of them rolled around on the mud, the brothers “high-fiving” each other when they pinned the boy more and made him role more on the slippery wet dirt like a little piggy on a mud bath.

- - -

The sun was setting low, coloring the sky with heavy shades of red and orange, painting the dark trees around the house with bright light strings of yellow. The crows could be heard far away, eyeing the lonely meadow and away from the old house.

Will exhaled tiredly, stretching his back while he felt the tension leave his body in blissful waves, they had worked all day to make sure Beverly´s house was secured, he and the doctor had covered the large cracks on the barn and took care of the crooked roof of the house, filling the spaces of the logs with the muddy paste, preventing the rain and cold from creeping in. Mischa and Katz had cleared the vegetable garden with the help of Foxglove and build a scarecrow to avert the crows from picking on the winter´s garden.

The boy had snorted when he faced the scarecrow in the middle of the meadow, the girls had made, Beverly had sewed an old piece of cloth to make it into the face of the puppet but left the drawing to the little girl. As he examined the scarecrow´s face from afar he could see a slight resemblance to his own features, pure coincidence no doubt!. Will brought the back of his palm to his face, rubbing the dye mud there, he was completely dirty. He turned to Hannibal seeing him crotched down over the old water pump, his naked torso on display while he soaked his chemise and brought it to his neck, damping his skin while the cold drops ran freely over his back.

-"Thank you for the hard work!"- The young woman thanked, handing him the jar with fresh water.-"You lads didn´t had to go through all that trouble!"

-"We done alright for ourselves!"- Will exhaled in relieve, he crotch down with his elbows on his knees.

The boy looked at them, spotting the huge and thick stains of dry mud all over them, it had dried since this morning leaving them dirty from head to toe. The brat laugh as he eyed the little brat up ahead, from all of them she was the worse, the heavy layer of mud and straw glued to her entire frame as it someone had decide to build a "snow man" in a puddle of mud, she brought her petit hands to her hair, trying to take the dirt there before she guide them to her eyes to examine the filth. He took a good gulp of the cold liquid and let it coated his throat.

-"Of course we would have finished sooner if the old man didn´t had to take so many breaks…"- The kid mocked bringing the jar again to his mouth.

However he didn´t finished when Hannibal passed by his kneeling side, slapping the soaked garment over his head. They laugh with the boy´s new look, the wet chemise practically licked the runt´s hair leaving it soaked and upright, almost as if he had a horn or two, leaving the remaining water to trail along his neck.

Beverly approached the doctor with a folded piece of cloth with her long dress was soiled with a few earthy stains over the edge of the garment and knees.

-"There´s a tub up ahead. Please feel free to use it!"- The small woman said gently, placing the fresh linen towel into the older man´s hands.

The doctor nodded in appreciation while he saw Beverly retrieved back to where Mischa was laying by the old water pump, her small hands pushed the ironed handle up and down while the cold water filled the short galvanized bucket. Lecter kept his hands occupied, groping the towel in his hands while he eyed the girls grab each hand of the heavy bucket and headed inside to clean themselves. Before these long months he was the one who helped her with the basic necessities, even thought she was a hand full and tried to push her limits by carrying such a heavy thing with her frail little body. He smiled at that, his little sister had grown so much in his absence.

-"She will be alright! She's a good kid Hannibal!"- Will smiled joyfully.-"Soon she will be the one taking care of you!"

The doctor placed the linen fabric over his shoulder, gripping it with one hand while he stare at the boy moving his arms around in pure mockery as they walked side to side up the small hill with the short trees nearby.

-“You will see! In no time she will be spoon feeding your old ass!”- The runt laugh, imitating the feeding gesture.

-“I wish! She will be happily married and away by then!”- Lecter sign in bliss, looking at the orange sky.-“Guess that burden will fall on your ass!”

The doctor smiled when he heard the kid giggle at that idea, it would be interesting to see the brat assist him with the passage of the time.

-“If I was ever that miserable!”- The young man joked, unlacing his fingers on the back of his neck while they walk peacefully.

-“It wouldn´t be unpleasant!”- He hummed, pulling his damped hair back.-“You could even sit on my lap while you brought the spoon to my mouth. All the more comfortable!”

He let out a breath laugh when the boy turned to him with a piercing gaze, not liking the idea as much as he was enjoying it.

-“So we don´t waste time for our nightly activities we can even feed each other at the same time!”- Hannibal mocked, resting his palm on top of the boy´s sacrum. - “You feed my mouth while I feed your ass!”

He slapped the boy´s bottom playfully making the runt jump a few steps forwards.

They reached the small clearing in the woods where the galvanized bathtub stood, the rusty wash tub was leaning against a tree facing Beverly´s house down below, the washing cloth and a spare towel was spread on the lowest branch and the ash soap bar rested on a small wooden bowl on the floor. Hannibal stepped closer, eyeing the fresh water move on the surface, he spot the old stone well up on the hill, Beverly must have carried the water all the way to their bath tub, he dipped his hand in, moving the water around, it was cold and fresh out of the well, perfect for their aching muscles.

Will gridded his palm to his messy hair, flapping it as the dirt came falling down, even though the other man had cleaned him lightly he still carried the dirt and sweat from the nauseating prison cell, the filth harden thick locks, robbing them of their softness and shine.

-“I´m filthy.”- The kid exhaled to himself, examining the dirt on his palm.

-“Isn´t that your natural state?”- Hannibal purred, hanging the towel next to the one over the branch.

-“Was that before or after you threw me in the horse´s trough?”-The boy sat on the edge of the iron bath tub, crossing his arms.

-“Oh you were *filthy* before that!”- Lecter purred, blinking an eye while bringing a hand to his trousers and undoing the straps.

Will blushed at the comment when he spot the dark spark on the other man´s eyes at the same time he pulled the garment off his thick thighs, it was obvious the nonliteral meaning behind that accusation, clearly remembering the sinful act outside his cottage. He frown when the doctor grin wickedly at the memory when the older man carried him over his shoulder and roughly dropped him inside while he laid still chained to the neck. Hannibal dropped the fabric to the floor, leaving him completely bare while he stepped inside slowly, lowering himself as the cold reached him just over his hip, leaving his knees at the surface.

-"You sure took some liberties with my body!"- The brat snored displeased while he struggled with his own pants.

The other man rested his arms around the edges, leaning his head back while he observed the kid disrobing before him. He smiled, to the boy´s defense he did knock him out with the axe handle before he disrobed him to treat his wounds, leaving him naked from the waist below.

-"Don´t look so shocked! I had to check your body for diseases…"- The doctor smirked at the clear discomfort on the boy´s face.-"…especially sexual ones!"

It´s true he had bared his body while he was unconscious, he had cleaned the skin over his wound and attended to him, he also had examined his genitals, must like that time in the barrel he had pushed his foreskin back and examined him for any signs of syphilis. It had been perfectly professional without any sexual intention, it was easier to take answers that way and let his body talk before he was awake.

-"Does it scare you not to know what I´ve been doing to you while you were unconscious?"- The doctor purred, when the kid turned to him.

Will threw the pants at the doctor hitting him in the chest before he steps inside the tub, Hannibal drops the fabric aside at the same time he eyes the boy submerging his body with his back turned to him. The runt shivered with the cold fresh water, embracing his slender legs while he lowered himself, the boy spread the doctor´s knees while he kneeled down, stranding himself in between but leaving a lot of space between them. The doctor could see the wounds on his back, still fresh and red from the rough treatment he had put the kid through last night. He could see the kid´s head move to the sides anxious.

-"So much shame and doubt regarding that body of yours!"- Hannibal hummed amused, leaning his head to the side eyeing the woods around them.-"You keep covering yourself, in shame of your nakedness... Even knowing there is not much we haven't done already!"

The doctor looked at the kid, keeping his head away from him and pleased to see him tense and curl up more between his knees.

-"…Or talked!"- He provoked, showing his canines dangerously.

The doctor smirked when he spot the boy grip his knees closer to his chest, trying his best to avoid him, Hannibal leaned forward resting his chin on the runt´s bony shoulder.

-"We haven´t talked about it yet!"- Lecter whispered into his sensitive ear.

The older man scratch his short beard along the white skin, the light friction was enough to leave a few red lines behind.

-“What?”- The brat rubbed the soapy cloth on his arms, focused on his cleaning.

The runt rested his arm along the edge of the bath tub scrubbing the dirt there when he felt the doctor´s warm palm travel along his arm, from his shoulder to his wrist, passing the rope bruise marks there all the way to his hand. Will could feel the older man lean forward with his torso almost touching his back while he rested his chin forward on his neck. The boy trailed his bright eyes as the doctor´s kept moving forward, stopping only when his broad hand reached his fingers, Hannibal involved his slender index and middle finger in his palm, making the kid shiver at the light touch. Suddenly, his blue eyes widen when the other man gently started to caressed them with his, imprisoning his thin fingers in his fisted hand and stroking them, delivering the clear and raw message to him.

-“YOU DIRTY OLD GEEZER! ”- Will shout out, curling more until his forehead hit he tub edge.

The cold water of the tub wasn´t enough to drive away the bright blush on his face all the way to his chest and back. He knew the Devil behind him was taunting him about the fact he had slipped his fingers inside himself and prepared his body to receive him. He had done it first back on the dark cell while he humped the doctor´s cape in frustration, the devilish shadow back then guided him to oblivious to the point it made the boy forget Lecter never had witness him before moaning and eagerly explore himself.

Hannibal straighten up, placed his palms over the boy´s thighs and pulled him against his own body, trying to avoid his injuries. Will yelped, when he felt his light frame slide behind in the tub, his bottom slamming wetly with the doctor´s crotch while the water danced around the bathtub violently with their bodies.

-“What are you doing…”- The boy threw his head back, smacking his cheek with Lecter´s shoulder.

-“When did you start fingering yourself?”- The doctor smirk, keeping a strong hold on the runt.-“It wasn´t yesterday, that I´m sure! You didn´t hesitant to do it!”

Hannibal wrapped a veiny hands more around the brat´s thighs and spread him more out in the open. Will yelped and squirmed in his arms, covering his genitals with his trembling hands when the man spread his legs apart completely until his bony knees hit each side of the bathtub, exposing him more.

-“We´re out in the open!”- The rascal crawled at Lecter´s hands, making the water move feverishly.

-“Will you show it to me?”- The doctor purred against the wet skin.-“Your technique?”

-“ABSOLUTELY NOT!”- The runt howled ashamed, kicking his head back to head bump the other man.

Lecter released one of his hands from his leg to connect it with Will´s forehead and pushing it back, trapping the loud runt´s head against his strong shoulder and his own head.

-“Why not? It´s not like I can see much from here!”- The doctor rubbed his nose behind the boy´s ear.

-“You already know I can force you to face me while you do it!”- He whispered, caressing his mouth over the white neck.

Will let out a stranded moan from his throat, the vibration collided with the older man´s tongue as he placed open kisses there, tasting the sweat trailing down his trembling body.

-“Go on!”- The feverish man nibble at his earlobe.

The boy whined at the image forming in his feverous mind, he shyly looked around the clearing, spotting for any sign of movement that could have been watching them. The boy wiped, shutting his eyes ashamed while he lowered his hand down, passing his pulsing member to his entrance and pressed there. Hannibal rested his chin again on the boy´s shoulder, observing his face while he flushed impossibly deeper, this wasn´t about him seeing his body at all, that he already saw yesterday when the bold runt did it while sucking him off… No… This was about Hannibal seeing the kid´s expressions while he was at it, this was more about acknowledgement than lust over his body. This was the kid´s true nature, without the desperation or fear, only soberness and shame.

Will tense his muscles from head to toe when he circled his index over his entrance hesitantly, he could feel the doctor´s gaze on his face, devouring him with his eyes, the boy wimp and with a slight move and he pushed inside, battling his body tensed muscle clenching to keep him out.

He tried to move his finger around and reach for his prostate much like before, however the upwards and curved position made it difficult for him to move around and explore himself further. The feeling was different from before, the touch felt too rough and dry making him move around uncomfortable.

-“Give your hand to me!”- Lecter purred into the kid, lacing an arm around his curved frame.

The brat pulled his hand away to shelter his genital, still to mortified to felt the older man see him fully out in the open, he grope his crotch but lifted his other hand to him, guiding it to the doctor´s face. Hannibal grin, bringing his slender fingers to his mouth, he felt the kid tremble in his arms and mewling almost silently. He entwine his tongue around them, slipping the tip between the index and middle finger, slicking them completely. Lecter tighten his arm around the runt more when he felt him jolt in pleasure, mistaking his pleasurable shiver for his instinct to flee.

The doctor brought his fingers deeper until he reached the bony knuckles and bit down, robbing a cry from the kid and leaving a light bite mark there, almost ordering the runt to bury his fingers in himself until he reached that mark and not before it. The doctor pulled them out licking all the way to his palm and feverishly changing to the white column of his neck, stopping at his ear once more.

-“Continue!”- He whispered and nibble at the sensitive flesh.

The brat retrieve his hand back to his face, shivering when he saw the layer of saliva coat his finger with a few string hanging. He brought his hand under water and reached his entrance, circling it once more and sliding in more confidently. The devilish man´s saliva coated his insides, claiming them even though Will was doing this on his own as the other man stood ogling him, he curled his body more, trying to shelter his shameful frame from him.

The runt yelp in surprise when the man behind him, grabbed his thighs more and leaned back, bringing the kid´s body with him, Will´s torso rested on top of the other man´s while he gave the kid more space to work his body. The boy gasped with the sudden change as his finger slipped deeper inside.

-“Spread your legs more!”- Lecter hummed, his voice hoarse than usual. –“Let me see you!”

Hannibal spread the kid´s thighs apart, resting his warm palm on the junction of his inner thigh and crotch, provocatively inches from the runt´s pulsing member. His other hand kept embracing the boy’s torso with the palm firmly placed over his beating heart and used his little finger to circle the pink nipple, feeling it swollen even more than the cold water could. Will bite his lip while he worked his slippery finger, trying to aim at his prostate, he had changed his hand to his left before bringing his fingers into the doctor´s mouth, this one wasn´t his favorite hand, making it difficult to work. The kid moved his hips, trying to ride his finger and in hopes the doctor´s hand would slide to his aching length with his pink tip drooling and poking out of the cold water. Lecter kept his hand steady, groping his inner thigh more and rubbing his index on the sensitive, provoking the boy further.

-“Did you soiled my cape while doing this?”- The doctor nibble his shoulder.

Will moan loudly, riding his finger more just to collide his hips with Hannibal´s pelvis more and find the doctor hard and leaking. The runt placed his free hand on Lecter´s knee and pushed himself more against the strong body, sliding his wet bottom over the throbbing cock and making Hannibal grunt against the wet skin of Will´s shoulder.

The boy let out a cry when he felt the warm broad palm slide over his tummy, passing over his aching penis to rest on top of his slender hand while he kept stretching his tight ring of muscles. Will yelp when Hannibal covered his hand, slipping his finger between the boy´s index and middle one, spreading him open. He kept his other hand firmly place over Will´s inner thigh, spreading him further a part.

-“S-stop... the water…It´s getting in!”- He begged and tried to cover his legs.

Will throw his head back when he felt a moan escape his parted lips, his slender frame raised up and down every time the doctor inhaled and exhaled and slowly rocked his body, the hot breath hit the runt´s neck making him shake his hips more and pushed them more confidently against their fingers. Will whine in pleasure when he felt the hard burning member poke at his bottom and releasing pre come all over his skin.

Will fasten the pace gradually, rocking his hips more feverously and eagerly, hitting his prostate with every movement, his vision started to go blank when he felt his orgasm rush over him in slow hot waves. He cried out, arching his back completely and throwing his head back on the doctor´s shoulder while Hannibal kept his hand firmly on his waist, pinning him in place to avoid the runt´s waist from humping and detach from his. He could feel the boy´s ass cheeks clench against his pulsing member while he came beautifully, spilling his seed all over his white tummy.

Lecter could see the pleasure on the young man´s face, the light from the sunset painted the perfect vision on his flushed cheeks while he kept arching his neck more on his shoulder. The boy moan lovely, the beautiful cried echoed so very close to the doctor´s ear making him grunt against the white skin on display. Absolute perfection!

-“Good boy!”- He whispered, rubbing his lips over his temple.

The doctor wrapped his arms around him as the boy grew limp slowly, nesting him more against his strong chest while he tried to catch his breath.

To be continued…

Lost Lamb

Chapter Notes

Hi fancy people!!

Hope everyone is going fine. Here is the new chapter!!

Bye for now!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 24

“Lost Lamb”

The doctor unlaced his arms around the small woman, petting her back as they said goodbye, he thanked her once more for taking care of his little sister while Mischa stood jumping on the wooden cart with the shovels and bedrolls they had brought on the journey.

-“You’re always welcome to stay longer if you would like.”- Katz said softly, parting from the doctor.

-“We already imposed on you a great deal!”- The doctor petted Mischa, proving his point.-“Please come by the cottage when you’re in the village.”

The little blond angel jump from the cart to Beverly´s arms, making her white dress balance against her body while the woman catch her midair, spinning her around as they laugh in joy. Hannibal checked the joint around the card, making sure it was properly attached to the stallion, they had a whole day back home, and hopefully they would arrive in time for supper. He turned to the lonely meadow to spot the runt facing away with his back turned to them.

Will stood there, the wind blow his loosen chemise, covering his injuries while he stared at the hills. The strong breeze brought the fresh scent of pine to his nose while it shook the trees, making the kid shiver as it crossed his garment all the way to his white skin.

-“What´s on your mind?”- The doctor asked behind him.

The runt turned to see him looking at his face, trying to spot any signs of discomfort or uneasiness on him. The heat of the other man´s palm brought him to reality, Hannibal examined his face carefully turning his attentions to the hills the boy was carefully staring at.

-“Do you want to go see her?”- He asked softly knowing this could be a hard trigger point for the kid.

He knew what was behind those hills, the boy´s birth village stood there with all the vengeful peasants and his mother.

-“It wouldn´t change anything if I did.”-He whispered softly, bringing his palm to play with the lace of his chemise.

He could feel the older man´s eyes on him, still not quite believing his words.

-“I don´t resent her, Hannibal!”- The boy assured him, lowering his head as the painful memories rushed along his eyes.-“… Even after all she did to me. She can´t harm me anymore.”

The doctor examined his face carefully, he trailed his sharp eyes along the younger’s face, looking at his bright blue eyes, small snowflakes glued to his soft damp locks. He squeezed his bony shoulder before he retrieved his hand as they stood their eyeing the grey landscape.

-“It´s ironic isn´t it?”- Will whispered before turning to the man beside him.-“We think we are safe in the living world…”

The boy turned around heading back to the wooden cart, while Lecter eyed his back as he walked away, stopping to look over his shoulder.

-“…But the dead always find a way to come back to haunt us!”- Will finished.

The doctor grin with the comment when he understood the reference, he remembered the brat mentioned to him once he thought his gang had killed him that night. Hannibal exhaled, he never really thought about how the kid had felt when he trapped him in the wolf pit, ready to capture him and bring him home. He spot his frighten blues eyes when the brat acknowledge him, it must have been mortifying for him to have his guilt and out of the blue he appeared to make him pay for something he never did. The runt cross the meadow, stopping only when he met Katz gentle embrace, the petit woman brought him closer, rocking his slender body with hers.

-“Take care, won´t you?”- She whispered, petting his messy cold hair away from his face.

-“You know I won´t!”- Will laugh with her while he hold her shoulders, avoiding her gaze.

-“I know that look, Will!”- She said worried of the thoughts that run through his mind.-“He´s a good man! You should leave your past behind and go with him.”

Will lowered his head, exhaling tiredly as if he carried a very heavy weight on his shoulders.

-“You and I both know it´s never that simple, Beverly!”- He rubbed his nose.-“What I did can´t simply be brushed under a carpet and forgotten!”

-“Stop that! Forget about the pain and suffering. Give yourself a chance for once! You deserve to be happy!”- The young woman, shook his shoulders, trying to make him laugh.

Lecter grabbed Mischa by the waist and lifted her up to the saddle, she played with Foxglove´s dark mane, letting her fingers bread them while Hannibal stood next to the stallion, eyeing the other two as they said their goodbyes. He smiled, there was still that “brotherly affection” they had back on the meat market, he had been so stupid…mistaking the signs terribly. - “*No! It´s not my child*!”- The runt had screamed at him when he had accused him of impregnating the little woman. He rubbed the stallion´s flank remembering the boy´s flushed cheeks at the memory, he grin looking at Mischa, it was ironic now that he knew that child was more his than anything else.

Hannibal placed his boot on the stirrup and lifted himself on the saddle, looking behind his shoulder to the two kids there as they finished saying there good byes. Will turned his back on Beverly, circling the cart while he stared at the bedrolls there, he smiled, remembering their talk by the fire camp. The kid stop abruptly when he reached Foxglove side, looking up he saw the two brothers looked back at him with their brows raised, the blonde brat was in the front of the saddle grabbing the pommel while Hannibal stood behind holding the reins with a questioned gaze.

-“What do you want?”- Mischa hissed, frowning from on top of the seat.

Will backed up quickly, suddenly ashamed of his actions, he always ride on the saddle with the doctor so his body unconsciously moved on his own there. Hannibal spot the blush on his face before the kid lowered his face and walked back to the cart, climbing it and sitting next to the bedrolls.

-“I hope you didn´t thought you were taking my place!”- The little girl mocked, lifting her chin proudly.

The boy frown when he heard the doctor laugh at his sister´s comment while he whip the reins, signaling for the stallion to walk, the runt jerked in the cart as they ride away from the small woman, the shovels and tools jerked against his small body as the stud trotted and gained speed.

-“You alright back there, boy?”- Hannibal grin, when the sudden turn made the kid bounce in the air crudely.

Will cursed at him while he gripped the cart tightly to avoid his frame from jerking any further, he didn´t know if he could handle the long journey back to the doctor´s cottage, his ass certainly wouldn’t.

-“Such a great heart you must have, doctor!”- The boy hissed with a mocking tone.-“I almost mistook it for kindness!”

-“Don´t speak ill of big brother!”- Mischa cried out, turning her head to see him better.-“It´s better than you deserve!”

The boy rolled his eyes at her comment, gripping the cart more firmly.

-“Hannibal gave you his time, a bed and our food! When you clearly didn´t deserved it!”- She scolded, putting the boy down in attempt to put him in his place. -“He clothed and fed you! Even if you still look like the scrawniest runt of the litter! Be grateful!”

-“Oh he gave me much more than that unfortunately!”- The runt hissed behind clenched teeth while he brought his hand to caress his sore bottom.

-“What did you say?”- Mischa hissed angrily, not liking the runt to back talk at her.

-“Nothing! I´m saying he’s very generous and kind! Yup! A true golden heart!”- Will said sarcastically, looking over his shoulder to them. -“Isn´t that right, *doctor Lecter*?”

Hannibal looked at him with his brow raised, feeling the boy targeting him for no apparent reason.

-“The village doctor helping the most needed peasants without charging them, caring for their injuries and patching them back together after the cruel bandits swapped over town!”- He continued, bringing the wool cape closer to his frame still stained from the prison cell.

-“He is righteous! Unlike some!”- The brat curled more into her brother´s embrace, praising him more while the doctor smiled at her.-“And he did kill two of them.”

-“Swinging his axe…*swip*….*swip*….”- Mischa made a swing movement, robbing a few more smiles off Hannibal while she heard the boy snort.-“…But he missed one!”

-“Yes he did! Probably to make him suffer in your name!”- Will mocked with irony, grinning his teeth together.-“Such a good big brother he is!”

-“He deserved it!”-

-“Oh most definitely! Robbing you from your home! Of course he did! ”- The boy gestured dramatically in the air. - “Especially when *big brother* didn´t got the chance to give you that nightgown he kept for your wedding just for you!”

He heard the little girl gasped in surprise, she mewled softly in joy as most girls would while imagining their most important day, Will could see her swinging on the saddle with happiness, dreaming of that garment as she tried to turn around, pulling at Hannibal´s blue coat for him to tell more.

-“You did, big brother?”- The little girl asked melodically.

-“Oh yes he did!”- Will mocked, his words dripping with sarcasm.-“The elaborate embroidery…the details on the buttons. Beautiful!”

She giggled, hugging herself and nesting her back more against her brother.

-“Oh…and Mischa!”- Will crossed his arms as his body bounced on the cart.

The little girl peeked her head, smiling with mockery as she looked at the boy facing away from her.

-“Hannibal gave me that bridal nightgown!”- The boy confessed, leaning on the cart as he admired the brat´s face turning pale.

He saw their eyes widen with his confession, Hannibal´s panic almost screamed inside his skull at what he had to explain to his little sister. Will grin wickedly when he heard Mischa scream at her brother, bashing her little fists on the pommel, trying to elbow her brother with the image of the boy wearing the expensive garment met for her most important day, ruined now after the runt soiled it with his pig like touch. Will leaned back, grinning from ear to ear when he felt his horns pick from his soft locks while the brothers’ argued.

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Mason Verger

Matthew hit the stone cold wall, knocking a few books on the expensive ornamental writing desk next to him, making the scrolls fall to the floor as the young guard tries to gather himself.

-“YOU FOOLS! ”- The noble howled furious as he kicked the furniture nearby.-“I EXPLICITLY order you to keep the fucker LOCKED UP!”

Verger pace angrily around his bed chamber with his bright yellow coat flapped against his legs, Tobias stood leaning against the opposite wall with his arms crossed while he watch the young soldier rub his aching jaw.

-“We couldn’t keep him in the cell, my lord.”- Budge said slowly, leaning his head.-“…you did break the property law, the doctor had every right to…”

Mason grabbed the ink pot and threw it at him, the glass broke inches from his head, splashing the dark ink on the man and staining the scarlet uniform while the pastel wall absorbed most of the impact and left a large stain there.

-“THEY ARE PEASANTS!!”- He roar furious jerking his hands on the air.-“I AM ABOVE THEM!!”

He paced, rubbing his face while he thought of a solution.

-“They pose too much of a threat already!”- The monarch yield, resting his hands on his hips.-“Are you too stupid to understand? I can´t have two low birth threaten a noble!!”

-“Next thing we know there will be peasants stepping their boundaries and pose a danger to other nobleman.”-

Brown stepped slowly to the middle of the extensive ornamented room, he walked cautions behind the monarch, almost to snap his neck if given the chance. Lord Mason shoved the chair by the desk with his leather boot, making the object jerked crudely before he sat on it abruptly. The soldiers eyed one another while the sitting man panted and run his trembling hands over his yellow messy hair, trying his best to arrange himself.

-“I want you to seize them!”- He gasped out of breath.

Tobias stepped closer, bringing his gloved palm to wipe the ink on his cheek.

-“The doctor and the boy are not in the cottage.”- The older guard eyed the young soldier, spotting his murderous gaze.-“They are probably hiding in the place they were heading when we captured the kid.”

-“THAT´S NOT MY PROBLEM!”-The man punched the arm of the chair in rage.-“You fucked up! You solve it! I want them dead! No trial! No law! No fucking Brauner!”

-“Corner them out in the woods…in a pit or an animal trap! After that…”- The man whispered.-“I want them dead!”

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Hannibal Lecter

Foxglove neigh tiredly as they entered the doctor´s property, the sun as grey and cold when they arrived, Mischa could barely contain her enthusiasm as they arrived home. Her big bright orbits moved frantically, examining everything around her, she hasn´t been here for over two months and her last moments were based on pain and fearful memories. Hannibal pulled the double reins slowly, pulling the animal to a stop before he dismounted the stud with a tired sign. The little girl jumped from the saddle before Lecter could help her down, she crossed the yard quickly, whirling as her white dress danced around her gracefully, Mischa spot the winter´s garden they had worked on, the shed next to the stable and the cottage stood there just like she remembered. Hannibal saw her move around their property, her high pitch laugh echoed around him just like he remembered, finally she was home.

The doctor turned when a pain howl sounded behind him, spotting the runt sliding off the wooden cart, rubbing his bruised ass before he arranged the tools there, Hannibal could see the boy grab his bedroll and turn to look at the first line of trees, the man´s eyes narrowed at that, he didn´t like it when he did that, especially because it was obvious what he was thinking.

-“That was a little mean! Telling her about the nightgown, don´t you think?”- Lecter crossed his arms, giving the kid a cocky grin.

-“Come on, old man! You don´t get to force me to wear a woman´s garment to fill your perverted fantasies and get away with it!”- The boy mocked, arranging the tools on the cart.

-“I thought you would be pleased!”- The doctor smirked wickedly.-“Knowing that time I treaded you like a virginal bride on her wedding night…gentle and caring.”

-“I´m not your wife, old man!”- Will let out a nervous laugh, looking at the woods once more.

Lecter leaned his head, spotting the kid staring at the forest behind him.

-“Why do I get the feeling I should chain you to a tree?”- The doctor crossed his arms over his chest.-“…before you do anything stupid!”

The boy lowered his head while his shoulders tense, his hands gripped the furs of the rolled bedroll while he stumbled over his own thoughts. The doctor wasn´t stupid it was obvious something was on his mind. Will bit his lip, trailing his boot on the damped soil and creating elaborate lines there before he faced the doctor.

-“I´m leaving…Hannibal.”- The kid confess slightly out of breath.-“There is nothing for me here to do anymore!”

The doctor kept silence while his tired gaze grow more serious and frustrated while he bit the inside of his cheek. The boy knew this wasn´t want he wanted to hear but he couldn´t impose on them any longer.

-“Mischa is home once again…my debt with you and her is paid…”

-“You know kid……”- Hannibal interrupted him, bringing his hands to open his heavy coat.-“… When I was a boy on my way home…I found this wimping newborn puppy in a muddy ditch… very frail and malnourished … shivering and alone with the heavy rain pouring that day…”

The older man told softly, opening the last button before he took the blue coat off and hold it in one hand.

-“… so I took him home with me!”- Lecter threw the heavy garment to his shoulder, taking a few steps closer toward the runt.-“…I stayed up all night by the fire… feeding him and keeping him warm…the poor thing didn´t even had strength enough to suck the milk…I was certain he wouldn´t made it pass that night.”

-“…But I stayed with him nonetheless.”- The doctor stopped in front of Will, while the kid looked at him.

-“He was a newborn pup… it couldn´t see or hear yet… he probably had been born minutes before I found him … but that short life had already felt the freezing cold weather and the pain of abandonment…”

Will turned his head away, blinking a little when he felt the tears water his bright eyes and cloud his vision. Somehow the doctor´s words brought him a few painful memories. Hannibal brought his

palm to his pink cheek, brushing the tears there with his thumb before he retrieved his hand to his side.

-“I wanted to protect him and caress him…But every time I tried to hold him… he would bite me.- The man smiled sadly, while he petted the boy´s messy hair.-“…As I carried him home and brought him to my lap or bring the bottle closer he would tried to find my hand in the darkness and bite.”

Lecter remembered the pitiful creature trap his mouth on his fingers in attempt to harm him, it didn ´t had teeth yet and much to Hannibal´s sadness it choose to use the little strength he had left to try and sink his teeth instead of taking the milk…because it didn´t knew warm or the feeling of a full stomach…because pain, cold and loneliness it was all he knew and it was all the creature expected from him.

Will let out a breathy laugh nervously, understanding the doctor´s point of view, rubbing the sleeve of the chemise over his eyes to clean the tears left before the other man could cleaned them.

-“I get it, old man!”- The boy faced him in mockery.-“You think I resemble that puppy…”

-“No!”- Hannibal answered him softly, shaking his head in denial.-“But I do!”

The brat eyed him confused, narrowing his eyes if would help him to understand his point of view.

-“Because I misjudge you when we met!”- He confessed, descending his hand to the runt´s wound.

-“I always thought you were arrogant and cruel like your leader when we first met, never giving you the opportunity to explain your actions or listen to what you got to say…much like that pup, I was so blind with rage and pain I hurt you without thinking…and for that…I´m sorry.”

Will shivered with the words, sinking his shoulders deeper while he avoided the doctor´s gaze, feeling suddenly naked with other man´s honesty. Hannibal grabbed his coat still hanging on his shoulder and brought it to the kid´s cold frame, covering his back while he saw the large coat drown him.

-“I keep telling you to come home, but I don´t think you understand what I mean at all.”- The older man circled him, resting his ass on the edge of the cart, crossing his arms again. - “I met what I said before regarding being proud to have you as my apprentice in the study! That offer still stands.”

Will turn to him, lowering his head while he kept pulling the fur of the bedroll still on his hands.

-“I have no right to ask you to stay…”- Lecter exhale, turning to the first line of trees. -“…and I don´t know what those woods can offer you that you choose to ran to them instead of staying here…”

He saw the top of the tall pines shake with the strong evening wind while the small snowflakes started to fall from the dark heavy grey sky.

-“In a way your like that pup…he wanted to stay in that ditch in the pouring rain…because that´s the only thing he knew…He didn´t knew better!”-

Will kept his hand on the rolled up bed fabric, lifting the other to the doctor´s coat and playing nervously with the buttons hanging there. The doctor was giving him a choice, between the lonely

nights in the woods with the bedroll or the warm coat around him with the doctor by his side. He had to choose.

-“Give me the bedroll, kid!”- Hannibal pleaded slowly, lifting his arm for the kid to return the bedroll to him and keep the coat.

Will could spot the anxiety in his rough voice, the boy knew he wanted to sound calm and in control but it was obvious the doctor was on edge with his choice. He didn´t want the boy to walk away and leave for the woods, to the cold and pain again. He saw the runt turned his eyes to the bedroll, then to the woods and back at the doctor, it was obvious he was battling a lot of storms inside his mind. And then he turned his hand to the coat around him and slowly pulled it off him. Hannibal felt a stab of pain in his heart while the heavy fabric slide along the bony shoulders, as the kid hold it in his hand before he handed back to him.

Lecter swallowed soundly while he stared at the kid, giving him a few more seconds to thinking it through before he lowered his head in defeat and retrieved his coat once more. The boy returned to the wooden cart, grabbing the shovels there and the other bedrolls, enjoying the doctor´s confused looked while the runt placed the tools over his shoulder before he turned to see the older man still puzzled by his actions on the edge on the cart.

-“Put that coat on, old man!”- Will smiled, balancing the two bedrolls on one arm.-“I don´t want you to catch a cold!”

A grin slowly ripped on Lecter´s face as he throw the heavy coat back at the kid, they walked across the yard, seeing Mischa dance around with her white dress floating around.

-“What happen to that pup?”- Will asked in curiosity, grabbing the heavy coat closer to him while he followed the doctor.

-“He lived a long and happy life!”- Hannibal turned his head with a smile.-“Except when he messed with the chickens up on the hen house.”

They both laugh at that as they crossed the yard.

-“But I´m not that dog!”- The boy grin, seeing the doctor pick Mischa and throw her up in the air.

-“No! You’re not! I would have treated you better if you were!”- The doctor mocked as they came inside.

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-“Hannibal! You’re an idiot!”- The boy panted, bending over to pick another mushroom with his freezing hands.

The dawn grey sky grew red with the sun set while a thin layer of soft snow felt, painting the dark forest with a thin white sheet along the dark soil. Will brought the blue coat closer to his freezing body, rubbing his palms to release the cold while they gather the mushrooms into a basket. He was tired from the long trip and his wounds seemed to be bothering him more than usual, he just wanted

to go to sleep and rest properly, however they needed to fetch the food or they would sleep with an empty stomach.

-“You live under my roof, you gather food, you eat it! It´s a simple rule kid!”- Hannibal grin, placing the fresh red mushrooms in the casket.-“Don´t expect food to come to your mouth if you keep lazing around!”

-“IT´S FREEZING!”-The boy howled before he brought his hand to his mouth when he felt a powerful sneeze tickling his nose.

Mischa looked at the boy upset with his whining, she crutched over, wrapping her small hand over the frail mushrooms and ripped them mercilessly from the damped ground and throwing them with scorn to the little basket next to her. She felt trapped with her emotions on edge as if this scrawny brat behind her was wearing a mask and without warning would bring the rest of the bandits to her home again and kill her brother this time. She didn´t like this feeling while her brother lowered his guard regarding the puny thief.

-“The soon you hurry, the soon you will fall dead on the bed.”- Hannibal mocked, patting the boy´s back abruptly.

The little girl stood up abruptly, making the boys turn to her startled before she walked away. Her small soiled white dress twirled around her small legs, making her walk in a crude and heavy pace to avoid falling to the ground.

-“I´m going to check the traps!”- She frown, walking away faster.

Lecter stood up, leaving the basket behind and prepared to accompany her when the runt grabbed him by the arm, forcing him to face the kid.

-“I´ll go!”- He smiled nervously, before charging after her.

The doctor stood there, eyeing the kid disappear in the thick dark bushes, he cleaned his hands on the sides of his cloak before crossing his arms. He was happy when the kid showed initiative to fix the situation, he knew it wouldn´t be as easy to change his sister´s mind. A child´s mind wasn´t as easy and sharp as an adult´s, however in that part Will had the upper hand…Hannibal grin at that, two brats communicating was better than an adult and child trying to get into an understanding. He looked in between the trees as the last reddish gashes of sun lighten the creepy woods around him, the sun was almost down and they had to hurry back to the cottage. Lecter turned abruptly when he heard movement behind the bushes as a metal flash from a blade came directly at him.

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Will Graham

-“Mischa slow down!”- Will panted, trying to catch her.

The boy paced after her as the little girl walked ahead, fisting her dress in anger and frustration, without looking at him. The cold snow damped his feet and the wet dirt beneath stained the white soil, leaving a trail behind, he could see the river creek between the trees, running angrily and dark as it drown the small snowflakes that felt on the water.

-“Are you still mad because of the bridal nightgown?”- The boy provoked in hopes the girl would stop and turn to him.

Mischa kept walking, trying her best to ignore the bony wimp behind her, she stopped when she noticed one of the traps they kept, she run there as she saw the big winter hare trapped in the wooden trap, the cage almost too small for the frighten creature. The animal jerks his head around when the little girl reached him, lifting the imprisonment before grabbing the back of his neck and lift him to her lap, the poor creature was almost as big as she was small, a feisty male no doubt. He struggled and squirm in her grasp while she tried to pin him down against her small thorax. She frown at her hasty action, she couldn’t bring herself to snap his neck and she wouldn´t ask for the puny thief´s help either.

- Do you need a hand? - The boy asked softly, opening his arms to hold the hare.

-“I DON´T NEED YOUR HELP!”- Mischa screamed, sheltering the animal from him.

The creature felt uncomfortable with the pressure of the hug around as the two humans tried to get a hold of him, the animal pushed against her small frame, opening her grasp and ran off away from them as it hopped away.

-“You fool! Look what you did!”- She cried angrily at him, kicking him in the shin.

-“I was just trying to help!”- Will grabbed his leg, hopping on one foot.

-“I. DON´T. NEED. YOU!”- She roar in an ice pitch voice, making the boy shiver.

-“I don´t trust you! I don´t want you near us! You cursed our lives ever since you appear! Big brother hasn´t look this miserable ever since you stepped out of those woods! You bring nothing but misfortune!”

-“You don´t really mean that!”- He whispered, feeling his heart ache with the pain.

-“LOOK AT WHAT YOU DID!”- Mischa´s face turned red with rage.

She kept fisting her dress as if to control her instinct to kick him more, large tears drowned her dark wide eyes and the drool kept trailing out from the corner of her mouth while she roar at him, not caring if she looked be wild.

-“YOU’RE DEATH! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! ”- She scream, turning away from him and running away.

The boy stood there, arranging the trap for the next animal to fall on it, he heard the leaves move behind him making a little shiver run down his spine.

-“Hannibal?”- Will whispered, calling out for the doctor.

Suddenly his kneeling body was pushed up, he screamed loudly when his arms were trapped behind him, almost to the point of pulling his arm out of his joint, he tried to turn and see his

assailant before a strong gloved hand grabbed his hair and pulled it, raising his head abruptly making him face the blueish northern lights that started to appear with the darkness.

-“We meet again, little boy!”- Matthew hummed a little too close to the boy´s ear.

- - -

Hannibal Lecter

The doctor blocked the attack, lifting his axe and avoid the sword blade from connecting with his skull. The soldier was agile and well trained, a worthy opponent no doubt in comparison to the outlaws or Mason´s servants.

-“Did Mason send you to do his dirty work?”- Hannibal panted, blocking every attack.

But the soldier kept launching his blade at him, aiming at his vital organs with every attempt, he circled him and dodge is attempts.

-“It´s nothing personal, doctor!”- The soldier smirked, gripping his sword.-“I´m just doing what I was told!”

Lecter swung his axe, trying to create space between them, Tobias ran to him just to miss the axe blade by inches of his neck when the doctor turned on his side, hitting his nose with the axe handle and making him recoil to the ground. Hannibal turned abruptly when the unmistakable cry of Will echoed around him, his heart stopped for a second, it never occurred to him the older soldier was a decoy to keep him busy. He only had time to turn when the soldier stood up at full speed and aimed at his ribs, the doctor switch to the side but the sharp blade still pierced his cloak, slashing his torso over the ribs. He grunt, feeling the burning blade cut the tight skin making him grab the wound and stepped back.

-“You should be focusing on your well-being, doctor Lecter.”- Tobias mocked lifting his weapon.-“Matthew already got him as we speak! You can´t help him much longer!”

Hannibal clenched his axe tighter in his hand, his knuckles turning impossibly white with the strength. He waited for the soldier to launch himself confidently at him and as he did so, the doctor spin to his side and lift the axe one more time, slicing the other man´s leg as he came to the ground with an agonizing grunt. Lecter placed a foot on his neck, burring the blade of his weapon on the snow, inches from the soldier´s ear.

-Dolarhyde! What was he doing in the woods the day you took Will?”- Hannibal grunt, burring is foot deeper into his neck, urging him to speak.-“ANSWER ME!”

Tobias smirked with scorn, his white teeth stained with blood, he grabbed the doctor´s boot, trying to catch his breath while he ogled the despair and urgency on the other man´s face.

-“If…*cough*…If we don´t kill you both….he will find a way to send the kid to the gallows…”- He smiled pleased when he saw the doctor back up.

Hannibal watched alert when the other man turned on his side to cough, spitting blood on the process before he eyed his injured leg, the doctor turned to the woods, sensing and fearing the worse.

- - -

Will Graham

-“LET GO OF ME!”- The kid moved around, jumping on his legs as he tried to make the soldier lose his balance.

Brown pushed one of his trapped arms up, smirking wickedly when the boy cried out with the pain, he brought his free hand to the runt´s jaw, clenching him there as he ran the tip of his nose over the white column of his neck, frowning when the strong scent of the doctor reach him.

-“You stink, you little shit!”- He tighten his grip when Will tried to kick him, he trailed one of his hands down the boy´s crotch before gripping him tightly there.

The kid screamed with the tight grasps, bashing his legs in attempt to free himself while the king´s guard kept him steady in place.

-“Where is your little doctor?”- The man provoked.-“Is he hiding? Too afraid to come claim you?”

-“You son of a…”- Will howled in pain when the other man gripped his crotch tighter.

-“Don´t feel sad! I´m here and we can return to where we left off…”- -“I still have time to fuck you senseless before I kill you!”

He released his grip after he delivered a powerful blow on the brat´s stomach, throwing the kid on the cold soil as he struggled to breathe. Will rolled on the snow turning to the evil guard when he heard the belt being unbuckled. He tried to crawl away but soon stopped when the soldier kicked him, making him roll on his back, pressing his knee to Will´s chest as the boy tried to move it away, gasping heavily as he tried to inhale.

-“Yes! Struggle! Go on! Fight me more!”- Brown pressed him more against the soil lowering his face to the kid.-“Let´s see how long that lasts after I have you bouncing on my cock!”

Will´s howls when he saw the young soldier, unlacing his armor before he brought his hands to the kid´s pants, trying his best to unlace them roughly. Suddenly, Matthew felt a sharp pain on the back of his head, bringing his hand to his wound as it came out bloody. He turned slowly to see a small girl grabbing a thick branch still aiming at his head with fire in her dark eyes.

- “GET AWAY FROM HIM!”- Mischa growl at the man, her shoulders tense with anticipation.

Matthew eyed her up and down, recognizing that defiant expression almost immediately.

-“You little bitch!”- The young guard hissed quietly, standing up to his feet.-“You were supposed to be dead!”

The little girl backed up frighten while she clenched the branch closer to her, suddenly aware of her vulnerability regarding her opponent. She dropped her weapon and run for the bushes just to have a strong grip around her thin hair and dress pulling her up. Will roar and launched himself at Matthew´s legs when the evil soldier lifted her small body in the air by the collar of her dress. The boy kept crawling at his legs, still laying on the floor as the little girl squirmed in Brown´s hands, struggling to breathe.

-“Fucking brat!”- The guard hissed in pain, when he felt the boy bite his leg hard.

Mischa screamed when the soldier jerked her frail body in the air while he kicked Will hard in the shoulder, detaching him at last.

-“Children shouldn´t get in the way when adults are talking!”- He grin, dragging her along as he approached the river creak.

-“Mathew…don´t...”- The boy pleaded, fisting the snow underneath him.-“She´s just a child…”

The soldier stretched his arms further, feeling the child wiggle her legs as she laid hanging and with a wicked smile he threw her abruptly into the dark river.

-“**NO**!”-He let out an agonizing roar as he stumbled on his feet when he hear her hit the water.

Will run after her along the creek, he dodge trees and rocks on his path, the tiny snowflakes hit his face, burning the sensitive skin as he run against the sharp wind, he could see Mischa moving her little limbs and crying out in fear, her voice broke many times with the freezing water piercing her small lungs. Will removed the thick blue coat, throwing it aside before he launched himself inside, letting the gelid black water submerge him completely. He felt the time stop when he opened his eyes under water, he couldn´t see or hear anything…it felt like he was captured in the cold Death´s sheet. He inhaled sharply when he returned to the surface, turning his head to spot Misha a few meters ahead, he jerked his limbs, eyeing her still body, the runt grunt in agony, the water felt like icy needles piercing every inch of his skin, he reached his arm and secured her in his arms, letting the strong current guide his tired body.

Will screamed loudly when he pushed his body out of the creek with one hand, using the other to grip the little girl closer to his slender body. The kid crawled further away before he laid her gently on a small patch dirt there, he used his trembling palms to move the snow away from underneath her and avoid the cold to reach her any further.

-“HANNIBAL!”- He called out desperately.

The dense pine trees around him created a dark blurry stain with the darkness of the night while the bright blue northern lights above them lighten the snowy clearing with a dark blue color. He looked around but he didn´t spot or hear movement anywhere, no sign of life anywhere near them. Will felt the warm tears fall from his freezing cheeks as he turned his attention to Mischa, she was freezing cold, her skin at turned blue, darkening even further around her lips, he rubbed her forehead, taking the whitish hair away from her face.

-“No…no…no…”- The runt sobbed, not seeing her moving or breathing.-“HANNIBAL!”

His voice broke with cold, robbing him of his will to shout out and call for help. The boy removed his clothes, shoving them into the snow before he picked the little girl abruptly and brought her to his chest. He stood there sitting naked on the snow with his arms wrapped tightly around her gelid frame, rubbing her back in attempt to create warmth. The boy cried and sobbed, it was useless…his body was too cold to warm the little angel, it always was too freezing.

-“Forgive me….please….forgive me…”- He sobbed, rocking his body as if he was calming an infant.

He howled into the night, matching the loud wind creaking out of the woods around them, he knew it was all his fault.…-*You bring death to everyone around you!*- those words…his mother´s words were the only mantra that sounded true to him now, he tried to prove them wrong, but it was always the raw truth.

Hannibal Lecter

The doctor rushed along the creek, picking his blue coat that he had landed to the runt hours before, looking around he saw no way out of the forest, no path they could have gone to that didn´t end on the river. Hannibal ran quickly, following the current out of the woods while he spot for any sign of movement or noise that could lead to them. He stopped abruptly when he saw the clearing up ahead and in kneeling boy, he rushed to him to his side.

The runt was sitting his the snow with his back turned to him and his shoulders tense with agony, his slender body was out in the freezing weather but that didn´t seemed to mind him, Lecter circled him and notice the tiny frail body on his lap, the grey soaked dress and the thin blood hair almost completely covered when the wimpy boy wrapped his thin arms and sheltered his head, trying to cover her completely from the outside elements.

The doctor gripped the axe more strongly in his hand, the cracking sound of the wood made the boy lift his head slowly to him, his eyes were red with the heavy tears as he faced him, his mouth opening to speak but no words came out, he waited for the kid to catch his breath, although Hannibal knew what just happened.

-“I´m sorry…I´m sorry Hannibal…”- Will sobbed uncontrollably, breaking into tears again while he clenched Mischa tighter to him.

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Hi again!!
I know!! This was probably the first chapter that didn´t had any kind of sexual meaning, I didn´t really have any chance to do an explicit scene on this one. But don´t worry the next one will have. ;)

Welcome Home

Chapter Notes

Hello Fancy People!

Quick Notes:

- The topic of medieval enema (clyster) is going to be mention in this chapter. Let me tell you they were VERY different from the modern ones so if you don´t know what they looked like here´s the link from a history channel (Minute 8.33)
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JVQO0a4mMWs&t=379s

- Another thing, there was a Hannigram video on YouTube with the name “Fifty Shades Of Hannibal”, the image on the thumbnail is the one on the link below
https://external-preview.redd.it/pM8V7JW6oQsm4yMZxNuHzdffsSgCDJxrGnmXd9V-VeU.jpg?
width=640&crop=smart&auto=webp&s=de6824d1d875465182642a9d4972bdf6d3ce7852

I think it was removed but did any one was fortuned to download it before that?

- This chapter is obscene! Like you can confirm by the chapter´s image ... But I will let you judge for yourself :)

Bye for now! :)

Chapter 25

"Welcome Home"

The boy sat in the snow, clenching her small body against his chest as he sobbed with his body completely exposed to the freezing weather. Hannibal approached him, placing the heavy blue coat on his slender back, sheltering his damped body. He kneeled next to him, reaching for the boy´s arms as he tried to open them and take Misha away from him, Will didn´t release her, the boy jerked, clenching her more to his thorax while the doctor tried to take her away.

-"Stop it, runt!"- Lecter whispered abruptly while the kid kept squirming.-"YOU´RE SMOTHERING HER!"

The boy jolt, releasing her immediately while the older man hold her up and placed her gently on the soil. Will gasped with difficulty while the cold blocked his lungs from breathing deeply, he gripped the coat closer to his exposed frame while he watched as the doctor guided his ear to Mischa´s chest. He listen carefully, trailing his ear from heart to her lungs and mouth, Lecter moved hastily to open her soaked dress, exposing her underneath before he brought his hands together on her diaphragm and started to press it down and up rhythmically.

-"I´m sorry…"- Will sobbed, crawling his arms while he buried his head on his free hand.

Hannibal grabbed his hand forcefully and pushed him forward, lacing their hands together as he kept pressing them against Mischa´s chest.

-"She´s still alive!"- The doctor assured him calmly, bringing the boy´s hand to her throat.

Will jerked, feeling her heart beat against his trembling fingers, her pulse was very weak but still present. They kept pressing against her sternum multiple times while the doctor altered a few times and rubbed her sternum and ribs, trying to promote blood circulation. They worked on it, without stopping, feeling the gelid wind cut threw their clothes all the way to the bone. They worked on her and suddenly the little body jolts in the air, crying out and squirming as a newborn gasping for air.

-"Mischa! It´s alright!"- Hannibal petted her hair, sliding her on her side as she cough the remaining water.

Will stood with his hands up, not knowing what to do with them while he watch the other man lift her little body to his arms, caressing her cheek and hair at the same time she cough and gasped for air. He felt his body jerk more fiercely with the freezing wind, the snow kept falling compulsively, gluing to his hair and forming thick wet locks. He rubbed his eyes, the cold made his eyes water and burn, clouding his vision. Hannibal lifted his chemise and covered Misha´s body with it, letting her freezing frame stay in contact with the hot skin of his torso, sheltering her from the weather. He stood up, grabbing the end of the cloak to cover his front more before he turned to the boy.

Will collected his soaked clothes still scattered on the snow as they took the solid shape, he felt his mind heavy and foggy, his muscles ache and it was obvious to him his legs wouldn´t support him for much longer. He felt a burning hand on his neck, looking to the side he could see the doctor examining his feverish state as the kid laid there with his blue coat over his shoulders and his thin

body naked underneath it. Hannibal got closer to him, grabbing the end of his cape and throwing it over the runt, making the boy hug his side and help caring the girl home.

Will hold the door of the cottage open while Hannibal stepped inside, before the boy closed it and bold it shut. Lecter walked to the messy bed, carefully laying her little sister on them, she curled up freezing and clattering her teeth. He then walked to the old wooden chest in the corner and picked one of Mischa´s nightgowns, where he had sealed her things two months ago in hopes it would help him with her loss.

Hannibal could hear the boy pace anxiously around the room while he changed her sister´s clothes, it was obvious he was battling his mind in neither to run out the door and go far away or just to saddle in the shed. Will bit his finger nervously walking from one corner of the room to the other while the doctor attended to his sister, he couldn´t breathe, the anxiety was growing on him and he couldn´t take the tension, he turned abruptly and head for the door, determinant to leave.

-“Stay!”- Hannibal said firmly, finishing buttoning the garment.

Will felt a sense of desperation in his voice even though he sounded in control, it wasn´t an order that much was obvious to him. The boy removed his coat, laying him on the thick wooden table before he grabbed one of Hannibal´s chemises and placed it over his body to cover his freezing frame and the ugly scratches on his arms from before. Lecter grabbed a sheep skin blanket on top of the furs and wrapped Mischa in it, tugging her like a baby and laying her on the corner of the bed facing the window, warm and safe before he turned and walked to the kid abruptly. The runt was finishing lacing the billowy shirt when the doctor stopped in front of him and unlaced it in a hurry, grabbing the ends and pulling it off the confused brat.

-“None of that!”- Hannibal explained throwing the garment to the floor before undressing himself.-“You need body heat! Your body is already entering a state of Hypothermia!”

The boy stood confused at the term, he didn’t knew what it was the doctor was referring, he only knew the feeling of exhaustion and the effort in his chest as he tried to breathe deeply but only managed shaky and shallow breaths. Hannibal threw the last garment to the floor, leaving him bare in the middle of the room before he grabbed Will´s wrist and dragged him to the bed where Mischa laid completely wrapped and facing the wall, undisturbed in a corner.

The older man opened the linens, letting the boy crawled inside them until he reached the little girl ´s side. Hannibal covered the bed with all the animals’ furs he possessed, including the ones from their bedrolls, leaving the bed with a thick and heavy layer of furs, warming the sheets below. Will shivered uncontrollably with the contact of the linens against his skin, he knew the fabric was cold from the lack of use, but his skin was tensed and impossibly cold making the cool linens feel hot against his white skin. He looked over his shoulder when Hannibal slipped in next, touching their bodies together, the boy whine with the contact when the doctor hugged him from behind and pulled the furs over them completely. His body felt impossibly hot while Lecter brought him closer and closer, burring his face on the boy´s neck while he crutched the boy in his burning embrace.

-“You need to sleep!”- The doctor whisper into the brat´s ear.

Will sank against the doctor´s arm as he used it as a pillow, he kept shivering violently on the bed, feeling the tremors shake against the doctor´s torso. He blinked when he felt his eyes water with tears once again, he couldn´t breathe. The guilt weighted on his chest, crunching his heart and lungs.

-“What do I have to do to make you believe me?”- Hannibal whispered into the freezing skin.-“I don´t blame you for what happen!”

The doctor clenched him more in his arms, robbing a whine out of the kid with the pressure, Will wondered if his lack of oxygen wasn´t from the guilt but from the other man´s bruising embrace. He felt Hannibal grab his cold bony hand and placed it on top of Mischa´s forehead, the doctor pressed the boy´s head against her soft temple as the warmth radioed from her with her little chest raising calmly and alive.

-“She´s alive.”- The doctor whispered slowly, squeezing his hand more.-“She´s here because you sacrificed so much for her. She´s safe! Stop beating yourself! Your just a kid you shouldn´t have to deal with so much guilt.”

Hannibal retrieved hid hand against and let it rest on Will´s flat belly, as if a husband rubbing his wife´s tummy, feeling the small life inside move against his palm. The boy shivered more with the burning touch over his tummy when Hannibal rubbed his nose against his curls, he was freezing… it doesn´t matter what the doctor would do, the runt always had that deadly cold temperature. He wanted to warm him, to cover his body completely but he always felt cold to the touch.

-“Stay here with me!”- The older man begged into his neck.-“I don´t have much but your entitled to everything I have. I will do everything to make up for your past. Just stay with me! ”

Will turned on the bed, facing the doctor while he rested his head against his shoulder. Hannibal switch more, wrapping his arm around the boy´s as their noses practically touched. The boy stayed like that for a few minutes, staring at the doctor´s face, his features were tense and in the darkness Will could still spot the dark circles around his eyes. He looked exhausted. The kid nested more against the doctor, feeling the older man oblige and bring an arm to Will´s bottom pushing him more against his body. The slender hand trailed the tensed muscles over the doctor´s forehead, passing over his cheek and over his beard.

-“Are you that eager to kill me?”- Will laugh nervously.

Hannibal stares at him for a moment, circling his index over the trembling white ass cheek, before the kid placed his leg over Lecter´s, allowing the doctor to slip his leg between his and bring their fronts together.

-“We are both already dead, kid!”- He whispered, staring at the boy´s confused expression.-“You killed me two months ago… And I killed you with that arrow… ”

The doctor circled his finger over the stitches on the boy´s thighs making his point, the runt kept shivering while his body kept fighting the cold stabbing his body.

-“I buried us on that pit…Everything that led us there…you’re past actions… my revenge and guilty…we seize to existed afterwards…”-

-“”I don´t understand.”- The boy whispered into the doctor´s mouth.

-“Will…”- Hannibal start it out slowly.-“… for what it’s worth I buried Mischa a long time ago, I said my good byes even before I found out she was alive. I had forgiven you long before you realized it regarding you telling me her whereabouts or not. I moved on.”

The boy lowered his head, resting it against the other man´s neck, feeling the burning heat take over his body. Lecter rubbed his hands over the boy´s back and bottom, pulling him completely against him and resting his chin on top of the boy´s head, breathing the frost scent emanating from his trembling body.

-"You're not death…You just walk in Its shadow…cleaning after It!"- The doctor confessed, petting the boy´s body until they both driven into a deep slumber.

- - -

Matthew Brown

The young soldier dragged his wounded companion down the dungeon while Tobias winced and howled in pain, his open leg stained the stoned cold floor was they entered the torturer chamber, Dolarhyde sat on the chair near the desk there. Brown threw the soldier on the nearby chair abruptly without carrying if he had hurt him. He hated having to take care of his fellow comrades, it shown weakness…something he was not. He saw the cook stop at the entrance of the room to see what was going on.

-"Go and get him help!"- Matthew scorn, the sooner the fat cook called someone the sooner Tobias would be someone else's problem.

-"Right away, Sir! Should I call for the village doctor?"-

The young soldier didn´t let him finish when he grabbed his helmet and threw it at the other man, hitting directly on the chest while he backed up.

-"THE KING´S PHYSICIAN, YOU PIECE OF SHIT!"- The soldier howled, seeing the cook run down the prison hall to get the medical man.

Matthew brought a hand to his face, huffing heavily while he tried to get his composure before he turned to Francis siting one the chair opposite to Tobias.

-"Where have you been, Dolarhyde?"- The younger guard hissed, placing his hands on his hips.

-"I presume the ambush didn´t go as planned!"- The taller man stated, staring at Tobias´s leg still bleeding in the corner.

- "You think! That bitch is alive!"- He spat, ignoring Dolarhyde questionable look.-"Fucking outlaws that can´t even do something as easy as killing a brat."

-"Come with me!"- The older one ordered, lifting himself out of the chair and heading for the cell block.

They walked abruptly along the dark humid hall, their boots echoed heavily along the stone floor, masking the whimpers and cries from the tortured prisoners around them.

-“What did the captain assigned you to do in those woods? That you couldn´t come with us when we went to catch the kid?”-

-“Think Brown! There is only one think you can be assign to do in those woods.”- Francis opened the door heading for the other cell block more dark and sinister than the last one.

The younger one stood silence not understanding the assignment, somehow Dolarhyde wasn´t surprised at the other guards clueless, he was impulsive and violent, most his actions were driven by brutal strength not strategic.

-“If you want to take down the doctor you attack his heart. You get the kid using the only way we can to bring him to the gallows.”- He informed slowly, so the other one could understand.

-“By law!”- He concluded, walking along the cells there with no light around.

-“HAVE YOU BEEN PLAYING IN THE WOODS FOR TOO LONG!”- Matthew screamed at him.-“They have been finding ways to escape the law ever since they have been accused! Fucking Brauner has been covering for them every single time!”

He grabbed the nearest torch and continued his way down the cell corridor.

-“You still don´t get it do you! Brauner can only work between the lines. He focus their defense on the fact we can´t prove the kid´s involvement with Grutas gang. The kid passes as the doctor´s nephew with a little defiant attitude. Nothing to do with the young bandit in that gang.”- He stop in front of the darks cell on the fairest corner. -“You break the ambiguity and you have a direct proof to send him to death.”

Brown eyed inside the dark cell the other man had stopped, the bright fire from the torch illuminated the distorted faces of two men there. They had clearly been beaten up, no doubt from Dolarhyde´s fists. A flash clicked in the younger soldier when he understood what he was searching in the woods. Grutas and Dortlich stood crutched down on the cold stone floor, crawling away when they spot there captor.

-“You want to condemn the kid to death…”- The older man brought the touched closer to the cell bars.-“You just convince them to tell the truth!”

- - -

Will Graham

Will opened his eyes, feeling his eyes burn and his mind cloudy and fuzzy. The boy whine sharply when he tried to stand on his elbows, his entire body stood aching with the little effort and the shivers jerked his body visibly as he tried to stand. He rubbed his face in attempt to release the drowsiness his mind felt but did little to it. The doctor laid on his belly asleep, his back raised up and down slowly, his body was covered in a thin layer of sweat as a few drops formed over his shoulder blades. The runt didn´t realized he was hot underneath all those layers, while he tried to keep them warm.

Will gasped, turning to the side when he remembered Mischa, he expected her to be sleeping on the other side of the bed, but she wasn´t there. The fur rolls Hannibal had wrapped her last night was empty, the boy petted the blankets abruptly looking for her underneath them but with no success, he jumped out of bed, grabbing the doctor´s coat and throwing it over his back before he opened the door and run out side. Will looked around over the fields but she was nowhere to be found, he let the dawn rosy sky illuminate the yard as he walked ahead, stopping at the stable. Peeking in, he found the little girl asleep against Foxglove flank and the stud kept her warm, much like that time he went to stable and ended up spending the remaining of the night there.

Will approached her slowly, kneeling beside her while he brought his palm to her forehead, checking the temperature, her cheeks were rosy and her skin looked a lot livelier than yesterday. He was happy she was safe and home, Will could still feel the pain over her words, in a way he couldn't blame her anger toward him, he was used to having people looking down on him and judge him madly. Ironic, he keeps hearing them it must be true at some point.

He spread the coat over her small frame, nesting her like a baby before he stood up and headed back to the cottage once more. Will walked inside, shutting the door after him while he rested his eyes over the doctor still in bed, exactly as he had left him.

-"Wake up, old man!"- Will groan, lifting the heavy layers of furs and throwing them on the floor beside the bed.-"It´s already late! We have work to attend to!"

The kid kicked the bed, making the doctor grunt in his sleep and turn on his belly while the runt removed the last fur, leaving only the thin linen to cover Hannibal´s lower body. Will felt his head go light when he tried to throw the heavy fur away and managed to fall on top of the doctor with the movement, the boy growled as his aching muscles screamed as the laid cross over the other man´s lap. Will´s eyes widen, letting the blanket fall from his hands while he ogle the man lying there below him, Hannibal´s cock was fully hard and pocking the linen against the boy´s tummy, making him shiver while the wet slippery tip wetter him further.

-"Seriously old man! You're not some boy entering manhood!"- Will hissed tiredly as he pushed himself on his elbows.

He sat on the floor, resting his chin on the bed like a puppy while he ran his bright eyes along the doctor´s body, the firm muscles of his torso glowed with the morning light of the window while the silver chest hair claimed his chest. The runt frown at that, he couldn´t grow hair like that and the little he had the devilish man before him had removed it entirely. Will brought a hand to his chest, rubbing the white porcelain skin, unlike Hannibal his skin was soft and delicate and scrawny like a child… he wondered if one day his body would grow to be more masculine and virile.

He turn his head, running his curious eyes over Lecter´s abdomen until he reached the hardening member, it stood proud and strong underneath the thin sheet like a tent, gluing the fabric to the tip with pre come. Will brought his palm next to the burning flesh, measuring it as he mentally compared it to his own. He jolt when he heard the doctor switch on the bed, bringing an arm to cover his forehead while he breathe deeply, still oblivious to the boy. Will narrowed his eyes, feeling them burning once more before he crawl on the bed slowly, sitting over the doctor´s thighs but not touching him at the same time his cock throb against the sheet, growing impossibly thicker.

The runt covered his mouth, trying his best to stop a moan from crawling out, he pulled his chemise up, biting it and exposing his front while he lowered a hand to his navel leveling it with Hannibal´s tip to match the height as he discovered how deep did that throbbing girth reach inside him. He

swallowed nervously when it throb and shook, stretching the fabric more, it looked so big underneath him. The boy lowered his palm connecting it with the wet tip, leaving a sticky string behind it when the runt lifted his hand.

-"What on earth are you doing, runt?"- The doctor´s hoarse voice echoed inside the room, making the kid yelp and jerk in surprise.

Hannibal stared at him with a questionable look, his arm was still laying on his forehead. A deep blush started to appear on the boy, the doctor could feel him tense as he laid on top of his legs.

-"I wasn´t doing anything suspicious!"- The boy blabbered.

Hannibal raised a brow seeing him tense even more, he anticipated the boy´s action, stopping him on his tracks as he wrapped his arms around him, hugging him more against his bare chest.

-"Were you taking advantage of my unconscious body?"- Hannibal purred against his ear.

-"N-No…of course not!"- He blabbered shamed of his curiosity.

Will whine, feeling trapped when the doctor brought him closer to his lap, rubbing his hands around his frame.

-"Your eyes are burning with curiosity!"- The older man purred trailing his nose along the rascal´s jaw line.-"Do you want me to devour you, boy?"

-"I d-don´t want you to!"- He blabbered, pushing his slender hands on the doctor´s shoulders..

He lifted his other hand to Will´s exposed thigh, the doctor rubbed his skin from his leg to hip, caressing the tender flesh before he stopped at the curve of his ass, cupping him there.

-"You're feverish!"- He whispered, sitting on the bed and resting his back against the head board while rested his chin on the boy´s shoulder.

-"I´m fine! We w-we need to get to work, old man!"-

-"You're not going anywhere!"- Hannibal ordered, stopping the brat on his tracks. -"Not in your current state."

He placed his hands on the runt´s thighs pushing the boy more to him while Will grabbed his arms around the other man´s neck.

-"Why don´t we stay in bed today?"- Lecter proposed with a dark grin across his sleepy face.-" And you let me take care of you properly!"

-"We´re late! I can help in the fields!...I can work…"- The boy trip on his words too afraid of the proximity.

Lecter ran his palms along the boy´s thighs, from his knees to his ass, until he reached his own legs, pushing the linen away and exposing his throbbing cock to the open air. Will gasped when the slippery girth slapped wetly against his ass, trailing a line of pre come along his cheeks.

-“No…”- The doctor whisper, rubbing himself against him.-“I know *exactly* what you want...Specially what you *need*….but before that!”

He wrapped an arm around the boy´s waist and threw the boy on the messy bed, making him whine with the drowsiness of his weaker body. Hannibal climbed on top of him and trapped his wrists.

-“We need to get to work, old man!”-

The doctor kept his arms pinned while he eyed the exposed kid, a deep red blush stained his feverish skin from his young face all the away to his belly. The older man swallowed and lower his face lingering it over the boy´s as they locked their eyes, Hannibal could feel the dangerous warmth from the weaken rascal´s skin. He connected their forehead, closing his eyes and rubbing his lips over the kid´s as trailed down over his neck and down his chest. He could feel his lips burning with the runt´s temperature and taste the sweat on the porcelain skin, Hannibal could hear the heavy breathing as the kid tried to inhale air with difficulty, and his body was too weak from the fever.

Will mewled nervously when the older man reached his navel, kissing him there and to close to his member that started to throb with the gentle touch. Hannibal unlaced their fingers together before bringing them flat over the boy´s lower belly.

-“Here!”- He eyed the confused brat with desire.-“It´s how deep I can go inside you!”

He grin when the boy cursed at him weakly, trying to wiggle himself away from the stronger man above. Lecter nibble his tummy playfully, feeling the lean muscle sink with the gentle contact before he released him.

-“Stay down! You need medicine before you decide to move around!”- Lecter pushed the kid again back on the bed.

Hannibal lift himself off the bed, walking to the medicine cabinet, he opened and removed a few bottles there and on to the table. Will lift himself on his elbows as he eyed the doctor pick something from the cabinet and walk back to him, the doctor stop in front of him while he hold a metal object, it resembled a long tube and on one end it ended in a funnel.

-“Hold this!”- The doctor placed it in his hands as the boy eyed it with curiosity. - “Warm it!”

The boy lift it to his eyes, feeling it´s weight, the surface was polish and smooth to the touch.

-“Warm it?”- The boy asked confused.

The doctor grabbed his hand and moved them together along the phallic cold metal resembling a jerk and vulgar movement, Lecter grin wickedly when he spot the blush on the kid´s face, he got back to the table before the runt had the chance to hit him with the object.

Hannibal distributed the small jars and bottles, starting with the elderflowers oil and mixing the yarrow in a wooden bow, he stir the contents together with a spoon adding the lemon balm in the end as it formed a slippery oil.

-“What is it?”- The kid trailed his fingers on the little openings on the end of the tube.

-“It´s an enema.”- The doctor answered with a grin.-“You´re dealing with a fever so that objet is going to help deliver the medicine directly into your body.”

Will turned the objet in his hands, shivering at the long objet and imagining the worse.

-“I´ll beat you if you’re thinking about shoving this down my throat!”- The boy level it with his neck as he guessed how long it would go.

-“That doesn´t go on your mouth, runt.”- Hannibal purred as he walked to the boy, lowering himself as their noses practically touched.-“…It´s going on your ass!”

He laugh wickedly when he spot the rascal´s face turn pale with the realization. The doctor put the bowl on the floor, mixing everything with his finger.

-“THIS THING! DOWN THERE?”- The boy screamed in horror as he analyzed the hard phallic tube.

-“Don´t be ridiculous, boy! It´s only going six inches (15 cm) inside you!”- He pushed the kid on his belly, raising his ass in the air.

The boy whine at the quick movement. Feeling his head go light making him dizzy.

-“Hold on! Hold on a second!”- Will screamed, pushing a hand into the doctor´s chest.-“Why can´t I take it the normal way!?”

Hannibal moved the hand away, bringing his palm sharply against the burning white ass cheek when the runt kept squirming and yelling at him.

-“Your body is overheated, if I let you swallow it your body temperature will break down the medicine.”- Hannibal placed the bowel with oil on the bed.

Will hissed exhausted while he hide his face in the linen, he was suspicions at the object. He heard a squishy sound, turning over he saw the other man coated the end of the metal tune and over the punched holes, he dip his hand over the bower, cupping the oil before he wrapped it along the metal with jerking moves. He grin when he saw the boy eyed him over his shoulders with a frighten look, but underneath it he could see a spark of curiosity.

-“Relax, boy!”- Hannibal lowered himself over the kid, supporting his weight on his arm.-“I will hold your hand if you’re scared!”

The boy shivered when the other man coated his tight hole with oil, circling it as the slippery oil eased his teasing muscles. He enjoy the way the kid shivered as he laid spread on their bed, trying his bed to avoid making a sound. Will yelp when he felt the metallic end of the object poke at his entrance, the polish slippery tip circled him and ran up and down his ass making him anxious with anticipation, he knew the doctor was enjoying himself with his torment, there was nothing professional about this. Will was robbed of his thoughts when the clyster pierced his hole slowly and breached inside, he gasped feeling the unfamiliar texture and coldness of the iron as it slide in.

-“Take a deep breath.”- Hannibal assured him, as he kept pushing it inside.-“You already had *something* much bigger inside you.”

The boy gave a small nervous laugh while he adjusted himself on the linens.

-“I doubt it!”- He mocked.

Hannibal grin at his defiance, pushing the object a little too quick and deeper than necessary, the boy moan and trembled when the metal tip hit his prostate.

-“Stop!”- The runt cried out as he arched his back more, feeling the tool travel deeper.

It felt so different from the doctor´s cock, the object piercing him felt impersonal, and cold, forcing the boy to try and keep a professional posture with no space for enjoyment. However his drooling penis didn´t seemed to agree with him, it soiled the sheets underneath.

-“You bastard! You’re enjoying this!”- Will blamed him, fisting the sheet further.

-“I´m not doing anything that a doctor wouldn’t do to his patient!”- He answered wickedly.

Hannibal grabbed the bowl, circling the oil inside and aiming it at the middle of the funnel as the cold oil dripped inside the tube, bubbling as it fight its way inside. The boy jolted visibly off the bed when the oil escaped quickly from the punched holes and coated his inside into a slippery mess.

-“It´s c-cold!”- Will moan loudly, biting the sheet underneath with the uncomfortable touch.-“… Please stop!”

The runt felt his belly swell with the oil, feeling almost completely full. He didn´t knew this sensation, usually the doctor filled with the warm slippery semen, more satisfying to him. Will tried to clench his muscles in attempt to block the object from claiming him deeper, it was too over whelming. He cry out when Hannibal slapped his ass hard, making him clenched more around the phallic metal.

-“None of that!”- Lecter demanded, bringing his hand down again.-“Lower your chest and lift your ass more! I want to make sure the medicine reaches far inside you.”

The boy mewled and squirm with the slaps when he felt the metal object vibrate inside, hitting his insides as the oil made them collide sloppily against the walls.

-“…I beg of you… enough!”-

Will clenched his fists around the sheets below him, arching his spine more while he rested his chest and face on the sheets, giving the devilish doctor a full access to his lower body.

-“Good boy!”- Hannibal petted his bottom, massaging over the bruised cheek.

The doctor dripped the remains on the container in the bold into the tube, throwing the empty wooden bowl to his feet just to grip the clyster by with two hands. Hannibal could feel the kid tense all his muscles when he twisted the metal object inside, he licked his bottom lip with the realization, it would be bliss to bury himself fully inside the burning core, the fever had turned the boy´s body so warm and welcoming to the point of having him resist that temptation.

Will moan loudly when the doctor pushed and turned the enema inside, stimulating his slippery rim, the punched holes scratch his walls blissfully. He started to move his hips on his own, pushing them back when the other man pulled the tool away.

-“You’re enjoying yourself greatly, aren´t you?”- He snaked a hand to the kid´s aching penis, squeezing him while he rotate the tool.-“You’re making a mess out of the linens.”

He kept pumping his aching member while it drooled hot come into the bed, leaving a wet pool below.

-“Such a naughty boy!”- Hannibal purred kissing his sacrum and spine.

He stood up, pulling the clyster out of the boy and making him tremble uncontrollably while he let out a pleasurable whine as it slid out with an obscene sound, leaking a few strings of oil down his legs.

-“Hold it in!”- Lecter ordered, slapping Will´s bottom sharply.

The boy mewled, clenching to avoid the medicine from leaking any further. He felt so full with all the oil swelling his burning belly. He looked over his shoulder spotting the man with the bowl in hand again, he passed his palm along the interior of the bowl, collecting the remaining oil there and bringing it to his cock, glittering it from tip to base, making it hard and ready. He shivered when he felt the doctor crawl on the bed and between his legs, opening him more and making his hole spread.

-“You bastard! I can´t hold it like this!”- The boy screamed when he felt the doctor spread his ass cheeks.

-“I know you can!”- The devil grin, rubbing his hard cock along the boy´s entrance.

Will felt his muscles tense when he felt the burning tip slide up and down, moistening it with the oil drooling out of him. He was too weak and heavy to think straight but he knew what the doctor was about to do.

-“I will help you!”- He grin maliciously before he pushed the tip in.

Will jolted out of the bed as the man slide his way inside, his feverish body giving no resistance to the doctor´s advances.

-“S-stop! I can´t!....Please!”- The boy cried out, grabbing the linens more forcefully.

-“Breathe!”- Hannibal petted his belly filling the oil move inside.-“I will pull out if I see you can´t handle it!”

Will tried to breathe in and out, the doctor´s cock felt so slippery, rubbing impossibly deep with the oil coating him fully. Hannibal grunt when he slide inside, the kid felt so hot almost to the point of making him melt. Lecter gripped the boy´s hips and bringing his thump to the boy´s rim, pressing it and letting a few drops of oil drool out and run down his girth. He swallowed loudly with the mesmerizing sight laid out for him. He thrust in slowly, the slick making his movement sloppier and obscener.

-“How do you want it, runt?”- Hannibal purred, licking his lips and sliding his palm along the curve of Will´s ass.

He lace an arm around the boy´s leg and pushed it to his shoulder, spreading him completely as he kept it there. Will moan at the sudden change of angle, the doctor kept his leg there making him grip the linens tighter so he wouldn’t roll him on his back, he could feel the warm liquid collide inside and against Hannibal´s throbbing member. It was over-whelming. The doctor clenched his

hand around his leg, lifting the slender hips out of the bed and letting the oil drip further inside the wimping runt.

-“I will ask you again! How do you want it?”- He hummed rubbing his parted lips over the boy´s inner thigh.

Will moan hungrily at the erotic sight, the doctor nibbled and trailed open mouth kisses over his leg to his bony knee, making sure the kid was pinned and spread while he moved his hips agonizingly slowly, hitting his sweet spot all the way inside. Hannibal grin when he saw the kid laying on his side and clenching his fists against the thin sheets in attempt to turn over and hide his flushed face. He loved this position as he saw the kid on the receiving end, the doctor could ogle both his front and back, the saw the flushed ass cheeks collide erotically against his pelvis, he could ogle upon the boy´s pulsing penis as it slapped obscenely against his swollen belly, he pried on the runt´s spread and defenseless body, he could see the trembling boy bounce on the bed when he thrusted with more determination and power. He could see everything! That´s how he wanted him! No walls. No layers or morals. He wanted him bare.

-“…Enough! …It´s going to leak!”- Will gasped, feeling the doctor fucking him deeper.

-“You underestimate your body greatly! ”- Hannibal groan, slipping out of the boy.

Will moan at the separation when he suddenly felt empty, he felt the oil start to trail his insides but before he could acknowledge Hannibal slipped out of the bed, grabbing his wrist and dragging him out of the sheets while they crossed the room. Lecter flipped his hand making the kid´s back collided violently with the door, he lifted the boy´s leg to rest to in his elbow making the runt balance his weight on his other leg.

-“W-what are you doing?”- Will gripped the doctor´s shoulders while the other man pinned him against the door.

-“I will show you your body´s true potential!”- Lecter grunt while he aligned their pelvis together and entered him again.

Will cried out, scratching the doctor´s shoulders and neck when he slammed all the way inside and he hit his sensitive prostate. He continue to fuck the kid against the door, pounding into him fast and eagerly.

-“Can you hear it?”- Hannibal whispered against Will´s ear, kissing and sucking his neck.-“Can you hear your body sing beautifully? It´s calling out to me…begging me to just claim it!”

He spread his feet more and lift the boy´s leg more, forcing him to hold more strongly against his neck and without warning he thrusted with more force. Will squirmed and whine in his arms, trying his best to hold on and keep his voice down.

Thunk* *Thunk

The sound stop both of them immediately with the realization, Will brought his hand to Hannibal´s mouth, as they locked eyes.

-“Little thief!”- Mischa´s voice called out in annoyance outside.-“Are you there?”

Will clenched his nails around the doctor´s shoulders, he parted his lips and turned his head to the side in denial, almost begging the other man not to thrust inside him. Hannibal met his gaze with a black sparkle in his eyes, he hold one hand over the boy´s hip and pushed him more against the door returning his merciless thrust as the boy cried out.

-"Little thief…?"- The girl tried to push the door open.

-"GET OUT OF HERE!"- Will screamed at her, biting Hannibal shoulder when the other man fasten his rhythm.

Mischa stepped back with the crude voice, she frown gripping the coat the boy had left for her, she had a troubled time trying to gather her pride to apologize to him and he brushed her off without a second thought.

Will bit his own hand when he felt a moan crawl at his throat while the devilish man thrusted into him mercilessly, hitting his sweet spot violently and knocking the air out of him. He felt the kid clenched madly around him, the oil drooled from inside him slowly and puddled at the floor below them.

-"You better pay attention and clench tighter around me."- Hannibal whispered in his ear, when the kid let his hand slide from his face.-" I won´t hesitate to give you the enema again!"

Will buried his fangs on the solid muscles of the doctor´s shoulder, returning his hand again to the devil´s mouth, muffing any grunt from coming out of him.

-"Get away…Mischa!"-

-"JUST LISTEN TO ME!"- She screamed at him, whipping the coat against the door from the outside.-"I told you some mean words in the woods…"

The boy tried to push the man away while Hannibal pinned him more in place, resting his head against the runt´s burning neck. They were close.

-"Even though I think you're useless and stupid…"- The little girl eyed the coat, taking a straw there.-"or have no sense of courage or justice. You're lazy and obnoxious!"

-"But what I´m trying to say is…"- She inhaled impatiently and sigh out before she faced the door once more.-"…I´m sorry!"

Will stop his struggles when the words left the little girl´s mouth, he knew those words were difficult to admit and she stood outside, speaking from her heart.

-"Brother says Mischa is too young to understand your stupid actions…but…if Hannibal says you're enough for him…"- She exhale, rolling her eyes in disbelieve for her words.-" I will believe him! And I accept you!"

Hannibal stopped to examined the boy´s face, large tears filled his eyes as they ran down his redden cheeks, the boy covered his mouth to avoid his cries from leaking out when his sister spoke her mind, apologizing to the boy and accept him as part of the household. Lecter knew it was always difficult for the runt to feel accepted and cared for. God he was going to do everything to correct this brat´s way of thinking. He would help him build trust and strength his self-esteem, he owned him that.

-“That´s all I have to say! But don´t think I won´t kick you if you slack off around here!”- She said turning to the fields.-“Puny thing!”

Will turned his head to the side, shivering with the adrenalin pumping in his veins, he could feel the doctor´s cock throb inside him, stretching his burning rim further while the oil slide erotically along his thigh. Without warning Hannibal grabbed his other leg and placed it on his arms, lifting him off the floor and against the door, connecting their fronts completely before he resumed his brutal thrusts.

-“N-No…Oh please…”- Will bounced up and down as the other man kept him spread.

The doctor impaled him against his pulsing girth, making the boy moan and squirm with a very demanding slam, the oil dripping out made the slaps sound obscene and vulgar as their kept fucking like wild beasts.

-“Look at you! Trying your best to keep your voice down…even when you’re enjoying this greatly!”- Hannibal grunt, biting Will´s chin when the runt threw his head back.

-“…Please…s-she will hear…”- He felt his body tremble with the orgasm building in his lower body.

-“Ask me!”- The doctor hummed, changing his angle and aiming more violently at the kid´s prostate.-“Ask me nicely and I will stop!”

Will bit his lip in desperation, he could feel the tension built in his abdomen driving him over the edge. He wanted to come, he wanted to be pounce and claimed, to scream from the top of his lungs as the doctor drove him there, but he couldn´t let his desire cloud his reason. Not now. Not here.

-“Please…stop…”- Will gasped, filling the tears cloud his eyes.

A wicked grin ripped across Hannibal´s face, the doctor jerks the wimpy boy in the air, using one hand to lace the runt´s legs around his hips before he brought his other palm to Will´s ass cheek holding him in place.

-“W-what are you doing?”- Will whine, shoving the doctor´s shoulders away.

Will felt a strong hand cover his mouth, he locked eyes with Hannibal, feeling a shiver run down his spine when he spot the desire in his eyes. And suddenly he slams into him savagely. The boy cry out, the sweet moans muffled by the doctor´s palm, Hannibal thrusted into him eagerly with quick slams, aiming at the trembling brat´s prostate making him clenched blissfully around his throbbing cock. He was going to make him come undone.

With every powerful thrust, Will´s back slammed more fiercely against the rough wooden door, making him grip the older man´s neck and bringing him closer with the bitter sweet pleasure rushing over him. Hannibal grunt, gripping and crawling at the soft skin of the boy´s ass when he buried himself to the hilt and finally released inside the wet warm core.

Will jerked as he released inside, the warm slippery semen hitting his walls and claiming him as it stretch his slippery rim completely. It felt so good! The boy goes limp on Hannibal´s grip, he hold the weaken body against his own as they slide along the door and hit the wooden floor, too tired to do anything else. He ran his hands over the boy´s face as they sat there, catching their breaths, the

doctor rubbed his nose against Will´s before he connected their lips together, kissing him tenderly and slowly.

-“Welcome home Will.”-

To be continued…

Moon Path

Chapter Notes

Hello Fancy People!!

I hope everyone is alive and well. I´m sorry for the late update.
Please comment and give me your feedback I feel that I don´t have as must comments as I used to have and that kind of makes me sad and tells me the story is less appealing somehow! : (
Anyway I love you guys and hope everyone is having a good day/night.

Bye for now ;)

Chapter 26

"Moon Path"

The thin mist covered the forest around the old cottage, blurring the cold colors around them as they worked on the small field. Will crotched down, placing his slender hands on the stem as he ripped the potato from the soil and dropped it into the basket nearby. He looked ahead eyeing Misha in the fruit row, her small chubby fingers picked the plumped and vivid cloudberries from

the short bushes. Her basket was slowly filled with the bright orange and yellow colors while she dropped the berries in it, cleaning the sticky juice into her white dress.

Will turned to the other side, spotting the doctor on his knees taking care of the onion row, working the hoe against the damped soil, the boy crotched down more and hide himself while he rolled his eyes over him. The doctor´s soiled chemise blew against the morning wind and glued against his sweaty back, the boy narrowed his eyes, he could still feel the oil slide down his thighs and soaked his trousers, not to mention the pain his wounded back felt with the force of the thrusts as the doctor slammed savagely and pushing him against the wall. He wasn´t happy at all, the sadistic bastard looked refreshed every time while Will was left aching and sore.

The runt picked a potato and threw it at the doctor´s head, hitting him spare on the head. The sound echoed around the empty meadow as the dirt felt from the older man´s silver hair when he brought his hand to his head, rubbing it.

-"I believe I don´t deserve that!"- Hannibal smirk with the kid´s audacity.

He turn to the boy, crossing his arms as he stood dominantly while he faced the frigid kid, the doctor brought his tool against the dirt, locking his eyes with the brat every time he thrusted the gardening object.

-"You see Mischa!"- Lecter called out to his sister, previously oblivious to their discussion.-"This is what happens when you don´t raise them with a firm hand."

Hannibal walked to his sister, petting her light hair, messing it while he kneeled to pick her basket when he eyed her dress, he brought his hands to the edge of the fabric, stretching it as it reached above her knees.

-"You´ve grown so much since I last saw you."- He smiled when she laugh, twirling her dress. -"You're getting taller. We need to get you new ones!"

He cupped her warm cheeks while she imitated his movements and pitched his face, the perky beard rough against her hands.

-"New and pretty ones."- He whispered, feeling his cheeks warm with the touch.

He felt a slight ache on his chest, his little sister was growing impossible fast and already had suffer more than a child is possible to witness. These two long months were enough for him to witness her transformation, soon she would become more feminine and chase after boys and let herself be courted. He would see her wed and happy as she would leave this household to create her own.

-"Are you worried, old man?"- Will mocked, ripping the potatoes out across from them.-"Afraid she is growing too fast? And you're not getting younger either."

The doctor laugh at the mockery, rubbing the little frown on his little sister forehead while he pierced the boy across the field.

-"Which reminds me…"- Hannibal released her and stood up.-"…We need to fetch some clothes for you too, don´t we?"

The doctor walked to him, eyeing the boy when he stood up trying to avoid the man from towering over him.

-“I thought living under my roof would get you fat and chubby by now!”- The older man provoked, bringing his hand to the boy´s loosen chemise.-“…but you seem to keep this scrawny and frail frame.”

-“I am not scrawny!”- The runt disagreed, trying to push his forceful palm away.

-“You should be fat considering how much of my seed I already put inside you.”- Hannibal grin, bringing his face closer as he pinched Will´s nipple over the thin chemise.

The runt whine with the discomfort, feeling the older man work the pink button between his fingers while it swollen.

-“You should be fat and dripping.”- Lecter whispered in his ear, taking the opportunity to trail his tongue from the boy´s chin all the way to his earlobe.

-“You´re evil!”- Will blabbered retrieving his hand to his ear as he backed up.

They turned when the distant sound of a wagon echoed in the forest, Will instinctively crotched down with the racket, next to Hannibal, he spot an open wooden cart pulled by a horse as it entered their property. The runt didn´t like the company, the sound the animal made as it pulled the old wagon resemble the same prison cart he was forced to enter and separated him from the doctor. Will felt a warm hand pet his messy curls, the soft touch relaxed his instincts on constant alert and brushed his worries aside.

-“It´s alright!”- The older man whispered, fixing his gaze on the horizon.

The horse pulling the wagon wasn´t a war horse as the kid expected, it was an old farm mare and guiding it was a middle aged woman, managing the animal near as they stopped in front of the cottage.

-“Mrs. Pimms! How wonderful to see you.”- The doctor greeted the blond woman as he approached the cart.

Will recognized the name from that time on the breeding bench when Hannibal offered the salvia and mad honey to him, he cautiously approached the wagon, noticing the barrels, sacs and wooden boxes there with vegetables, fruits and a few bottles od honey.

-“I have some of your supplies for you, doctor Lecter.”- Mrs. Pimms smiled, pointing at the back of the cart.

-“Allow me!”- The doctor raised a hand to her when he circled the side.

The older man grabbed a thick linen sack and pulled it up and into the damp soil.

-“Let me help you, doctor Lecter!”- A voice called from the other end of the wagon as the older man looked surprised at the person.

Peter Bernardone jumped out of the cart, his face twisted in pain when his injured leg hit the soil, making the boy hop and grab the cart with one hand.

-“Peter, that´s not you standing on your injured leg I´m seeing!”- Lecter crossed his arms while the kid got his footing.

-“I can´t let the injury stop me! Work has to be done!”- Peter answered shyly as the doctor pet his back.

Will walked to them, seeing the three arrange the old cart and taking the merchandised. Hannibal picked another sack of seeds and as he turned over the runt took it from his hands, acknowledging his presence, the older man gave him a slight grin as the boy step closer to help out.

-“You’re the boy who assisted the doctor back on the study?”- Bernadone asked softly not wanting to intrude.

Hannibal looked at the two kids as they exchanged smiles, he could see the injured lad rub his shirt nervously as he faced Will, probably looking for the right words to thank him from helping the doctor with his wound that day.

-“Good eye! This lazy bone is my young apprentice and nephew… Will! ”- Hannibal grabbed the box with honey bottles inside.-“Always helping his old uncle when he needs it!”

The devilish man grin, slapping Will´s sore bottom when the boy picked the box, piercing him angrily.

-“Isn´t that right, dear nephew?”- Lecter looked over his shoulder just in time to see the blush there.

Will dropped the wooden box on the ground next to the other supplies, the bottles of honey jingled violently with the impact when he walked abruptly to the older man as he spot the devil grab a bigger sack and placed it over his shoulder.

-“Of course, Uncle!”- The boy stopped in front of him, grabbing the sack.-“You’re getting too old to do heavy work I´m just making sure you don´t pull a muscle! You´re already useless as it is!”

Will tried to push the sack from him but the doctor kept it in his grasp, holding it strongly as ogle the boy´s expression, flushed with the force. He let the kid take as he leaned on the wooden cart, eyeing the defiant kid as he wobbled trying to balance the heavy sack over his shoulder.

-“I see Foxglove is still doing well! ”- Peter saw the stallion walk along the field, vivacious and spunky as always.-“Magnificent animal! You should stop by the farm! The broodmare is due to give birth today or tonight.”

Hannibal switched to the *Orlov Trotter*, jumping on his front legs when he discover with pleasure he was being admired. The doctor brought a hand to his face, cleaning the sweat there. Mischa is growing at an incredible pace, soon she would need a proper horse, one of her own as he would keep the stud for Will and himself, and a healthy foal with the same blood line as he´s own stallion would be the greater gift for her.

-“You can stay for the Winter Festival in the village, if you would like.”- The lad next to him offered, switching the weight on his leg.

-“That would be lovely!”- The doctor sigh in peace.-“And you’re going to need help with that birth. I don´t want you forcing those stiches more than you already did!”

He turned to the runt as arranged the sacks on the yard, his little sister followed him like a little lamp picking the lighter boxes with berries. Hannibal leaned his head, they had suffered and grieved so much recently, they needed to get out more and enjoy themselves a little. The boy

looked up when he felt eyes on him. The doctor smirked at him in a playful gesture, making the kid raise a brow in suspicion.

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Will walked behind Hannibal as they cross the large field of Peter´s farm, looking around he could see a few horses grazing along the fields, the colts ran along their mother´s as the mare dictated the pace and the stallions were kept separated in the stables, each on his own division so it wouldn´t encourage shows of testosterone.

-“Peter is a horse breeder and trainer.”- Lecter informed, eyeing the curiosity lightening the boy´s face.-“He works with farm horses and even warhorses. He´s young but has a skill for taming studs like no other person I ever saw.”

-“Did he breed Foxglove?”- Will asked, spotting the stud as the doctor pulled him by the reins.

-“No! Foxglove was passed on to me by a dying villager.”- The doctor said, pulling the animal more to his side so he could pet his nose.-“He entrusted him in my care, but he was already trained before that.”

Will turned to the older man as he saw the stallion rub his nose against the doctor´s cheek in appreciation, Mischa leaned forward petting her little palm across the bright grey fur as they stopped by the barn. Bernadone was already opening the big wooden gate and allowed them inside.

The enlarged mare laid on the straw bed of the stable, rolling her sore flank as she moved around in attempt to release the pain, the doctor stepped closer and removed his fur coat as he throw it to the corner before he rolled the sleeves of his chemise.

-“She´s already going into labor!”- Hannibal confirmed kneeling next to the mare as he could spot the placenta popping out. - Peter go rest in that corner. Runt!”

Will undressed himself, dropping his cloak next to the doctor before headed to the older man, kneeling next to him. The other man grabbed his hand and placed it on the mare´s flank, circling it around the soft fur, the muscles contracted underneath there palm, clenching rhythmically as her contractions indicated the soon arrival of the newborn.

-“Have you ever witness an animal´s birth? Calf? Lamp? Or pups?” He asked examining the boy´s face while he nervously shook his head in denial.

-“That´s alright. I will guide you. Sit on her flank and massage her belly towards me!”

The boy quickly circled the tired mother, sitting on her ribs and facing the doctor, Will placed both his palms over the swollen flank and massaged in gentle but quick movements, moving his hands in the same up and down direction, slowly pushing the baby foal out of the mare´s. He kept pressing while Hannibal sat behind the horse, grabbing the newborn´s front hoofs and starts to push him out. Misha observes in joy in a corner, next to Peter. It wasn´t her first time witnessing a foal´s birth but today was special because the newborn was met to be hers, her traveling companion and a right

descendent after her own stallion. Her dark eyes filtered while she saw her brother push the animal out slowly, inch by inch.

Hannibal grunt loudly, matching the mare´s rapid breathing while they both pushed, he exhale with a sharp pull and the placenta burst, leaking the water and fluids into his trousers.

-“Runt! Come here!”- Lecter ordered, signaling for the kid to approach him.-“We need to get the foal out now!”

The placenta broke a little too soon and to Hannibal´s distressed the newborn was not even half way out, the burst water could drown him inside. They had to take him out quickly! Will ran to the other man again, kneeling next to him when Hannibal fisted his clothed shoulder and pulled him into his lap. The runt sat between his legs as the doctor rested his chin on his shoulder, placing his hands on the boy´s belly.

-“I want you to slip inside, grab hold of the foal´s tummy and pull him out!”- He instructed, mimicking the movement on the boy´s belly.-“That baby needs to come out now!”

Will eyed the man for a second before obeying his command, the doctor kept holding the foal´s hoofs as the runt tried to push his hands inside.

-“Mischa! Go fetch a bucket of water and a clean cloth!”- The doctor asked as the girl obeyed followed by Bernadone.

He turned to the kid, he was panting heavily as he slipped inside, and moving his arms gently as the mare´s hoofs jolted with the pressure.

-“Avoid grabbing the neck! Reach for the tummy!”- He instructed, noticing the kid reach further inside.

-“I got it!”- Will launched his head to the side, feeling his palm around the round belly.

-“Good boy! Now pull!”- Hannibal grunt, pulling the front legs.-“PULL!”

The boy pulled, his back hit the other´s man chest as they tried to keep a synchronized movement, the newborn stepped out slowly, slightly jerking as it stood half in half out of the mother.

-“Come on, boy! Pull! Pull!”- The doctor groan again and again against his sensitive ear.-“Pull! Come on!”

-“WHO´S GIVING BIRTH? ME OR THE MARE?”- The runt shout it in frustration, shivering with the doctor´s wicked laugh.

They kept the repeat movements, groaning and grunting as if they were delivering their own baby together. They struggled and finally the little foal was pushed out with a final jerked, making the baby fall on top of Will as the tired boy felt backwards against Hannibal´s body. The older man hold the runt in his arms as they laid there sweating and panting with the lively baby in their arms.

-“I got it! I got it!”- Will said euphoric like a child as he eyed the doctor above.

Mischa returned holding the cloth and Peter behind her with the heavy bucket with fresh water. She run to them, kneeling on the damped straw as the boy released the newborn from the placenta. He was beautiful! The little *Barock Pinto* foal stood there, the white and black fur glittering with the

fluids. Hannibal dipped the cloth in the cold water giving it to Mischa as she clean the baby´s eyes and nostrils.

-“It´s a colt!”- He panted, petting his soaked hand on her lovely blond hair.-“Your colt, Mischa.”

Peter brought Foxglove inside, letting the animal greet his previews mate and offspring. The stallion slowly approached the tired mare, scenting her head and licking her nose as she tried to gather her strength. He kept his nose in the air as he noticed the jerking foal on the boy´s arms, he stepped closer, scenting him also as the colt jerked fearful with his father´s size. Foxglove rubbed his nose along the foal´s neck, licking him and cleaning the remaining fluids.

-“A strong and healthy colt!”- Bernadone rubbed the stud neck vigorously.-“I will train him, Mischa and in 18 months you can ride him!”

The girl giggles excited to spend time with her pretty colt, she brushed her hand along his head as the stallion kept licking his offspring and casually licking her hand to. Will open his arms when he felt the foal grow excited as he slipped from his embrace and tried to stand up, the newborn wobbled to the sides as the little girl tried to help him balance himself. They laugh at the baby´s clumsiness, the boy pinched his clothes completely dirty with blood and soiled with the mare´s fluids.

-“You´re a mess!”- Hannibal grin behind him, rubbing one of his shoulders.

The boy turned to the doctor with a playful smile across his mouth.

-“You don´t look too good either!”- Will laugh at their wet state, bumping his back against the doctor playfully.

- - -

The musicians from all over the land played their lovely instruments, performing jigs, ballads and waltzes on the streets as their enchanting music filled every corner of the busy village with the Winter´s festival. The beautiful melody of the hornpipe instrument and the Hurdy-Gurdy invited the villagers to pick any stranger nearby and twirl and dance with them, the happiness was contagious as the streets were filled with varied stalls full of people. The merchant sing song their own invitations, calling out to look and purchase their products, from winter vegetables to other animals products, each product on the stall was careful picked and put on display and always in attempt to present the best to their rival merchants in the next stall. The village was embraced in the nostalgic and warm smoke from the small bon fire on each corner, lighting and warming everything around as the darkness of the night embrace the village.

Hannibal walked a head while the two kids followed behind him, he turned and picked Mischa to place her on his shoulders, letting the girl get a more higher perspective and take her away from all the agitation below. Difficult was the boy behind him, looking over his shoulder he could see the kid´s stress, he wasn´t used to all the movement and loud sounds, he kept clenching his soiled chemise and bringing his hood to cover his head more in fear of being recognized.

-“You´ve never been to the festival?”- The doctor asked, pulling the kid more to his side.

-“My previews way of life didn´t support the opportunity.”- Will exhaled, bumping into people accidently as the hood cover his vision.

Hannibal knew that answer very well, he just asked in attempt to distract the brat and make him forget his worries for a short moment. He ogled the kid from the corner of his eye, he lived most of his life with his head down, trying his best to not get discovered, his self-esteem was already low and believing he was worthless. Everyone was enjoying themselves, from the drunk man who jumped in the air with his lucky card deck in hand to the prostitute that managed to convince a few naïve youngsters to waste their savings on her. Everyone was having fun. Everyone except the runt next to him. Lecter stopped abruptly while he faced the boy, Will gasped when the doctor grabbed his shoulders and removed his hook, letting the messy curls dance out in the wind.

-“What are you doing!”- He blabbered, trying to push the hood back.

-“You’re thinking too much! Loosen up and enjoy yourself a little!”- The doctor scolded, opening the cloak buckle and removing it out of the boy´s frame.

Hannibal stepped back, seeing the kid hug himself as he laid exposed with his soiled chemise and trousers, he brought a hand to his hair pulling it to cover his face. Will didn´t had time to do much when the older man grabbed his wrists and guide him to the nearest stall with clothes hanging on display.

-“Miss Bloom!”- Lecter greeted the curvy woman arranging the fabrics.

-“Doctor Lecter!”- She replayed in return, welcoming them as they approached.

Will watched awkwardly as the girl welcomed them, the doctor pulled Mischa to the floor as she ran to the woman twirling and hugged her dress.

-“Mischa needs new fittings! She keeps growing with every moon cycle.”- The doctor said petting her light hair.

-“Of course! I have a few fabrics I´m sure she will enjoy!”- Alana grabbed a fabric roll there, showing it to the girl.

Lecter saw them circle around the stall, eyeing and touching the multiple fabrics as the two girls danced and twirled while imagining the fabric they hold around them. The doctor looked around, seeing the man´s shirts and breaches hanging on the wooden bar of Alana´s clothing stalls, he turned to the kid spotting him eyeing the deer fur stretched along two pillars as it was being prepared, the boy slide his slender fingers along the soft texture oblivious to the other man´s eyes.

-“You never owned a piece of clothing, have you?”- The older man conclude spotting the boy hide his face more.

Ever since the doctor captured him, he was always wearing these baggy stolen clothes and after that he dressed the boy in his own garments. He would bet his eye his mother never brought him clothes either. He concluded his believes with the pitiful smile the boy made to himself, passing his palm more to the extremities of the leather where the fur met skin.

-“I owned the bandages of my injuries.”- He whispered to himself, not looking at the man.

The doctor grabbed his wrist and pulled him closer to the stall, looking at more at the clothes there before he picked a thick linen chemise and brought it to the kid´s front. Will stood still while the man measured him, he picked some black trousers and touching the fabric before he turned to the woman.

-“Where can he change clothes?”- He ask politely.

-“In the back of the stall! You have a mirror there too.”- Alana pointed still focused on the girl.

Hannibal grabbed the clothes and Will´s wrist guiding him to the back of the stall, lifting the cloth that concealed the changing room. The older man spread the garment on the table there as the kid looked around, the back of the stall was laid out in the open, and the sides were prolonged with two room dividers on each side and above the cold grass was a very old tapestry,the night sky stood clear with stars above them.

-“Try them on!”- Hannibal ordered, rubbing the boy´s cheek before he left.

Will stood there anxious as he looked around, he could see the shadows move on the other side of the room dividers as the people walked and chatted happily around the festival. The boy started to undress slowly, jerking as the people voice sounded to closer too his ears with only the hanging curtain to protect him from the prying eyes. He disrobe letting the soil garment fall to his feet as he stood completely nude before he saw the stained and opaque long mirror there, the object was slightly cracked and with a few stains that concealed the reflection, but he could see his body clearly in it. He never saw a mirror in his life, it was a very expensive item that only the nobles could afford, not even the doctor owned one.

He approached it slowly as he studied his face, passing his palm along his cheeks. He wasn´t familiar with his own image and it felt strange to watch his reflection staring right back at him, just like that night when the devilish man made him face his reflection in the window as he pounded into him savagely, making Will acknowledge his own body responses. He ran his fingers along his parted lips, feeling the blush over his cheeks raising with the echoes of their moans and groans in his mind.

-“Are you finished?”- Hannibal appeared suddenly on the other side of the curtain.

The boy gasped with the other man´s presence and the villagers’ voices suddenly waking him to reality, he covered himself with his hands as the doctor looked at him, he turned to the table seeing them untouched like he left them and switch back to the embarrassed runt while he tried to turn his back on him.

-“Were you admiring your body?”- Hannibal smiled as the kid ordered him to leave.

He stepped closer letting the boy curse at him while he grabbed the sides of the mirror and gave his back to the doctor, completely oblivious to the fact Lecter could see his front from the mirror´s reflection.

-“I can´t blame you…”- He provoked, stopping a few inches from the kid.-“It managed to enchant me ever since the first time.”

-“Can you please leave!”- The boy whispered, afraid the slight noise would make the villagers peek at the sound.

The doctor grabbed him by the shoulders and dragged him backwards until they reached the table, the runt leaned there anxious as the doctor took a leather strip from his pocket making the boy push his hands against the older man´s chest in attempt to shove him away.

-"Please don´t!"- He blabbered, still holding the doctor as he raised a brow to him.-"…If you do that… I won´t be able to keep my voice down!"

He remembered the rope tied around his wrists that time in the barn, he abused his defenseless body, making him cry out loudly from the top of his lungs. The doctor raised a questionable look at the wimpy kid, studying his dismay and fear.

-"I was only taking your measures!"- The older man said confused, as he raised the long strip to their eyes.-"You need coats, summer garments…clothes that actually fit you! I need to have you measured to have them custom made."

The boy exhaled surprised at the man as the doctor brought the leather strip and line it with the boy ´s shoulders, taking it away and counting the inches out loud before writing it on with a piece of charcoal. He spot the doctor sneak a gaze at him as he tried not to burst laughing with the boy´s misunderstanding.

-"Lift your arms!"- The doctor purred, shorting the distance between them.

Will whine, obeying as the devilish man placed the cold strip around his chest, grazing over the nipples as they swollen with the contact. He shivered as the polish fabric tights around his torso when he pushed the boy closer to him.

-"…Tsk…Tsk… No good."- The doctor hummed, eyeing the frustrated runt. - "I was more developed with your age!"

Lecter loosen the leather, eyeing the red line on the boy´s skin from the friction, He grin at that, the runt´s skin was so sensitive and porcelain white the slightest friction was enough to mark and claim his soft body. Will moan as the doctor brought his hand over his chest rubbing the red marks there.

-"S-stop…They will hear…"- The boy moan, spotting the shadows move on the other side.

Hannibal kneeled down, bringing the strip from his waist to his feet, the boy quickly covered his genitals as they stood inches from the doctor´s head as he measured his leg. Hannibal stood up lacing the leather around his waist but he didn't close it, the older man looked up and he waited for the kid to move his hands.

-"Remove them!"- Hannibal grin, still kneeling in front of the kid.

The runt jolted as the villagers on the other side sang and made racket passing along the streets. He was mortified as he stood naked out in the opening with weak room dividers keeping him from prying eyes.

-"Runt!"- The older man pressed him, rubbing his fingers along the hip.

The boy exhaled in dismay releasing his front to grab the table behind him, exposing the half hard erection, the pink tip poked out and glittered with the first drops of pre-come. The doctor purred in amusement when he saw the pulsing member he was trying to conceal. He united the leather strip, taking the measures again as the boy trembled around the lace.

-“Still too scrawny.”- The doctor mocked.

-“S-Stop mocking me!”- Will hissed, feeling the man´s breath on his penis.

He removed the leather strip and put it again back to his pocket as he eyed the embarrassed kid, he trailed his index over the runt´s length, from the base to the tip as it throb against his finger and drooling pre-come along his hand.

-“I wonder what would happen if I bend you over this table…”- He whispered, circling the pink tip as he ogle the frighten eyes in front of him.-“…And took you hard and rough right here and now.”

Will panted in dismay, turning his head in denial as he saw the too familiar dark spark over the devil´s eyes.

-“Would you still fight to keep your voice down, I wonder?”- The man whispered to himself.

He stared at the blurry shadows on the other side, unware of the doctor cornering and preying on the whining runt. He felt his self-control breaking quickly around the naïve kid, even if he was trying to behave around him and not take him everywhere and every time he desired him. He laugh at that, slapping Will´s thigh before he headed to the front of the stall once more, leaving the boy confused and shivering there.

Will walked along the doctor, brushing his hand along his new clothing, the fabric and it wrapped around his body just perfectly. He felt comfortable with the garments embracing his frame, his first piece of clothes. The doctor would tap his finger on the boy´s chin, reminding him to look forwards. They had left Mischa with the other woman as she took the measures and choose her favorite fabric for her winter and spring clothes. Hannibal laugh with joy when he saw the runt´s eyes shine as he slowly relaxed more, he placed a hand over the boy´s neck, keeping it there as he move him out of the villagers way as the people danced and elbowed unintentionally.

They stopped as a few men greeted the doctor and called him to join them, the men sat around a thick table in front of the meat stalls as a pork roasted by the fire. Will followed after the older man as he greeted the villagers and offered him a drink. The kid looked around while the other man was occupied, the sweet and warm of fresh baked bread filled his nostrils from the stall in front of them, big loafs of bread were piled on display. Will notice a woman stare at him as another man whispered to her. The boy twist his nose, eyeing the woman´s bold clothes and cleavage it was obvious she was a prostitute bewitching her client with sweet words and bold gestures, she kept eyeing the runt as she trailed her hand down the man´s chest, trailing it down until she reached his crotch, shamelessly rubbing him as she wink at the boy in an obvious invitation.

-“Try this!”- Hannibal turned to the kid.

He shoved a wooden mug in his hand, almost spilling the yellowish liquid to his new chemise, he eyed the doctor as he knocked their mugs together before he brought it to his lips. Will copied the other man, taking a large gulp of the yellow liquid but as soon as it touched his mouth the strong alcohol made the boy cough clumsily with the taste. Lecter laugh while he witness the runt struggle to handle the taste.

-“You´re too young to enjoy it!”- He grin, taking another sip of the tasteful drink.

-“…W-What is that?”- The brat blabbered, feeling his eyes water.

-“It´s mead!”- He answered, petting his messy hair.

Hannibal turned to the side, spotting the young prostitute eyeing the boy, she quickly lost interest in the scrawny kid and turned to him when a stronger specimen presented itself. She waved her head to him, pointing to a quieter place for them to follow and have a good time with her. Will felt a hand on his shoulder when the doctor brought is face closer to his ear, his lips grazing over the sensitive shell.

-“Do you want to go with her?”- Lecter whispered to him seductively.-“And let her show you a good time?”

-“Are you delusional!”- He blushed, trying to shove him away.

-“Why not? It´s the only time I would allow your cock to get properly *loved*.”- He unlaced his arm around Will´s neck, making sure he couldn´t turn his head.-“Come on! Think about it! I would be in a corner… Watching you as she worked your body fully…making you moan and beg.”

The kid cursed, struggling in his grasp but with no success as the man licked his ear and rubbed his mouth there.

-“But we know the name that would leave your mouth then, don´t we!”- He purred, feeling his own cock throw with the idea.

-“Or I could just fuck you out in the open while she watches! It would be worth her time as she witness you drowning in pleasure…”- He purred, locking eyes with the woman. -“…On my cock.”

The woman turned her attention to her client, giving up on the idea when she spot the spark of danger in the doctor´s eyes, making Lecter grin as the prostitute left the kid alone.

-“Would you like that, runt?”- Hannibal purred, kissing the boy´s cheek.

-“U-UNHAND ME YOU OLD CARCASS!”- Will slammed his fists more violent, making the doctor recoil in amusement.

-“I guess not!”- He laugh, sheltering his head from the boy´s raft.

They walked along the streets, trying the tasty food the merchants shoved in their mouths and they would stop once more when a new villager would greeted with enthusiasm the doctor, leaving the boy standing awkwardly in the middle of the busy street again. The villagers would hug and pet the doctor as he kept looking at Will in hopes they would release him so he could get back to the brat. The boy wouldn´t be left alone for much longer as a few maiden circled him with curiosity, they offered him a fruit from her baskets and the boy nervously accepted grabbing a bunch of grapes and bringing them to his mouth. Lecter watched mesmerized as the juice from the fruits trailed the boy´s white skin. The maidens’ youth only enlighten the runt´s beauty more as they admired him up and down. Hannibal grabbed him by the hand and pulled him away, sneaking between the stalls until they reached the meadow behind the village.

-“W-Where are we going?”- Will asked confused, feeling the warm hand cover his cold one.

He appreciated the sudden silence as they walked, the kid spot a huge bright bonfire there, almost as big as the pine trees around and a few people circled it, some laid on the grass, snuggling and kissing while others danced happily as if enchanted by the spirits of the forest. The woman´s colorful dress twirled and hit their partner legs as they all moved around, laugh and screaming in enjoyment. Will could feel the heat from the fire even though they were far from it.

The runt eyed the doctor as he kept dragging him along the meadow, and initially he thought Hannibal wanted to go and see the bonfire with him but they kept walking away from it. He followed the doctor silently as the moon lighten their way, the golden grass from the flames quickly turned cold and blue as they continued, entering the forest. Will blushed when he heard the moans nearby, a couple stood in the faint darkness enjoying themselves as they passed by, he could see a woman crawling at the tree trunk, moaning loudly and clearly enjoying herself as the man behind her bend her over and pounced against her savagely.

The kid quickly brought his hand to his mouth, forgetting he was still holding the grapes in his palm, he trip on the branches scattered on the floor and over the leafs as they kept walking further away until finally the older man stopped. Will gasped when Hannibal turned him around and slammed him against a tree, holding his shoulders as he connected their lips together.

The kiss was fearsome, demanding as if Will owned him something that he had to pay him right here and now. Hannibal crushed the boy´s mouth, bruising him with the forceful touch and tasting the blood on his lips. The runt tried to turn his head away just to have the other man grab his jaw and pin him more against the tree, making the boy cry out as he took the chance to slip his tongue inside. The wet sounds echoed inside their mouths as he swallowed the boy´s protests while he moved his tongue hungrily inside before he released the runt´s mouth nibbling and licking along his chin, tasting the grape juice as he trailed down, pulling the brat´s hair back to expose his neck to his feverish mouth.

Will moan with the burning touch, he felt light headed with the alcohol. He could still hear the couple moans far away echoing in the dark forest with his own. Hannibal descended his palm to the boy´s pants, unlacing the straps and shoving his hand inside.

-“…Please…”- Will panted, fisting the doctor´s coat.-“…Not here…”

-“Why not? Weren´t you the one who was caressing yourself in front of that mirror? Out in the open…Waiting for me to find you…”- Lecter hummed, jerking the boy.

-“…Stop…”- He jolted, arching his back more against the tree.

-“What a naughty boy!”- He provoked him, ogling the boy as he shivered and moan against his hand.

The doctor open the kid´s chemise and pushed it out of his slender body, letting it fall on the grapes still laying on the damp soil. He grabbed Will´s hand and brought it to the kid´s white chest, brushing it there as it erupt goosebumps along his bare torso.

-“Touch yourself here!”- The older man whispered, squeezing the drooling tip of his penis.

The boy whined with the blissful strokes, he swallowed loudly before he gave in and started to caress his chest and pinching over the nipples. The other man could see he felt exposed and

ashamed, the bright brush colored his skin making him close his watery eyes to block the guilt from shaking him any further. Hannibal grin at his obedience, he connected his mouth over the boy´s sternum, rubbing his lips slowly as he felt the cool smooth skin against his hot mouth, licking indecently there until he reached the pink nipples peeking out in invitation. He grunt when he brought it to his mouth, working his tongue inside in circles in tune to his hand, stroking and squeezing the aching member.

The kid cried out in delight, gripping the doctor´s head in dismay. He couldn´t hold his voice, he was certain everyone would hear him all the way across the village.

-"…Please…Hannibal…"- He mewled, covering his mouth as another moan threaten to come out.

-"Cry out!"- Lecter groan into the wet skin trailing his tongue further down. -"I will let you scream from the top of your lungs while I eat you alive!"

-"…Please don´t..."- He throw his head back in abandonment.

Hannibal resumed his torture, making the kid beg and wince against him, he slowly pull the trousers down, releasing the hard member and distracting the brat with his tongue over the navel. He looked up, devouring the boy´s flushed face as he trailed his hot mouth over Will´s length slowly and without warning drove it inside his mouth.

The scream echoed around the woods while the kid arched his back, clenching his fists more strongly against the silver hair, the wet warm core claimed his pulsing penis, he tried to move away but the devilish man kept a strong grip around his hips. Hannibal eyed the runt while he worked his tongue frenetically around the boy´s girth, the wimpy kid kept covering his mouth afraid to let his voice out.

The doctor slipped out, pulling the chemise still resting on the soil, he grabbed the bunch of grapes and pulled the biggest one he found, pulling himself up and towering over the kid. He grabbed Will ´s chin to open his mouth and placed the grape between his teeth.

-"Keep it there!"- Hannibal purred.-" Don´t bite it!"

He rubbed his thumb along the boy´s lower lip, taking the moisture there and bringing it to his mouth, sucking the saliva as he ogled the boy. Will didn´t understand why would the older man would place the grape and asked him not to bite it. The doctor grin wickedly when the boy trembled ashamed as he resumed the attack once more, lapping at the drooling pink tip as he trailed open kisses along the pulsing length. Will cried out ashamed when he finally understood the grape ´s purpose, the evil fruit kept his mouth open, making his moans and whines echoed loudly in the empty woods, he couldn´t keep his voice down as the man claimed his member with hunger. This was vulgar and obscene.

Hannibal trailed his hands around Will´s waist, rubbing his palms along the cool hips all the way to his ass cheeks, he provoked him reaching another inch each time and forcing the kid to acknowledge his next move. The brat whine and looked at him, begging with his bright moisture eyes for the doctor to stop. But he kept going, sucking his drooling tip while he cupped the soft buttocks and casually circling his finger along the tight entrance.

-"…P-Please…"- The kid whispered, fisting the man´s hair in despair.

Hannibal grunt with the boy´s submission and slipped his finger inside, making the kid cry out and arch his back against the tree, pushing his erection more inside is mouth. He worked the kid´s front and back, giving the whiny runt no room to escape, the boy knew that if he tried to avoid his mouth he would thrust himself back against Lecter´s fingers. There was no escape for the boy to run to as he reached more inside rubbing his index over the prostate.

-"Ohh…P-Please…"- The saliva trailed down his open mouth as he gripped the doctor´s chemise.

Hannibal kept a quick pace, pressing the sweet spot inside mercilessly, he looked up, watching the runt squirm and trembled violently as his orgasm rushed over him, he winced when the boy jerked and scrawled at his scalp, throwing his head back as he released inside with a loud moan. He swallowed every drop as the boy released inside, throwing inside his mouth while he kept clenching madly against his finger, still grazing his prostate.

Will panted, trying to catch his breath, he rested his head against the trunk as he eyed the moon light with the grape still firmly place on his mouth. Hannibal nibbled the shivering skin again, pacing along the sternum and neck before he was towering over him again. He brought his mouth down on Will´s parted mouth, stealing the wet grape and bringing inside Will´s lips, the fruit dance between there tongues as they moved them around eagerly, grunting and moaning with the slippery touch as the doctor pinned the boy against the tree, bringing his slender body closer and humping him more. Hannibal wince when the boy bit down hard on his tongue, making him pull out, he eyed the panting runt, bringing his thumb to the runt´s mouth and pressing down on his tongue.

-"You do have bad manners!"- The doctor hummed in amusement.-" You keep that up and I´ll have to muzzle you next time."

To be continued…

Foreign Sheets

Chapter Notes

Hello fancy people!!
I hope everyone is well!!

Quick Notes:

-This chapter is obscene and I really hope you enjoy it!!

Please comment, give feedback or just drop to say hello!!

Bye for now ;)

Chapter 27

"Foreign Sheets"

Hannibal brought a grape to his mouth, chewing it as he favored the acid taste on his tongue, the runt gave him an angry look as he saw the doctor enjoy himself after they return from the woods. The music around the festival seemed to grow more and more as they return to the festival, walking around the streets and by time for Alana to gather the fabrics and measures for Mischa. The doctor turned his head to him, winking at Will´s blush, knowing the kid was replaying their encounter minutes before, the runt turns away ashamed still feeling the older man´s saliva coating his penis.

-"Are you still not satisfied?"- Lecter grin, letting another grape into his mouth.-"Do you want more?"

-"I hope your dick falls off, old geezer!"- The boy tensed his shoulder at the other man´s offering.

-"You should be grateful I *attended* to your needs before mine!"- The doctor mocked, lacing his arm around the boy before he brought his mouth closer to his ear.

-"I haven't come yet! In case you´re feeling like taking the initiative for the rest of the night."- He nibble his earlobe, making the runt yelp in surprise.

-"YOU DIRTY PIG!"- Will struggled in his grasp, ashamed as they stood out in public.

-"Little shit!"- A voice mocked and looked to the kid as they walk along the stalls.

They turned, spotting the red guards uniform on the closest table, Tobias, Dolarhyde and Brown sat there with the heavy mugs on the thick surface and stared at them.

-"Still hanging with the old and boring, I see!"- Brown provoked, circling the ale around the mug.-"Are you really still satisfied with an old piece of wood instead of the real deal?"

Will could feel a cold shiver down his spine when the doctor tense up, looking back at him his eyes turned dark and dangerous as the doctor lock eyes with Matthew. Last time they faced each other the younger soldier and Tobias left Will´s back scarred and attempt to kill Mischa by the river creek. He knew well enough to guess anyone who would attempt to harm Mischa had their days numerous out for them.

-"No wonder! Having an old flaccid cock pushed inside you must leave you completely unsatisfied and needy for the real thing. "- The soldier grin, raising his voice to mocked them further.-"Why don´t you come here and let me show how it´s done! I bet the doctor wouldn´t mind. Would you doctor?"

The kid knew the doctor was battling his instincts to go and chop the guard´s head, he could almost hear the rumble from Hannibal´s throat, growling almost like a threaten wild animal. He was scared, he hasn´t seen this much anger on Lecter since that time he chained him to the three outside

his cottage. Will blinked, shaking the fear away as he grabbed his wrist, switching his attention back at him, placing a hand over his cheek and turn to him.

-“Let it go, Hannibal.”- Will looking at the older man but he kept his eyes.-“It´s ok!”

He pulled the doctor away by the arm, feeling the older man resist as he dragged him to see the other stalls around. Matthew suddenly jumped out of the bench, walking a few steps ahead.

-“Have you told him what happened between us?”- The younger soldier mocked. -“On that little cell? While you laid naked on the floor?”

Hannibal snapped, turning around as he paced abruptly back to the soldier, stopping face to face as he towered over him.

-“Careful!”- The doctor hissed, his voice dropped dangerously low as he tried to control his anger.-“I don´t have much to lose that could prevent me from bashing your skull open against the floor.”

Matthew laugh hysterically as he looked behind him, spotting his companions still lazing around the table as they took a sip from their fresh ale.

-“Did you just threaten a king´s guard?”- Brown whispered in a mockery tone, leaning his head to the side confidently.

Will ran quickly to Lecter´s side and got between them, lacing his arms around the doctor´s waist, trying his best to move him away. They already were between the wall and the sword, he knew if Hannibal snapped they would be executed on the spot with no way out and he knew that was what the younger soldier was aiming for. He clenched the man tighter, burying his head on his chest, he could feel the aggression and tension hitting inside the other man thorax, screaming to be set free.

-“You can´t!”- The boy gasped tired.-“Think about Mischa! She will die if you´re send to the gallows!”

Matthew laugh, crossing his arms and licking his bottom lip when he spot the murderous gaze on the doctor´s face and his control hanging by a very thin stead.

-“That´s right! Where is the little bitch?”- Brown mocked looking around before leaning closer to them.-“Is she still hanging on the bottom of that river? She is persistent! Like a fucking roach! You step on them but they always find a way to crawl back again…”-

-“SHUT UP!”- Will howled, feeling Hannibal clench his hands harder.

-“You should thank her, doctor!”- The guard hisses, their noises practically touching.-“If she hadn´t interfered I would´ve been fucking his ass eagerly, until he screamed for more!”

-“Fucker!”- The doctor growled in his face as the young man laugh.

-“HANNIBAL!”- The boy pushed him back slightly, aware they had to go before they attracted more attention.

The runt shoved his hand into the man´s stomach, trying his best to make him walk away from the soldier.

-“You´re leaving? Oh that´s a shame doctor!”- He turned to his companies in approval as they laugh and kept drinking.-“Not only you´re an old limp cock, you can´t fight me either! You hold on to him little shit!”

Will cursed has he kept trying to back away, the doctor was panting with the amount of adrenaline in his veins, dying to skin the guard alive.

-“Oh and little shit…”- Matthew called out as the boy kept blocking the doctor´s way.-“…Do tell the doctor about little Cassie Boyle. I don´t think he is aware of who you really are!”

Will jolted in fear as the words left Matthew’s mouth, his body shook with the realization, he knew that name perfectly and the events behind it. Hannibal flinched at the name, he recognized the name belonging to one of the maidens from the village, who disappeared without a trace months ago. He turned his eyes to the kid, no one ever associated her disappearance had been because of Grutas, but he hoped for the boy´s safety he had nothing to do with it.

The runs eyes started to water as he open his mouth to breathe deeper when his chest clenched up. Only Grutas and the other members knew fact, which could only mean on thing… they catch them. They caught them…the guards had captured the only two people that could spill out his true identity.

Hannibal looked down on him when he felt the strong grip around his torso turn into a shakier one. He could see the kid´s face turn pale and cold as his bright eyes looked mortified at something he wasn´t well aware of, last time he witness his fear on him the they had fallen on the ice and faced a near death experience. He knew then something wasn´t right.

-“W-We need to go…now….”- Will whispered, feeling his voice break.-“…Please…”

Lecter eyed him for a second, seeing the kid shut his eyes as the first tears spilled along his cheeks.

The music still played around the village and the people sang and screamed oblivious to them, the loud noise was enough to scare the kid and make him retrieve to his old shell, uncomfortable with the movement and racket around him. The doctor narrowed his eyes, locking eyes one last time with Matthew before he laced an arm around the runt´s waist and took him out of there.

He grabbed the end of his cloak and covered Will´s head with it as they penetrated the quieter streets, away from the festival, the moon light lighten the muddy streets as they walked away from the noise and light before they stopped in front of an old inn. The half-timbered building was painted white and had wood strips along the structure, the English Ivy climbed along the sides of the medieval inn, covering most of the wall and the windows as a small wooden porch laid attached there with barrels of ale piled up.

-“What is your involvement in her disappearance?”- The doctor pressured, grabbing the brat´s shoulders violently.

Will panted in dismay as he turned his eyes away and nodded in denial, too afraid to tell the truth. The older man clenched his teeth, if the boy in fact had done something Brauner couldn´t protect him from the law,

Hannibal pulled the boy inside as they cross the salon with the empty tables and headed for the balcony. Will looked around the dark room while the doctor paid for a room, the man on the other side of the balcony eyed him with a wicked grin making the kid grew uncomfortable, the huge

barrels laid across the balcony and a few round tables stood along the room, the lower level must be a tavern and the upper level, where the wooden stair case stood must lead to the guestrooms but the place stood empty with the festivities outside.

The boy felt the doctor push him toward the stairs, walking up each step abruptly as they turn to the hallway, Will looked over his shoulder seeing the owner still staring at him, he was certain the man knew he was about to be rammed violently in the room upstairs, judging by the doctor´s hurry they wouldn´t make it to the bed either.

Lecter pressed his palm more strongly against the boy´s back, guiding him into the last room on the corner before he closed the door. The boy looked around, the room was as small as the doctor´s study, the wooden structure stood exposed on the roof with a canopy bed on the corner and facing the door. Will followed the moon light coming from the open door connecting the small wooden balcony there. He walked toward it, resting his palms on the old wooden structure and looked down, the streets were empty and dark, and he could see the inn´s owner take a barrel from the stock outside and bringing it inside. Will turned around to see Hannibal in the dark, leaning on the close door as he watched him in silence.

-"I want to go home!"- Will whispered, trembling and panting from the Brown´s words.

The doctor just kept staring as the brat paced around the small room, biting his fingers as he grew visibly anxious.

-"What did you do to her?"- Hannibal whispered motionless, crossing his arms.

The kid panted, shaking his head in denial, the doctor could see the kid was trying to avoid the question. He whine and fisted his curls trying to find a safe spot and calm down, but Hannibal could see him just retrieving to his former shell.

-"Grutas found her near the road, we pulled her to the side and …took turns…"- Will conferred in fear, retrieving his eyes to the floor.-"Not long after…Grutas grabbed a stone and…"

He walked slowly to him in a predatory pace, making the kid take a few steps back as he watched the doctor´s eyes grow deadly and colder towards him, the dark eyes glowed in the room as the doctor advanced closer to him.

-"But you *told me* on the field you didn´t touch any of them!"- Lecter dropped his voice dangerously low, feeling slightly angry at the thought the boy lied to him all this time.

Will stepped on the balcony until his back hit the wooden support while the doctor towered over him, cornering him in place.

-"I d-didn´t rape them!"- The boy blabbered quickly, turning his head away.-"… I…"

Hannibal could see there as something he was hiding, it was the same look when he accused him of killing Mischa and the kid would tell half-truths, he had learned how to read him perfectly by now.

-"You what, runt?"- Hannibal was practically hissing at this point.-"What else are you hiding from me?"

-"I-I´m not …hiding anything!"- The kid spelled out nervously, fighting to keep the eye contact.

The doctor stood silent, his eyes narrowed suspicious of the runt´s half-truth, it hurt him knowing the boy was keeping secrets from him, dark secrets it could get them both killed in court.

-“What else, runt?”- He groan, closing the distance more until their chests touched.-“What else are you not telling me?”

He saw the kid lean more against the balcony, creating distance between their bodies and his instincts flaring when he saw the boy trying to run away.

-“Did he touched you?”- He growl silently but enough to deliver the message.

Will looked dumb folded at his accusation, it didn´t take much for him to realize the older man was talking about Brown, nothing explicit happen between him and the soldier, he refused him in the prison and yesterday when Matthew attacked him, nothing had happen beside a few gropes and bruises. He couldn´t tell the doctor what happened, he was already furious and on edge enough to go after the soldier as it is. He lowered his gaze, gripping the wood behind him more.

-“…N-No…”- The kid whispered, shaking his head to reinforce his words but to little avail.

-“Then you don’t mind if I check!”- Hannibal challenged, narrowing his eyes dangerously.

He grabbed Will´s wrist forcefully, pulling him again into the room and headed for the bed, the runt whine with the bruising touch and stumbled on his feet as the doctor dragged him.

-“S-stop! Please.”-

Lecter stopped in front of the canopy bed and turned the boy towards it, facing away from him.

-“Take your clothes off!”- The doctor ordered, gripping the runt´s chemise and pushing it up.

Will let out a whine with the aggression the doctor as he pulled his clothes, the boy tried to take the garments slowly not wanting to be exposed against Hannibal’s anger, but the older man kept pulling the fabric impatiently, throwing the new chemise and pants to the cold wooden floor, leaving the runt bare and shaking in front of him.

-“Get on the bed!”- Lecter shoved the boy, making the kid stumble clumsily on his elbows and knees.

The boy gasped as the devilish man, turned him on his back and climbed on the bed behind as he placed himself between his spread legs.

-“W-why are you doing this?”- The boy whispered gripping the cold sheets around him.-“You checked my body when you bandaged me! Why this now?”

-“You´re mistaken, boy! I checked you for wounds.”- Hannibal growled, pulling Will´s waist closer and widening his thighs apart.-“…Not this!”

The doctor leaned over him, grabbing one of the pillows resting against the carved head board and place it below the brat´s waist, arching his back against the mattress while he raised his lower half to him. The kid just let out a cry witnessing the doctor savage advances, manhandling him rougher than his body allowed. Hannibal spread him apart just to wrap his hand around the boy´s soft penis, making the runt jolt with the hot and strong grip.

-“Did he touched you here?”- Hannibal sat on his heels, eyeing the whiny boy.

Will lift himself on his elbows, his body was glowing with a thin layer of sweat as his chest quiver with the short pants, his eyes were wet with heavy tears with embarrassment as he fight to control his fear.

-“…N-no…”- Will whispered, trying to keep his fear at check.

The doctor clicked his tongue in disbelieve and pulled the white foreskin back, exposing the pink tip to their eyes, the boy grabbed his hands to shove them away but it did nothing to move him. Hannibal kept examining him, rubbing his thumb against the opening, occasionally cupping the boy´s testicles and squeezing them, making the sensitive member drool pre-come.

Hannibal ogled the brat´s flushed face, looking for any signs of guilt on him, the boy wince and whined as he examined him but he could only spot embarrassment and fear. Will bit his hand to block his voice from coming out, throwing his head back he focused his attention on the oak craved head board, a stag was carved in the old cracked surface and running along the woods. He was thankful the curtains on the canopy bed were shut, darkening his body and sheltering it from the man above him.

-“Please…He didn´t…”-

Hannibal didn´t let him finish when he shove two fingers into the boy´s mouth, gaging him as he pushed them in and trapping the brat´s tongue to keep him from talking. Lecter felt a shiver running down his spine when he locked eyes with the boy, he had the same frighten look the day he ran an arrow to his leg, the same frighten gaze of a cornered animal about to be devoured alive. And has Hannibal was concerned, he wasn´t wrong.

He pulled his fingers out, lacing his arm around Will´s waist and turned him over on his hands and knees, pulling the boy´s waist up with the large pillow still trapped underneath him. Will turned on his side, trying to fight him off, he squirmed and yield, slapping his hands away.

-“DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO HIDE FROM ME!”- Hannibal screamed at him, caging him with his arms as he slammed his fists into mattress.

Will curled up, turning his head to look at the devil above him, the darkness of the bed unable him from seeing his expression fully, but he could see the brightness on his eyes focusing on him. The boy wimped and finally turn his back to the doctor, presenting his ass and burring his face in the unfamiliar linens. He knew better.

-“Here!”- The doctor growl, rubbing the white bottom.-“Did he touched you here?”-

The runt jolt, feeling the devilish man grope his ass and spreading it to the cold air of the room. The other man caressed his bottom, the touch determinant and possessive, he circled his fingers around the opening, still covered with the boy´s saliva as he slicked the opening. Lecter felt Will´s body clenched and block his touch, he swallowed when his own cock throb in anticipation as he witness the brat´s struggles.

Hannibal didn´t need to examine the runt´s body, he already knew every inch of his body and found anything at the time. It was the lies he hated. He realized the kid kept secrets from him, he didn´t trust him. He couldn’t trust the doctor if he didn´t even trusted himself.

He moved his fingers inside, stretching him as the saliva dripped from his ass and ran along his testicles.

Will felt the doctor retrieve his fingers and swift behind him as the friction of fabric reached his ears, the boy shivered at the familiar sound of the doctor´s straps being unlaced. Hannibal pulled out his pulsing cock, letting his clothes stay attached to his body, it bring out the runt´s vulnerability as he laid on the linens bare and exposed. He hold his burning tip, sliding it up and down the tight ring of muscles. He saw the runt jerk on the bed, looking over his shoulder and locking eyes with the doctor´s. Lecter fisted his wet cock, stroking it slowly as he watch Will ogling at him.

-"Keep your eyes on me!"- He orders as he moved his hand more quickly.

A cry left the boy´s sore throat as he stood on all fours and watched the doctor touch himself. The boy had done it in the woods and in front of Hannibal but it was the first time he witness the other man stroke his own member. Will swallowed nervously at the sight, there was a sense of dominance and empowerment in his actions, a need to claim and mark him. It was shameful for the boy to do this sinful while being watched, but the doctor didn´t even flinch with shame or hesitation as he quicken the pace, using the saliva do ease the motion while he kept looking down on him.

He would feel the heat of the drooling girth hit his naked bottom as it stood inches away from him. Hannibal kept pumping and squeezing along the tip as he felt his abdomen tense and soon he grunt and came, spilling his hot seed all over the boy´s ass.

Will cried out with the spent wetting his cheeks and tight entrance, the thick semen slide down his bottom and testicles, claiming his slender body as part of his possession, marking him.

-"Is this what you want?"- The doctor growl coldly, rubbing it on the runt´s hole slowly.

But the kid just stood quiet, biting the linens bellow as he refused to play this game with him, he let darkness hide his trembling body from the doctor.

-"Who do you think you're fooling, boy?"- He licked his lips, slapping the wet length against the boy´s cheeks and hole.-"You wanted this since you touched yourself in the woods. You have been eager to have me fuck you senseless longer than you would like to admit!"

He pushed in slowly, throwing himself in the warm core as rascal's inside pulsed around him, stretching him fully and reaching deeper with every slow thrust. Will moan as he felt the burning member grew larger and large inside, he hugged the pillow in front of him, gripping it as he felt the need to cuddle and feel something against his body in opposition to the predatory cold touch from the beast above him. He hugged the pillow further as the man kept thrusting with a slow and firm pace. He was pinned and with his legs spread open in a foreign bed and in a room he was not familiar with, the cold scent of the linens and the hard touch of the mattress below him was strange. He felt lost. The only familiar element to guide him was the doctor, but the man behind him wasn´t Hannibal, the man spreading his thighs and penetrating him savagely wasn´t what he knew and called home. It wore the same skin but inside was someone else entirely different, almost the same man that pinned and raped him on the table.

-"Is this the piece of wood, unable to satisfy you?"- Hannibal hummed, pulling out and slamming back again.

Lecter stood tall, his hands at his side as he slammed inside fast and pulled out slow, leaving the kid mewling and trembling on the bed, he clenched the pillow tighter to him as his moans echoed on the room, louder and wetter with each thrust.

-"It seems to be taking a few good responses out of you."- The doctor growl when the boy clench around him.

-"…You´re…a c-coward…"- Will hissed between whines.

Hannibal clenched his teethes, grabbing the curtains and shoving them open abruptly as the moonlight cleared the bed and exposed the runt´s frame to him. Will didn´t had time to react as the doctor hand fisted his hair and pulled his head up, dropping his broad torso on top of the boy. He thrusted in more fiercely and violently, the semen he had spilled on the brat´s ass cheeks glued them together while the white slippery strings connected the feverish pelvis to the white skin.

-"I might be a coward!"- Hannibal hissed in his ear, clenching his fist more.-"But I´m not a liar, am I runt? My actions won´t get us killed! Yours will!"-

He slammed into the boy more forcefully, thrusting eagerly, hitting the boy´s prostate with each demanding thrust. Will hold on his elbows gasping and crying out at the force of his pounding.

-"S-Stop…Please …"- He whined, arching his back and fisted the warm sheets.-"W-Why are you doing this?"

-"Keep your little lying mouth down."- Hannibal pushed the runt´s head down against the pillow, blocking his voice from coming out.

The kid laid their spread and ass raised in the air as he took the older man deeper and rougher, his chest rubbed violently with the thrust against the harsh linens making his nipples swollen and hot with the friction. He moan and groan against the pillow, hiding his face while Hannibal kept shoving his head down in submission. He felt the burning body above him rest on top of his and covering his completely, the heavy weight seemed to push him more against the mattress. Will couldn´t breathe, the sweat glued them together, heating his cold body more and more with the pressure.

Strong arms wrapped around his frame, crushing him in his embrace before the doctor rolled on his back, bringing the runt blushed against his front and facing the roof of the bed. Hannibal gripped the shaky waist, aligning it with his once more and thrusted back in. Will let out a piercing whine with the new angle, he gripped the linens below them and throw his head back in pleasure, next to the doctor´s.

-"It´s not time to rest, little liar! I´m far from being satisfied!"-

Hannibal hold his palm against the runt´s mouth, blocking the sound from coming out as he rocked his hips upwards, impaling the boy forward.

-"I don´t need your mouth to tell me what I want to know…"- Lecter purred against the boy´s ear.-"…your body his telling me all I need to know…With or without your consent"

He place his hand over the runt´s, detaching it from the wrinkled sheets and guide it to Will´s penis, letting the boy jerk himself and match the pace with his thrusts.

-“Can you hear it, runt? Your body betraying you to follow mine!”- The devil whispered, sucking the white sensitive neck.-“It begs and cries for me to claim it! It doesn´t lie or rejects me! It never did!”

He place his palm over Will´s belly, turning his head to look at the rascal´s flushed face.

-“Feel me, runt!”- He panted, pressing the soft flesh when he felt himself move inside the boy ´s.-“This is right! There is nothing shameful on what we are doing.”

Will squeezed his tip as his member pulse in his hand, the doctor beneath him pinned his waist and started to fuck him brutally, knocking the air right out of him with piercing force. The doctor´s beard scratched his shoulder every time he moved his body over the devilish man, his back slide smoothly with the sweat as his ass smashed wetly against Hannibal´s pelvis.

The doctor´s abdomen clench rhythmically below his ass and his cock throb inside stretching his abused rim, Hannibal release his mouth letting the boy´s saliva coating his palm as he brought it to Will´s ass cheeks, spreading him apart before he drove deeper, making the kid mewl and arch his back with the intrusion. He brought his shaky hand to Lecter´s hair as he kept stroking himself, he let the devil bit and suck his neck, forcing the boy to cry out when Hannibal sank his canines a little too deep, piercing the soft flesh as s few bloody drops stained his white skin.

He was going insane, his instincts were roaring at him to mark and claim the boy´s body, inch by inch until his whole body bear his mark, until his scent absorbed his completely. Until everyone around him knew he belonged to him and no one would dare to touch him. Get back! He is mine!

He scratch the boy´s waist, bruising the skin and guide the other to Will´s jerking palm, covering it and stroking the boy. He squirm and moan lovely with the additional friction, matching his thrusts while he smashed his bottom against the devil´s cock.

-“Scream! Scream runt!”- Hannibal groan in his ear when he felt the boy jerk violently and coming undone along with him.

The white thick strings of warm semen flew out, painting the boy´s chest and belly, the pleasure was so intense it reached their flushed and panting faces, some even getting into their mouths. They groan and jerked as they ride their orgasm together, the doctor kept pounding until he release the last drop inside the wimpy boy.

Will slide along the older man´s body, hitting the cold mattress next to the doctor, he curled his body feeling his sweaty body grow tired and cold with the damped air of the room. Hannibal stare at the bed´s roof while he tried to gather his breath, he groan with effort when he sat on the edge of the mattress, eyeing the moon over the open window leading to the balcony. The cold breeze entered the room, raising goosebumps on his tanned skin.

-“I don´t know what to do!”- He broke the silence.

Will faced the wall as the doctor´s shadow stood still there, the blue light highlighting his broad silhouette. He gripped the sheets more against his body as he tried to control the trembles from the cold and remain effects of his orgasm as the semen began to leak from him, thick and slippery as it puddle on the linens.

-“I´ve been providing and caring for Misha for a long time. I´ve always been in control of everything in my life… providing for her…looking after the villagers and the sick. I was always

forced to grow up and be stronger for other who needed the most.”-

He rubbed the back of his neck, feeling the beads of sweat trail down his back.

-“But these past months I´ve never felt so at lost as I feel regarding you… I´m hopeless and unable to protect you if I don´t know what I´m fighting against… I tried to be gentle but I feel I will lose you at any time if I´m not the one leading and in control of the situation. ”-

-“We are walking into a storm and you´re covering my eyes from the real danger up ahead.”- He exhaled loudly, pushing his hair back.

They stayed silence for a while as the far away noise from the festival travel along the winter´s breeze until it reached them.

-“That pup you saved…”- Will whispered, rubbing his cheek on the cold sheet.-“What was his name?”

Hannibal let out a breath laugh, lowering his head with the sudden change of subject, the sweet memory of the skinny pup running around the meadow crossed his mind, he jumped and run freely as he barked to get his attention.

-“Names are like curses!”- Hannibal threw his head back feeling the tension leave his naked body.-“You hold on to them long enough they will own who you are.”

He saw himself in his cottage back then, the pup pulling his leg in mischief, inviting him to play and chase him out in the fields. He managed to save him that night and get him to eat to a more healthy weight, but the pup still kept his scrawny frame and little body. However that never stopped him from enjoying his full life, running after the chickens and disturb Hannibal´s studies.

-“You didn´t answer my question.”- Will whispered, turning his head to look at the doctor.

Lecter gripped the sheets before he looked over his shoulder and faced the kid.

-“I thought that was obvious!”- He grin peacefully, seeing the beautiful moonlight lighten the boy´s slender frame.

-“Runt! I called him runt.”-

To be continued….

Broken Charcoal

Chapter Notes

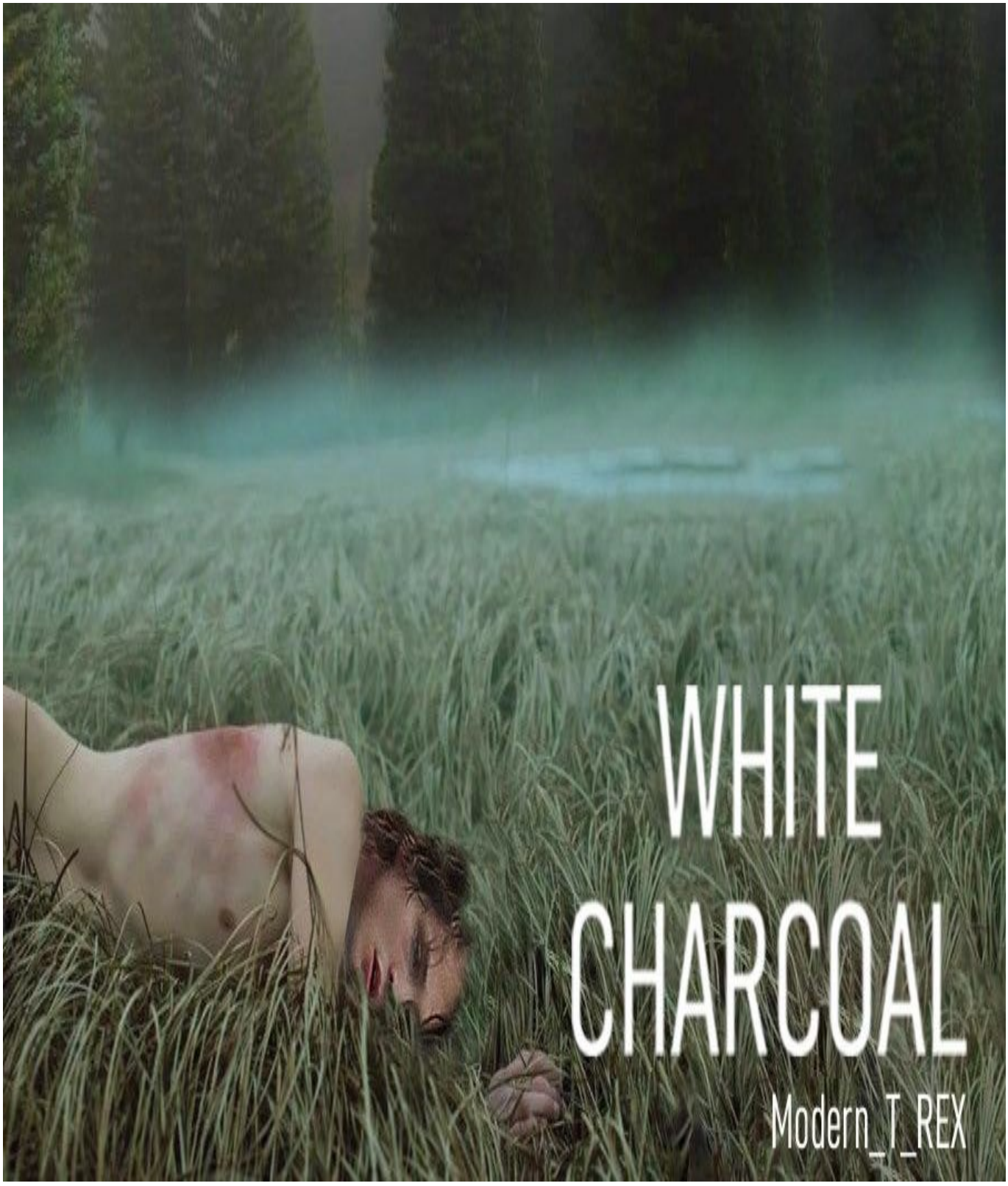
Hello Fancy people.
I´m so grateful you all your support and love and I hope you guys are well and happy.

Quick notes:

- The rape of Cassie Boyle will be mentioned on this chapter, if that makes you uncomfortable skip the text in Italic.

- Another important note, the next chapter will be the last chapter of this story. It has been an amazing journey that only you guys made it possible to turn this amazing but I feel I can´t turn it better than it already is. I hope you guys have loved it as much as I enjoyed writing it. :)

Well that´s all for now!
Bye for now! ;)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Chapter 28

"Broken Charcoal"

She screamed from the top of her lungs in hope someone…anyone would hear her desperate cries for help. Her little virginal frame winced and squirmed on the tall grass as the four bandits laugh and dragged her away from the gravel road…all…except one. The youngest of the group stood frozen as they dragged her along, the boy was sweating and visibly agitated, clenching the strap of his arrow bag and clearly against the idea. They kept their mockery, manhandling her while they placed her on the damped soil, the dirt soiling her pretty clothes and the tiny stones scratched her arms and legs as they brutally hold her down.

-"S-Stop…Please...we can´t do this…"- The younger bandit begged his leader, gripping his arm in dismay in effort to change his mind.

Will felt to the ground when the other man brought his fist hard on his cheek, making the kid whine and feel light headed with the blow, tasting the blood in his mouth.

-"Keep your mouth shut!"- Grutas yield at him, kicking the boy in the ribs.-"Do you want to get discovered?"

The other outlaws mocked the boy´s weakness and empathy, it was nothing new to see the runt implore every time they decided to snatch a maiden to the fields and have their way with them.

-"You´re so weak! They mean nothing! Do you hear me?"- The leader gripped Will´s soft curls, pulling his face up.-"They all look down on us! The villagers, the guards. Everyone! You better get that in your head before you risk yourself for them!"

He grabbed the runt´s baggy clothes and dragged him where the rest of the group stood, throwing to the pleading girl´s side as Kolnas was beginning to unstrap his pants to release his hard cock.

-"No!"- Grutas stopped him, pointing to the kid.-"He will go first! It´s time this kid man up and turns himself into a real outlaw! It´s time you start respecting us!"

The boy shook his head in fear and pain, he turned to his other companions for support, in hopes they would stop this. But the others just laugh and pushed him to obey, hurrying him harshly so he would hurry up for then to have their turn. He never participated in Grutas sick games. He just wanted to live out in the woods away from the village folks. He didn´t want to do this! He didn´t want others to get hurt around him!

-"…I will n-not…"- He pleaded, digging his hands in the dirt as he looked at the other man.

Grutas fisted the collar of his shirt, waving for Milko to step aside as he hold Cassie´s arms down, he threw Will into the soil next to the crying girl´s head.

-"Hold her arms!"- The leader ordered the boy but he sobbed refusing to partake.-"HOLD HER ARMS OR I WILL KILL YOU RIGHT NOW!"

Will cried out as the tears came out with full force, running down his eyes, he was terrified of the man above him, he turned to Cassie Boyle, her blushed face was wet with tears as the faced him, sobbing and pleading.

-"P-Please….help me…I beg you…"- Cassie begged with her voice breaking with the effort.

The runt just sobbed with the fear crushing his chest and prevent him from breathing, he begged for her forgiveness before he grabbed her wrists and pinned them down against the harsh and cold soil. The others mocked and cheered as if the kid just concluded some sort of rite of passage while the first one started to pull his trousers off and place himself between the scared girl´s legs, trapped by another bandit. It was disgusting! Will cried out along the girl as if he could feel her agony and shame, every thrust and bruise seemed to travel from the struggling maiden to the boy´s hands while he kneeled there.

He was so ashamed of his weakness and selfishness, but he knew better. He was too weak to fight or oppose his leader. He was weak! He lowered his head to her, connecting their foreheads together as he howled with her.

-"…Forgive me…"- Will sobbed, gripping her wrists tighter with the rough slams.

He howled as he wince and screamed, the pain too big for her to handled it while they circled her, taking turns and mocking her useless attempts…

Will jolted awake from the horrific memory, his body was covered in a heavy layer of cold sweat as he hugged himself, trying desperately to control is breathing. He looked around the room and immediately recognized the cottage, it was still dark outside and the fireplace had burned out, leaving the room cold and blue with the moonlight coming from the window.

Hannibal slept on the bed with Mischa tightly crushed in his strong arms, his chest raised and felt with a peaceful and control pace, and assuring the boy he was fast asleep. He slowly raised from the bed, pulling the sheets to cover the doctor´s before he headed for the door.

The dim moonlight lighten the field all the way to the first line of trees while a thin layer of mist covered the yard. The cold winter breeze blew the crops and rustle the leaves covering the forest as the property was filled with the crickets' symphony.

Will took a few steps into the yard, his thin nightgown blew softly against his slender legs before he stop and sat down on the cold dirt, hugging his knees while he looked at the winter´s night. His heart was still agitated with the vivid nightmare, robbing him of his strength, he felt exhausted with the day´s events but he knew that it would be impossible for him to fall asleep again, his heart and mind were too troubled to relax.

He looked into the dark woods when he heard the faint howling of a wolf, the sound echoed around the forest all the way to the kid, it made him slightly at ease with the familiar sound. A sudden heavy weight felt on his shoulders as the doctor dropped his fur coat on the sitting runt.

-"Couldn't sleep?"- Hannibal whispered, his voice still heavily hoarse as he circled the runt and sat down on the soil next to him.

They sat in silence, watching the moon clear the top of the dense pine trees as the mist danced slowly around the clearing. Even though the doctor wasn´t looking at him he could feel his presence analyzing him from the corner of his eye, looking for any anomaly on the boy.

-"…I held her down…while they raped her…"- Will confessed in a faint whisper never taking his eyes of the trees.

Hannibal could feel the kid clench his fists around the fur coat, hard enough for his knuckles to turn white and his nails almost bleed with the pressure.

-"I traded her life for mine…In fear he would kill me...."- The boy told in shame, his voice trembled with the effort.-"Can you tell me…Hannibal...At what point do I deserve to be spared in Court for what I did?"

The kid broke down in tears, sobbing and crying with his face buried in the heavy coat. There were no words that could assured the boy he was not at fault, no gesture or kind action that could bring the kid´s spirit up.

Lecter just sat there, resting his elbows on his knees while the boy confessed to him. Somehow he was always used to see the kid fight others and put himself in danger to protect other people from harm. He remembered the night in the brothel when the runt beat Matteos when he raped the other kid in front of them and when Matthew kicked him in this yard making the kid run to defend him, pulling Mischa away from harm or putting dying soldiers out of their misery. Hannibal didn´t doubt the kid had a kind heart and cared for others, it had always been his nature to endure for others and protect them at all cost. He was reckless and stupid to run into danger even if that met his death in the end.

-"That´s not all is it, runt?"- Hannibal questioned, turning slowly to the kid.

-"…I tried to make them stop…but before I could protect her from harm and send her on her way… Grutas grabbed a rock and kept hitting her multiple times…I could hear bones cracking … and hear her scream in agony…"- Will sucked on the air with difficulty, gripping his hair in despair.-"…I took one of my arrows and aim at her heart…I put her out of her misery….I killed her…"

The doctor knew that after the boy disobeyed Grutas´s orders that had to had other consequences. These group of outlaws had cared the village for too long with their growing violence tendencies, Hannibal knew the other maidens before Cassie Boyle, they had survived their horrific encounter with the group however Cassie didn´t met the same fate.

-"Grutas got suspicions of me after that. He knew I was against his methods and violent tendencies…So he started to see me as a threat to the group."- Will whispered with a shaky voice, his tone grew anxious with every word.

Hannibal eyed him from the corner of his eye, spotting the runt trying to control his breath as it came out in short pants now.

-"One day… he suggests to put me up to the test and gain their trust again…"- He sobbed, cleaning his nose with the back of his hand.-"He would choose someone for me to kill…As a rite of passage…if I completed it I would be a part of the group."

Will broke down, hyperventilating as he hid his face in his knees as to shelter him from the doctor in shame.

-“Who?”- Hannibal asked softly. –“Who did he choose for you to kill?”

The doctor could hear him gasp for air, he already knew the answer but he had to hear it from the boy´s mouth. He waited as the kid calmed himself a little, his whines matched the light wind rustling the leaves, forcing the trees around them to dance to their tune as the moonlight presented the scenery.

-“The…The village´s doctor…”- The boy confessed finally, curling more in the cold soil as he waited for any kind of punishment.

Hannibal let out a breath laugh in relieve, stretching his neck back feeling the tension leave him. For a moment he was fearful of the kid was responsible for any death. He was put to the test and choose to protect instead of killing. Until Mischa´s appearance he had misjudge him in believing he was responsible for her death, he was relieved to know she lived and the boy had a chance to win the Trial if his past life stayed buried. But now that the king´s guard hold the remaining outlaws and they could connect the boy´s involvement he feared the boy was doomed and this time not even Brauner could save him from the death charge.

He rubbed a hand over Will´s hair, feeling the cold locks caress his fingers, he was shivering while he waited out in the open.

-“I didn´t mean to hurt anyone! I never did!”- Will sobbed, rubbing his eyes with his soiled hands like a frighten kid. –“I´m afraid… Hannibal...”

The doctor, pulled him to his embrace and laced his arm around the boy as he cried out, clenching his fist on the man´s chemise, pulling and fisting it as he buried his face there. Hannibal petted his hair while he ran his eyes over the runt, his legs were scratched and cold as he sat on the soil with his thin nightgown and coat and exposing his tights. He lifted the boy and placed him on his lap, taking his body from the cold dirt and comforting him as if he was a small child haunted by a vivid nightmare.

-“It´s alright.”- He whispered into his soft locks, hugging him tightly.

Lecter rested his chin on Will´s head as he felt him snuggle his face against his neck, he could feel the tears soak his chemise as the kid broke apart. Will felt the doctor´s heat travel to his body, warming every cell there, welcoming and safe. He hold on to the moment as long as he could, drowning in the man´s scent as it numbed his senses and feel the strong embrace crushing him under. He knew they would come for him in the morning and this time the doctor couldn´t do anything about it, not even Brauner…There wouldn´t be no property law or ambiguous identity that would safe his neck from the rope. And deep down he could sense the stress on the doctor´s voice, as he also knew Will´s doomed path and soon the boy would have to gather the courage and face the court as part of the group.

-“The village´s doctor…”- Lecter grin, petting his arms to promote circulation.-“That´s a big task… for a runt.”

The doctor laugh trying ease the tension as eyed the boy´s face, he rocked his body as the runt´s naked feet dangled in the air.

-“They clearly had no regard for your safety.”- He mocked, petting the soft locks as the kid looked at him.

-“Beating an old man is not that big of a challenge.”- Will managed a half smiled.

The doctor adjusted the boy on his lap, bringing him closer to his chest and making the boy rest his head on his shoulder, covering his slender frame with the heavy coat.

-“It´s a shame you caught me off guard during the night.”- Hannibal sign loudly in a sarcastic tone.-“If you had chosen to attack me while I chopped wood it would had been a lot easier for me.”

-“I would´ve axed all of them right on the spot and leave you for last...begging and pleading for me.”- He purred, eyeing the yard all the way to the woods.

He would have killed them, one by one as they felt dead on his property, their slimy blackish blood staining the crops and soil. Then ,as all four of them laid dead, he would ran to the runt´s hide out, as he curled up hidden in the bushes, he would grabbed his clothes and dragged him out and into his cottage to punish him eagerly. That way he wouldn’t be concerned about the other outlaws snitching the boy´s true identity. Hannibal smirked at the alterative memory, licking his bottom lip as saw it clearly.

-“If I was quick enough I would have caught you with your hand still under your pants.”- The doctor purred, rubbing his lips on the shell of the runt´s ear.-“Wouldn´t that had fulfill your fantasies?”

Will eyed the first line of trees where he and his group waited for the nightfall while the doctor stood in the yard handling the season wood while Mischa run around him, collecting the small pieces and placing them against the shed wall.

-“I want to ask you a favor…”- Will lowered his gaze, blushing slightly as he felt fully conscious of his request.

The kid licked his licks trying to find the right words beneath his shame while the doctor looked at him, he lowered his hand and rubbed it on the runt´s bottom in attempt to encourage him to continue.

-“You once asked me what I imagined while …ogling you there.”- He swallowed loudly, the doctor ´s proximity not helping his case.

-“I saw you pin and dominate someone in my mind…as you hold them down.”- He moved his head nervously.

Hannibal studied his face carefully, seeing the flushed cheeks bright while the blue eyes watered with shyness.

-“That wasn´t just *someone*, was it runt?”- The doctor hummed, pushing the long locks behind his ear and exposing his face.

The boy mumbled something he couldn´t hear, the boy tensed his shoulders while the other man ran the tip of his nose over his cheek and temple, kissing him gently.

-“What do you want, runt?”- He whispered gently, bringing him closer.-“Just ask.”

-“Tonight…Can you …hold me there…in the woods?”- Will begged, lowering his gaze.

He felt ashamed of asking the doctor directly for this, but he was afraid and fearful of tomorrow.

-“I´ll promise you this…”- He grip the boy´s chin, turning his face to him.-“I will make love to you there…after the Trial tomorrow…”

-“I will not make it after…”-

-“You will!”- The doctor continued, speaking over the kid.-“I will lay with you on a bed made of moss and spurts…I will hold you tightly and let you moan as loud as you want...”-

Hannibal unlace an arm around the slender neck, trapping it with his head as he scent the boy´s cold skin.

-“We will leave everything behind and start over…”- Lecter spook softly, petting Will´s leg as it rested on top of his.-“…I will teach you how to forgive yourself and forget your fears and past… You will live alongside as my apprentice and I will see you take my role in the end…as a fine and outstanding doctor…”

Will turned his face towards Hannibal as their noses touched, he brought his hand to the doctor´s face, scratching his beard with a gentle caress.

-“At night you will take your place in my bed and lay with me… not as a servant or slave…”- Hannibal kissed the corner of the boy´s mouth, slowly and intimately.-“…But as my lover and equal.”

Will closed his eyes, relishing the sweet and gentle touch as he petted and massaged the doctor´s neck.

-“When I´m done…you won´t even recognize yourself anymore.”- He assured, finally locking lips.

The boy responded to the touch, opening his lips and inviting the doctor to turn the gentle kiss into a more passionate one. The doctor accepted the challenge as he slip his tongue inside, rolling them together in pure bliss. Will moan into Hannibal´s mouth when the doctor trailed his hand lower, cupping and rubbing the kid´s cheek before he pulled out receiving a protest moan in return. The boy cupped his face as he locked eyes with the older man while he rocked his slender body on his lap.

-“What will happen to you then?”- The boy asked curious, leaning his head on the broad shoulder.

-“I will die happily with you in my arms…as an old man…before the last log on the fireplace burns out... while you caress my hair and I feel your warmth breath on my bare skin...”- Hannibal whispered smiling peacefully at the runt´s laugh.

Lecter tugged the coat more around them while they eyed the woods and the place the runt was previously hiding two months ago. It was where all began and it was fate it would come down to it in the end. The moonlight shined brighter and cleared the forest around them while the crickets kept their synchronized tune. It was no denying what tomorrow would bring to them, and Hannibal knew eventually the kid would be someone to Court to meet the fatal lawful decision, they would

come for the boy and he couldn´t do anything to prevent it. They were peasants with no juridical power or importance to win in the Trial.

He clenched the kid more against him as the thought stabbed his mind over and over, making the kid grip the doctor´s clothes as if the same thought was crashing him also. Morning would eventually come and for the first time Hannibal was powerless to stop it.

- - -

Hannibal brought the hammer down on the nail as he patched the wooden shingles on the roof, the wooden structure was left untreated since the last time he order the boy to fetch his clothes. He laugh as he covered another space, remembering the runt ripping the shingles and throwing them at him from above, still relinquishing in his fantasy when he thought of his youngest self snatch the runt and take him into an abandoned barn or field.

He turn to the fields where the boy and his sister stood, taking care of the winter´s garden, Mischa wrapped a string around the weak bended stem and secured them between two sticks to keep them up right. Will walked along the vegetables row, turning the bucket in his hand as he watered them.

Lecter kneeled down on the roof as he eyed the well grown field, it had passed half a month since he captured the boy and brought him here, he remembered the soil back then, dried and sterile when he was still grieving. He and the boy had worked this field from scratch, ripping the dead crops and replaced it with fertile seeds.

He saw as the boy walked to the old oak barrel, filling the little wooden bucket again and return to the garden where he left off, he empty the water until he reached Mischa letting the remaining water fell on top of the golden hair.

Hannibal laugh as he saw his sister get on her feet, disoriented with the cold water running down her face and head, she chased him as they run along the yard, laugh and mocking one another. The boy kept filling the bucket and throwing it at the little girl, her body too short to reach the oak barrel to get even.

The doctor climbed down the ladder quickly, spotting the runt throwing water a little too close to the wood pile, if the wood got soaked it would became useless and impossible to burn.

-“You better get away from my wood pile before I…”-

The doctor didn´t finish as the runt turn to him accidently emptied the bucket of water all over him, the kids stopped in place as they saw the doctor slowly cleaning the water running down his face before he narrowed his eyed dangerously. Will backed out slowly as the older man gained territory over him making the kid rethink his defense before he turned his back and started to run toward the field with the doctor on his tail.

-“Come here!”- Hannibal ordered as he jumped the vegetable rows after the runt.

Mischa laugh in joy as she saw his brother run after the mischievous boy like a fox after a scared rabbit in a meadow. He felt to the ground when her legs wobble with the laugh, the boy still kept

the bucket in his hand as he ran while thinking if he would throw it or not at the doctor. Lecter suddenly stop and turn to her, making the little girl crawl to her feet and run the opposite way but he easily caught her and threw her on his shoulder. Will ran to them feeling the bucket on the barrel and throwing it at Hannibal´s back, making the man grunt with the cold wet feeling.

-"Release her!"- The boy smiled, ogling the wet state the man was in.

The doctor pulled the girl down before returning to him, pleased to see the runt panic as he dipped the bucket again and filled it with water. However, Hannibal quickly grabbed the struggling runt and dropped him inside the oak barrel, the water spilled out of the container with the extra volume inside as the boy wiggled his body and tried to get out of it.

-"C-cold!"- Will gasped as he crawled at the barrel edges, just to have Hannibal throw him back inside.

They laugh together at their silliness, Mischa rolled on the soil with a smile while the doctor emptied the small bucket on the drenched boy. Hannibal stopped abruptly when the heavy horse gallop reached his ears, coming from the forest. They stood silent with their eyes glued to the first line of trees where the riders slowly came into view. The morning had come.

Will curled up in fear and quickly crawled out of the oak barrel running across the yard. Hannibal tried to stop him but the kid was too quick for him, he saw him run away, pushing the door of the cottage violently and hide inside. The doctor felt powerless and wit no possible way to protect the kid from the hard reality he was about to face.

He turned to see the king´s guards enter his property in calm and oriented passed, the captain led the party followed by Price and Zeller, as they nod politely to Hannibal as they approached, and finally Leonard Brauner ride in last, his usual sarcastic and witty face gone and replaced by a gloomy look.

The doctor walked to them, stopping in front of Jack as they locked eyes, last time they spooked their exchange of words had been bitter, however Lecter had to acknowledge that the captain had save him once in the Court days ago, releasing him from all charges, even though all his accusations where brought on the kid now.

-"A letter from the Supreme Court. The boy is expected in Court to respond in Trial."- Jack handed a sealed letter to him put the other refused to take it.

He stared at the captain for a while without pronouncing a word, Price looked at Zeller feeling the tension between the doctor and their captain.

-"Mischa!"- Hannibal gently called out to his sister.

The little girl appeared slowly from behind the barrel, gripping her soaked wet dress, insecure of what to do. She cautiously walked to her big brother, stopping only behind Hannibal as she hugged his leg, feeling intimidated with the tall men on top of the horses. Lecter petted her hair, calming her and assuring everything was alright.

-"Did your subordinates told you she was alive?"- The doctor hissed, still refusing to accept the letter on the other man´s hand.-"The kid´s innocent Jack! He is not going to be executed for a crime he didn´t commit!"

Brauner closed the distance between them feeling the heavy tension in the air and anticipating the worse.

-"Hannibal…"- The messenger called him, trying to reason with him.-"Grutas as confessed to his involvement. He are forced to bring the kid for him to point him out."

-"He did nothing!"- Hannibal hissed, feeling Mischa jolt in fear from his voice.-"He never touched any of them and the arrow that killed Cassie Boyle was an act of mercy."

-"It as to be done Hannibal…you need to bring him in."- Brauner petted the doctor´s shoulder almost apologizing for his lack of power toward the situation.

The doctor lowered his eyes to the soil, thinking of his options but this time to his dismay there was none.

-"There won´t be any Trial for him, will it Brauner?"- Lecter clenched his fist, feeling his anger tense his aching muscles.-"The Court will just read his indictment and send him to the gallows… They won´t even let him speak."

The messenger lower his head, nodding in understanding, conforming his fears.

-"I´m sorry Hannibal."- Leonard whispered.

The doctor brought his palm to his face, rubbing it as he tried to breathe slowly, looking at his sister as she kept pulling his trousers to afraid for her brother´s distress.

-"I will go get him…"- Lecter turned his back on them, signaling for Mischa to stay in place.

He crossed the yard, following the wet trail along the soil until he reach the door, he pushed and came inside looking around the room but the kid was nowhere to be seen. Hannibal closed the door, assuring the hiding kid the outside world wouldn´t get to him here. He saw the trail across the wooden boards, darkening the wood all the way to the bed as he followed them until he reached it, the doctor placed a knee on the floor and looked down.

-"Are we playing hide and seek now?"- Hannibal gave him a nervous smile.

The boy was laying on his belly, curled up as he faced the doctor with frighten eyes, he panted heavy as his eyes watered with the whole amount of adrenaline rushing in his veins.

-"…P-please …"- The boy begged out of breath, crawling away more.

-"…I know kid…"- The doctor swallowed, trying to find the words.-"..But… we need to go…"

-"…n-no…no…please….I didn´t do anything…"- Will cried out as the older man stretch an arm to him.

The doctor felt a stab of pain when saw the runt whine and wince like a cornered animal, begging and crawling into the farthest corner under the bed. He was frighten, and like a child he felt cornered. Hannibal brought a hand to his mouth, scratching his chin as he tried to think of a way to take him out of there. He knew that if the kid didn´t get out of there by his own hand, the captain would be forced to barge in and remove him from there. He wouldn't allow it! He wanted the kid to come out and walk outside with his head raised. He was innocent- That he was certain- he had nothing to fear.

He raised up from the floor walking to the door where his coats were hanged, he looked into their pockets until he reached what he was looking for and returned to the kid, laying on his belly so they were on equal level. He showed the object to Will, satisfied when the boy recognized it immediately.

-"Do you remember what this met?"- Hannibal asked waving the white object in his palm.

The older man was holding the piece of white charcoal Randall had gave to him when he was in prison. The time when the doctor explained to him the story as they sat together on the furs in front of the fire place.

-"I once told you this is the mark bared for the defiant and untamed boys."- The doctor explained, rolling the charcoal on his fingers.-"Ever since I took you from the woods I fought every day to try and break you down… your body…your defiant attitude…but I never succeeded…you always raised up every time that I tried to hold you down…"

Will looked at him, switching his eyes from the doctor to the object and finally the doctor again.

-"It´s ironic… I tried to change you but you managed to change me instead"- He explained softly.-"You don´t know how you have the power to change people and help people even if they curse you…You Will…are a good kid… whatever happens on that Court room you already won! They can´t break you…I can´t…they can´t…no one can!"

He smiled as he stared at the boy, memorizing every expression and emotion on his young face.

-"I never felt more at peace … then when I had you here with me."- Hannibal confessed, smiled kindly, bringing the other hand to caress his wet cheeks.-"After Mischa´s disappearance you were the only reason I found to get up in the morning…every time I opened my eyes and saw you there."

Hannibal raised his hand to him on last time, hoping for the kid to take it. Will looked at the doctor thinking about his words, he cleaned his face and slowly reached for the open warm hand, letting the doctor pulled him out of the bed before the older man hugged him tightly and almost crushing in his embrace.

-"I´m sorry Will…I´m sorry…"- He buried his nose in the boy´s hair and petted his slender back.-"It´s my fault…I should have never took you from those woods…"

The kid shook his head in denial, taking the blame out of the doctor as he petted his face. Lecter cleared the boy´s tears before he covered the runt´s shoulders with his best coat, arranging his long curls along the fur collar.

-"I´m here."- Hannibal assured him as he hold the kid´s hand as they slowly walked outside.

He could feel the runt squeeze his hand in fear, stopping abruptly as they cross the yard, Hannibal stopped next to him giving the boy the courage to step forward. They walked in silence, the older man caressed his thumb on Will´s cold palm assuring he was there with him until they stopped in front of Mischa and the others.

-"I will get Foxglove."- He whispered kissing the boy´s forehead before he walked slowly to the stable.

Will felt the little girl push his chemise as he looked down, feeling the fear in her eyes. He kneeled down petting her shoulders.

-“Hey kiddo!”- He whispered anxious, he knew the girl could feel his fear.

-“Are you going away, puny thief? - She sobbed while she gripped her dress.-“Will you return to us?”

Will felt his eyes water with heavy tears, he gasped and fought the cry from coming out.

-“…of course…of course…”- He lied, noticing the obvious lie didn´t get through.-“I´m so sorry Mischa…I didn´t mean to hurt you that night…You were so brave…so brave…”

He connected their forehead as she cried, wrapping his arms around him and hold him tightly.

-“Take care of him, won´t you?”- He embraced her in return.-“Help him out around the property… he's too old to handle it alone….”

Hannibal approached them, pulling the stallion’s reins as he waited for them to say their good byes. Foxglove had the saddle firmly placed, ready for the journey to the palace, all three of them had to share the saddle however to Hannibal distress on the way back that same saddle would have more space then now.

The doctor helped the kid to get on the saddle, lifting his little sister to the boy´s lap before he sat behind the kid, hugging them tightly while he reached for the reins, he waited for the captain to order the riders to right out, fearful of the command like the signal for the executioner to drop the axe.

Will turn his head to see the cottage behind him, getting smaller and smaller as they ride away, and all their story had started there, it was his home. He was brought to reality when he noticed Jack pull the reins of his horse to slow him down and ride next to Foxglove. He eyed Will up and down, trying to see what the doctor saw in him, this boy seemed to come to Hannibal´s life and in half a month he had changed the doctor, pulling him from his enraged and vengeful state. He eyed him with pure curiosity before he switched to the doctor who had his eyes glued to the captain, trying to read is mind regarding the boy.

-“Last time I was here you were eager to hear me report their capture and assured you they would be executed.”- Jack kept a strong hold on his warhorse as he speaks.-“Now I deliver you the news you hoped months ago and you received them with silence and indignation.”

Hannibal kept riding in silence, hugging the boy closer to him as he guided the stallion along the foggy road, avoiding the mud holes on the gravel road.

-“I don´t feel like celebrating, Jack… ”- Hannibal whispered, turning his eyes to the captain as they ride along.-“…When I´m about to witness an innocent man about to be executed.”

To be continued…

Scapegoat

Chapter Notes

Hello Fancy people!!

600 pages and 29 chapters and here´s the last chapter of our story (I´m going to cry in the corner now :´)) It´s as really been and amazing trip this one and of course it was only made possible with you guys by my side holding my hand and kicking my ass (otherwise I would´ve been too lazy to write it!)!! But don´t worry this story is not entirely finished, the part 1 is but it will continue in the future.

Quick Notes:
First- I will leave here a sneak-peak of the cover image regarding the next story "Whipping Boy" and luckily I will release it within a week like always. If you do not remembered, the next story it will regarding Hannibal´s fantasy back on Chapter 19 (Young Hannibal snatching Will into the fields or a barn and ravishing him there.) It will have a few reference regarding White Charcoal since it´s the same century just a few years before.
Hope to see you there too! ;)
https://i.pinimg.com/originals/8a/4e/38/8a4e387cf5b69a14bce13f4ae031c9eb.jpg

Second- Can we appreaachiete the fact neither Hannibal or Will ever got a cold in the middle of the Damn Winter!! Not one!! Not even a snize! Yet they walked butt naked out in the open…fallen on ice…stood for house in the rain…Nope! Not a single cough!

Well that´s all for now ;)
Please comment and drop to say hello!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 29

“Scapegoat”

The dry thunder roar in the grey heavy sky as they entered the palace gates, the doctor clenched his hand around the boy´s as they gripped the reins, his whole was tense in fear and anticipation, it gone a lot worse when they previously entered the village and passed the large square where the heavy scaffold was build waiting for today´s executions to take place. Hannibal had felt the runt’s body tense more and more while they ride to the palace. The dread reality sinking in more and more.

The doctor whipped the stallion's reins making the horse hurry his pace until they were next to Brauner, side to side.

-"Is the queen going to attend the Trial?"- Lecter asked, as he spot the anxiety in the other man´s eyes.

Queen Margo had always been against her brother´s tyranny. She fought for the right cause and believed in the law as this pure and blind pillar of society, much like Jack, her believes were true to her heart and not something the most powerful nobles should use to an power the weaker and needed.

-"She is up in the Highlands over matter of the crown, along with the young prince Morgan."- The messenger explain, looking around the palace yards as the monarch eyed them.

They snort and covered their mouths with the leather and silk fans, feeling sick with the presence of peasants inside the palace, making Will swallow uneased with the disgusted looks upon him as they crossed the great bright wall stopping before entering the Trial room. Will panted heavily, looking around he could see the half crescent room full with the most import magistrates and nobles, among them was Verger accompanied by his small party of monarchs, snoring when they entered the room. Brauner placed a hand on his shoulder, assuring everything was alright as he guide him to the middle of the room before he returned to the doctor who stood by the door with no permission to go further inside and Mischa stood outside where the final decision wouldn't reach her ears. The Court room was thick with whisper and snort as they talked to themselves, clearly judging the runt as he stood exposed in the middle, ready to receive their stones before facing the jury who faced him with a cold and indifferent gaze.

-"Will Graham…"- The jury began, raising his voice for everyone to hear.-"You are here to respond for your crimes before the royal Count and God. You stand here not as a peasant or low birth but an outlaw…a bandit…who lived preying on innocent and hardworking people…with nothing but your perverted and immoral lust to drive your actions."

Will chew his cheek at that definition, he almost managed to forget how other saw him, it didn´t matter what he did, he would always be greeted with scorn and disgust. They were so superficial.

-"…You have been convicted of innumerous crimes against the people and members of crown...which the charges against you weigh heavily on the crimes of theft, rape, indiscriminate violence in which you played a heavy role while associating with an infamous group of outlaws leading to the proven death of a young woman… death in which you were accounted as the prime defendant."

Hannibal rubbed his chin, cleaning his throat anxiously as he heard the charges knowing that the kid was and always had been innocent on the matter being discussed.

-"How do you plead?"-The jury asked, not bothering to lift his head and face the boy as he write the indictment.

-"Not guilty."- The boy said slowly his voice still in control.

The chatter intensified when the boy´s words echoed along the room. The supreme jury eyed him before flipping his hand when the doors opened and Matthew appeared holding Grutas´s, he dragged him along the polished stone. Stopping him a few meters away from the runt.

-“You confessed previously to the crimes in which the lad stands accused… The boy who had the role of the hunter among your group of out outlaws…”- The man faced the group leader.-“Can you point him out?”

Grutas narrow his eyes in pure hate and scorn, Hannibal could feel his blood boil when, without hesitation he pointed his bloody and dirty finger at the runt making the people around whisper and chatter more intensely. Will didn´t have to look behind him to see his previews leader identified him.

-“…and this outlaw who killed young Cassie Boyle?...Is he here?”- The jury asked finally.

And again the doomed bandit pointed him out, leaving no doubt of his involvement. The boy shivered when he heard the doctor cursed and launch himself at him before Jack and Brauner stepped in front of him and stopped him.

-“You proceed to lie in Court and God in this Trial, incapable of accepting the consequences of your dangerous actions in which your word is nothing but empty and deceitful…”-

-“I didn´t kill her!”- The boy interrupted him, creating tension between him and the supreme authority present before him.

-“I was send to the battlefield when I was just 10, serving his Majesty cause and putting dying men out of their misery!...that´s what they taught me there!...”- Will faced the jury, not lowering his eyes or bowing down.-“…Finished them and let them rest in peace because they can´t be saved!...I wasn´t the one who killed her…I saw death lurking around her every time that rocked smashed against her skull!”

The boy explained, bringing his palm to his heart, mimicking the arrow that connected and took her out of her misery.

-“Was I too selfish?”- Will hissed.-“…to know she was suffering and ending her agony quicker?”

-“It´s not up to an outlaw to decide who to kill. It´s blasphemy and an offense against God Himself!”- The jury raised his voice, not approving of the kid´s defense.-“It´s time to pass judgement!”

All the members of the jury stood up, including Mason who pierced the kid with a wicked gaze before the lords decided out loud.

-“Guilty!”- The first member pronounced, one by one they repeated the same sentence.

“Guilty…. Guilty…. Guilty…. Guilty…. Guilty…. Guilty…. Guilty…. Guilty…. Guilty….”

-“…Will!”-Hannibal whispered, afraid for the decision as he saw the kid still standing there hearing the fatal word all alone.

“Guilty…. Guilty…. Guilty…. Guilty…. Guilty…. Guilty…. Guilty…. Guilty…. Guilty….”

Every noble pronounced himself until the last one in the middle, the supreme jury.

-“**Guilty**!”- The man announced, signing the final indictment and sealing it with wax before returning to the runt.-“…Will Graham you are here found guilty of the charges you´ve been accused of in which you will be send to the gallows and hanged by the neck until death!”

The doctor howled to the final decision, he fought against the captain´s hold as he tried to reach the kid, his loudly grunt and screams didn´t reached Will, to be honest no sound did. He stood in the middle of that Court room frozen, he couldn´t feel or hear anything around him…as if the time had stop…too expensive to be wasted on him.

He was brought to reality when a strong grip crushed his arm, looking back he saw Dolarhyde pushed him out of the room while Matthew gave him a wicked grin and escorted Grutas out. Will was naïve to pretend he didn´t knew where he was going. He walked without a future to his death while caring his past.

The guards walked him outside and across the village as the doctor followed behind the kid, the loud cheers of the villagers' echoed around the large square, screaming and calling out to them as they all gather around the scaffold, waving their hands in the air and eager for a show. Will was shoved and pushed along the crowd as the king´s soldiers made way, the doctor stood by his side covering his head and body with his coat as the boy hold his torso, too afraid to let go of him.

-"It´s alright Will…"- Hannibal hissed, still bothered by the injustice.

The boy wanted to assured him he was alright and laugh about the whole situation but didn´t found the words as his spirit was slowly breaking when they arrived at the execution square. The old wooden structure looked more intimidating from up close, the wood creaked with the wind, blowing the stench of death to their noses, making the boy wince with the deplorable smell. His slender hand opened the doctor´s coat, letting him see more as they circled the village square, the scaffold was long and with enough space to hang five people at the same time, however only one rope stood in the middle, shaking with the cold wind. It prolonged the show to the cheerful crowd, one by one the accused would await their turn and witness as their companions hanged by their neck, fearing for their turn and feeding the folks blood lust even more.

Hannibal clenched the kid more to him as they approach the steps leading to the top of the gallows, he spot the wooden cart parked in front of the structure, empty and ready to pile the dead bodies of the executed and throw them in some mass graves outside the village.

The other two defendants stood next to the stairs as one of the guards grabbed Doutlich arm and dragged him first up the stairs as he pleaded and pried but to no avail. Will clenched his hand on Hannibal´s shirt while they so the bandit reached the top as the executioner placed the thick rope around his sweaty neck. The folks cursed and howled at him in a frenzy, remembering all the wrong they had been through by this group of outlaws.

The man squirmed and screamed for mercy but some his struggles where put to an end when the executioner pulled the handle, opening the trap door and letting the offender fall on his death.

Will gasped when he heard the unmistakable sound of the neck breaking, followed by a loud and cold cheer from the people in the square, they jumped and applauded as they saw the lifeless body hang by its neck. The boy brought his hand to his mouth as some of the villagers helped the guards release the knot and throw the corpse to the wooden cart, while a few kids circled and kicked it.

Soon the rope was free and ready as they grabbed Grutas and guided him forwards, the outlaw turned his head to the boy, stabbing him with a cold gaze as the king´s guards pushed him up the stairs. Lecter gripped the runt closer against his chest, crushing him and almost making the kid face away from the scene as the soldiers attached the rope to him. The hangman waited with his hand fiercely on the handle, giving the town folks there time to enjoy the wicked man cornered as they spat and dammed him to hell before the small doors below him opened leaving him suspended.

Hannibal covered the boy´s eyes when he screamed in panic, the fall wasn´t enough to kill the outlaw instantly making him wiggle and squirm in agony as he slowly suffocated to death. The doctor embraced the sobbing kid as the cheerful howls raised more and more while everyone saw the man gurgle and gasp. Grutas´s vision blurred as he felt the agonizing pain around his neck, robbing his life slowly, from his point of view he could see the ground clapping and celebrating cheerful as he hang there, between the moving spectrums he spot the beautiful golden hair flowing in the crowd while Mischa locked eyes with him. He remembered the last he had said to the boy as he saw him run out the door with her in his arms. He let out a small pitiful laugh as he saw her there, alive and well…he should had known the boy didn´t managed the courage to kill her. He slowly grew weaker before rolling his eyes to the back of his head as his body slowly gave out and went limp.

Will could hear all the applause around him, while he buried his wet face against the doctor´s chest. The time had come. He felt rough hands grab his shoulders and pull him to the side abruptly while detaching the kid from him as Dolarhyde hold him in place.

-"Your presence is no longer needed, doctor!"- Matthew hold the kid in place as he tried to return to the other man´s side.-"You should go and find a good spot among the crowd to see the show!"

Hannibal charged at him and tried to fight the younger soldier before Jack stopped him, shoving his hand to the doctor´s chest.

-"Hannibal!"- The captain called out, remembering the doctor to follow the rules.-"Step away please! You´re no longer the boy´s master! You hold no direct connection to him."

-"Let me walk him up the stairs!"- Hannibal implored, gripping the captain´s uniform.-"Please! Let me prepare him to receive the rope."

The captain looked at him, he remember seeing the same desperation in the doctor´s eyes when he came to talk to him the other time, the same empty gaze a man who lost everything had. He stared at the kid who stared at him with the same distress as the broken man in front of him before he nodded to Matthew and Dolarhyde, allowing the doctor and the kid his last wish.

The doctor stepped forward when he felt the guards release his iron grip on him, he walked to the runt, still hold prisoner in the younger guard´s arms. He locked eyes with him, challenging the guard, Brown clenched his fists in the boy´s coat not liking to be confronted in front of his captain, he snort and soon let go of the boy.

Hannibal hold Will´s hand as he struggled with every step, feeling the too familiar scent of death lurking around him, freezing and mortifying fixing his deathly eyes on Will, dis time he didn´t walked in its shadow…No…he walked towards it. They reached the top, the boy faced the village executioner, the dark heavy mask keeping his identity hidden from everyone, he sob and hold on to the doctor´s arm, feeling his legs gave out.

-"It´s alright."- He assured him, as he walked to the middle.

Hannibal brought his hands to the coats laces, slowly undoing him as prolonging the task as much as he could.

-"I …. I´m s-sorry… Hannibal…"-He could feel the boy´s rapid breath hitting his broad hands as he trembled in place.

-"…No!..."- The doctor stopped him, his voice came out a mere whisper with the lack of control.-"This is none of your fault."

The kid faced him in tears, giving the older man a half smile while he tried to stay calm with the cold realization crushing him with each passing second.

Lecter gripped the open cloak and stepped behind the kid, slowly removing it as the warm fabric slide along the bony frame, leaving the kid in his fitting chemise and trousers as he faced the crowd, acknowledging them for the first time. The square was completely full, covering the village streets, the balconies of the houses had people waving and pointing a finger at him as they judged him harshly, everyone cursed and threaten to lounge at him. Will didn´t blamed them, much like the doctor in the beginning, they were blind by hate, holding to their revenge and need for retribution. The death threats and rages gestures was something Will always knew, it wasn´t never new to him.

Will gasped in relive when he spot the bright golden color of Mischa´s hair blowing in the wind, Brauner hold her in his shoulders, the view made the boy cry as the little girl cried out inconsolably, her red cheeks were wet with the heavy tears as he kept looking at him.

-"P-please…"- Will sobbed, silently calling the doctor to cover his vision.

Hannibal quickly stepped in front of the kid, blocking the view from him as the runt gripped his chemise and hold on to it for dear life.

-"…Please…d-don´t let her watch….when…"- the boy cried, blabbering a few words as they came out shaky.

-"I won´t!"- The older man assured him gently.

The boy lowered his gaze to the floor, nothing to the doctor as he kept his gasping. Hannibal took a piece of rope and brought it to the boy´s eyes as the kid acknowledged it, he understood what the other man as asking of him as he aloud it. The doctor hold his hands together, slipping the thinner rope between his wrists and tightening them.

-"…Please when it's over….p-please take by body back home…."- The boy sobbed as the older man petted his face.-"….b-bury me in the woods…in front of our cottage…"

-"…Of c-course…."- Lecter whispered, rubbing their foreheads together.

The cold temperature of the runt´s skin, chilled his body even under the thick heavy coat sheltering his broad frame, what he wouldn´t give to take him away and hide him from the world, then he would hold him for days and days on end. Hannibal ran his nose along Will´s temple slowly and intimately until he reached the soft locks, scenting him as to memorize the cold scent one last time. It devoured his sanity every time. The faint scent of sweat as the boy slept next to him tormented by his nightmares while he brought him closer, buring his nose in his hair to smell him more.

The doctor petted his slender frame, feeling the bony edges underneath the thin chemise, he remember every sharp curve, piercing his hard flesh while he thrusted eagerly inside of him, making them one. He trailed his palms around his arms until he reached the boy´s bounded wrists, placing the piece of charcoal there before he closed his hands, letting the white graphite soil his slender palms.

-"…W-Will you…remember me?"- The boy whispered between sobs, clenching the object in his hands.

The doctor laugh nervously as he connected their foreheads and cupped the boy´s cheeks, cleaning the tears.

-"I have never forgotten you."- Hannibal whispered, his warm breathe tickled the boy´s lips.-"For more than two months you were always the first and last thought on my mind…since I woke up in the morning until I went to sleep."

Lecter descended his hands along his face to the runt´s slender neck, giving it a gentle squeeze and feeling the blood pump inside his veins. He had laid alone for months in bed, grieving his sister loss while he felt angrier and seeking vengeance.

Each night, as he laid alone in bed he had wished for the little arrogant bandit to be there…in the same room…lying in bed next to him before Hannibal would jump on top of him and strangle him slowly…controlling his life with his broad hands and making him pay for Mischa´s death. They would be bare, with no barrels or labels between them…they would be on equal terms as the doctor executed him there, making his bed and the thin linens be the defiant runt´s grave. Lecter would look into his bright eyes as the kid struggled and collided this naked body against him, pinned to the mattress with no possible way to escape. Hannibal had dreamed of his voice and screams as the runt called for help, making him tighten his grip even more before going slowly docile in his hands just to wake up in the morning alone still filled with lustful raged.

-"I couldn´t take you off my mind…"- The doctor hummed, kissing the corner of the boy´s mouth.-"…even after I had you here with me… you keep hunting me."

-"I…I´m ready."- Will gave the doctor a nervous smile, rubbing his forehead against the other man.

Hannibal nodded to him slowly before grabbing the heavy thick rope and placed over the thin white neck before tightening it with shaky hands. He released the boy and stepped away and stood near the hang man, he stood closer in hopes to be the only one to retrieve his body and release him from the rope. He stood silent behind the runt, seeing the stress grow back on him again and tense his muscles.

Will felt the cold wind pierce his slender skin without the doctor´s warmth, the loud racket returned to his ears and over-whelming his peace of mind. The town folks spat at him and nodded their head in rage, the loud curses and profanities toward him seemed to grow louder and menacing at every second, even louder than with the previews executions, making the boy feel as if he was being stabbed with every words they threw at him.

He closed his eyes, letting his mind drive along the bitter-sweet memories, behind closed eyes he saw the doctor´s silhouette move around on top of that wolf-pit as he executed his companions, one by one before he decided to come for him. He had learned how to acquaint himself with the doctor ´s body so that he could recognized it anywhere. His mind showed him their first night as he laid spread in the thin linens on Hannibal´s bed while the doctor touched him gently and took his time to explore his body slowly and thoroughly.

He let his memories nestle him behind the darkness while the faint steps of the executioner could be heard as he approached the wooden handle, gripping the dried cracked wood as he began to move it to the side, Will inhaled softly with a peaceful smile across his lips as he let it happen.

THUNK

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His ears ringed enabling him from hearing the loud villagers in front of him, he could see their agitation while they turned to the side. The boy gasped loudly when he noticed the trap door below him was still closed, leaving him standing where the doctor had left him. His legs felt like jelly making the boy tremble uncontrollably while he tried to balance himself. The hangman was still holding the handle, the imposing object was standing in the middle and threatening to travel all the way to the other side.

Slowly his hearing return when he identified the unmistaken sound of a carriage approaching the village square, the elegant trot made the villagers turned their heads to see the royal carriage arriving, the grey horses pushed the heavy and expensive ornamented carriage around the square, circling the town folks before it stopped next to the scaffold. Will swallow uneased as the carriage door opened and from inside a small boy came out, struggling on the step as his legs were too short to take the leap. Looking at the fluffy attire he wore he was no doubt someone of royal blood. He stepped to the side to give room to a young lady as she too stepped outside, her voluptuous dark dress danced gracefully as he stopped next to the child giving her hand for him to take before she walked to the captain of the guard.

Will turned his head to see the doctor behind him as the older man locked eyes with him, nodding in assurance but stood still without moving a muscle. The woman looked up eyeing the runt from below while the captain explained the situation to her, she nodded before slowly walking up the stairs, followed by the small child. Will could see Hannibal and the hangman bow down while they kept their gaze to the floor in submission. It was clear to the runt she was the supreme authority, the queen. He frown when he saw the resemblance between her and Mason, he turned to the child, the little prince and future king as he stood next to the staircase bringing his little hand to his mouth, too young to know any manners.

Will felt anxious with her presence, he didn´t like being around nobles, especially as they had the common habit to judge and think high of themselves regarding people like him. She walked to the doctor as he bow down again still keeping his head low as she observed him without words being spoken. Margot turned to the runt as he eyed her with suspicion while she approached him. Unlike everyone else, Will kept his gaze, challenging the queen as she circled him, she eyed him up and down slowly, acknowledging his bony body as if his frame told her everything she needed to know about him. She circled him again to make sure before she stop in front of him, making the boy

narrow his eyes still threatening her, assuring whatever her intensions were he wouldn´t kneel before her in the end.

-"Do you know who I am?"- The queen asked, amused by the kid´s hostility.

The runt didn´t answer her but lower his gaze slightly, assuring the woman he knew the difference in status between them.

-"Do you hate me?"- She asked, making the kid narrow his eyes at the question.

-"Did doctor Lecter told you about the young prince?"- She turned to her son still gripping the stairs.-"…I had a long history of miscarries and I almost lost him during labor, you see…not even the king´s physician or the midwives could save him…no one could."

Will turned to see the doctor, still gazing the floor unware of their conversation.

-"As a last resort the village doctor was requested to assist…he examined him and managed to save him from death…"- She concluded, smiling at the boy with the rope still firmly tight around him.

The woman stepped closer and line her face with him.

-"You see…I own doctor Lecter a lot more than I could possibly return…I own him for my son´s life along with the villagers…"- Margot smile, looking at the doctor over Will´s shoulder before turning to face the crowd.

-"This boy will not die today! I ask you to forgive him for his past actions toward you…give him a chance to know him…welcome him… he is going to make you proud one day I'm certain… because I fear if he as to die by this rope…"- she looked over her shoulder to the doctor.-"…this town will lose an outstanding doctor."

The kid looked at her still confused by her decision.

-"…Will Graham you are hereby released from any previews accusations in which you will walk out with a full pardon…"- She paused, lowering her voice so he could be the only one to hear them.-"…However any mistake on your behalf in the future and there won´t be any more royal pardons or Court Trials, for you will answer before God himself next time."

Will panted at the words, confused with the situation before the queen locked eyes with Hannibal and nodded to him, the doctor walked quickly to the runt's side, embracing him once more. The boy could feel his legs gave away while he felt the older man´s body tremble with the adrenaline, he abruptly pushed the kid away from the trapped door and released the rope from his slender neck before returning him into his arms.

-"Keep him out of harm's way!"- The queen advised him, winking an eye at them.

Hannibal rubbed his hand over the soft locks, inhaling his cold scent as if the boy would turn into smoke and vanish before his eyes. The boy whine and squirm feeling the bruising grip around him.

-"Let´s go home!"- Hannibal grunt, crushing him more against his chest, while the kid tried to hug him with his bounded wrists.

They saw Margot walk to the stairs next to her son before she took his hand and walked down. The villagers bow down while the captain escort her to the carriage, Will could see Matthew arguing

with his captain about the decision, he was visibly angry as he pointed to them, unhappy to see the doctor walk away with the kid. He howled and gestured violently but his tantrum was quickly put down when Jack screamed at him and ordered him to not oppose the queen´s decision.

Hannibal walked the boy down the scaffold, facing the younger soldier as they ´locked eyes, he kept his body between Brown and Will, shielding the boy in case the guard decide to go after him. Will saw Mischa ran across the square, dodging every person in her way as she headed toward them, he kneeled down opening his arms before the little girl jumped into his arms, sobbing while she wrapped her arms around his slender neck.

-"Will!"- The girl cried as she kissed his eyes and forehead.

-"It´s alright Mischa! You didn´t think you two could get rid of me that easily."- He blabbered still shaken by the event.

Hannibal walked to Brauner petting him on the back as the messenger speaks to him briefly. The boy watches them talk as he rubbed Mischa´s back, she plays with his hair, rubbing his cheeks as she memorizes his face like if it was the first time she saw him. Will rise up with the little girl in his arms when the doctor walked back to them, Lecter brought his warm palm to the boy´s cheek, caressing his thumb when the runt leaned into it.

-"Let´s go home!"-

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Foxglove neigh enthusiastically as he heard Mischa laugh joyful as they all ride back to the cottage, the boy leaned his head against Hannibal´s shoulder, staring into his eyes the doctor smiled at him. he took in the surroundings, every leaf and trees as they headed back, as if it was the first time the had acknowledge it, the sky was heavy and dark with rain as a few cold drops felt on the boy´s face, waking him to his new reality. It felt good! The earthy scent and fresh cold moist around him, remembering him he was alive and by the Doctor´s side.

They passed the first line of trees while they entered the doctor´s property, the runt looked at the dense bushes where he had stayed hidden and where the doctor had promised to hold him. He felt the man´s hand caress his belly while Lecter brought his lips closer to the kid´s ear, rubbing them gently.

-"I´ll wait for you there."- He whispered, making the runt shiver as they shared the saddle.

They stopped half way when they saw the slim silhouette of a woman in the yard, clearly waiting for them to return. Mischa jumped out of the stallion and cross the field quickly when she recognized the woman there.

-"BEVERLY!"- The little girl called happily jumping into her open arms.

Will slide out of the stud and walked to them, happy to see her.

-"I came as soon as I heard!"- She hugged Will tightly to make sure he was really there.

The boy assured her of the situation at the same time she reprehended him for his clueless and recklessness. Will looked over his shoulder at the doctor while he stood in the first line of trees, leaning on a trunk while looking at him from afar. The boy felt his face getting hot with the blush when his mind took him back to the conversation they had in the yard in the middle of the night.

-"Can you watch her?"- The boy asked shyly as he stared at Mischa who was playing with Katz dress.

The woman turned to see the doctor up ahead and then back to the boy, understanding the situation before she turned to the little girl and petted her hair.

-"Do you want to help me with lunch, Mischa?"- Katz asked playfully, winking an eye to the boy before they ahead inside.

Will saw them close the door before he turned and walked back to the doctor, he brought his hands to the lace on his chemise and slowly started to undo them, letting the garment fall to his feet while he kept walking along the field, unlacing his trousers next. Hannibal leaned against a tree while he saw the boy disrobe before his eyes, he swallowed loudly as he took in the view, ogling the bare white skin when the last piece of clothing felt his body leaving the runt naked and out in the open.

The doctor let him approached, seeing the cold feet walk further along the woods as the cold grass quickly turned into moss before he stop in front of Hannibal. The dark damped woods hide them, leaving a small clearing where they could see the cottage and the candles lightening the interior. The wind blew between the trunks, moving the tall pines around them as they stood silence and gazing at each other.

Slowly Hannibal started to disrobe, pulling his chemise over his head and untangling the silver locks, he bared his body intimately before the runt as he challenged him to keep the eye contact. He removed the pieces one by one and not long after they stood both naked without any barriers or judgment. They stood there on equal terms as two persons without a past or future.

He took the runt´s hands and placed them on his broad chest, inviting the kid to touch him freely while he placed his palms over the boy´s shoulders, leaving a trail of goosebumps as he gently caressed the porcelain skin, he took his time to stroke the sensitive skin over his arms, down his belly and thighs. The boy mimicked his movements while them both kept the eye contact, it surprised the doctor that Will would still face him, he always averted his eyes in shame and shyness by this time the runt hold it, wanting to let all go and accept his touch.

Hannibal gradually became bolder when he guided his palms to the brat´s penis, gently massaging him there. He smirk slightly when he heard the small moan stuck on the brat´s throat, threatening to come out. He would let him moan as much as he desired it and until the nightfall, he was prepared to hold him until their bodies were too weak to stand.

Will step closer getting to the older man´s space before he started to stroke the doctor and matching his pace. They kept pleasuring each other, grunting and panting when the heavy sky quickly gave out, letting the light drops of rain fall on them, the pressure of the rain against their sensitive skin was too intense on them, robbing a few shivers from they while they quicken their pace. Will´s body was trembling against the doctor´s palm, he mewled and squirm in his grasp before releasing all over the man´s hand and abdomen with a lovely moan.

-"We have to work on that."- The other man grin against the boy´s ear.

Hannibal laid him on the thick wet moss soil, seeing the water leave the ground with their weight before he placed himself between the runt´s legs, spreading his thighs more while the kid presented himself to him. He ogled him as he laid there, devouring every inch of his body as if it was the first time. The rain felt down on him, moistening the soft flesh and leaving a wet trail as the drops ran down and puddle at his belly.

-"Is this what you want, runt?"- He whispered, pinning the boy´s head with his arms while he drank in the ravishing sight.

-"...y-yes…"- Will panted, feeling the heat over his tummy.

The other man lowered his mouth, licking and tasting the rain on the kid´s chest, he worked his tongue eagerly down his belly, drinking the small puddle of water there, leaving the brat whining and mewling as he gone further down, spreading his legs and nibbling at the damped skin on his inner thighs.

-"…H-Hannibal…"- Will moaned his name and lift his hips, giving the man more access to his spread body.

Lecter pinned the boy´s head, facing him as their noses stood inches away from each other. He felt the urge to bend him over and take him as hard as he could, his self-control was fading while the desire over the boy seemed to pull him under. He was brought back to reality when the runt gripped his aching cock stroking it impatiently.

-"Do you want it that much?"- He provoked, feeling the boy squeeze him more.

Will licked his lips and guided the warm pulsing member to his entrance, spreading his legs further apart when he felt the hot tip poke him. Hannibal pushed his hips forward, slowly entering the wimpy boy while he kept a firm hold on his girth, he took his time, thrusting gently and pulling back, reaching deeper with every touch.

The boy moan with the warm heat invading his own, he kept stroking the hard flesh as it got inside slowly, making the man over him grunt with pleasure. He worked his muscles, clenching madly around the throbbing cock while he matched the strokes, squeezing the base until the doctor was buried up to the hilt in him.

-"You keep this up and I will not hold back from devouring you whole!"- He groan into the boy´s mouth, feeling the runt clench around him deliciously.

He kept a slow pace with long and patience thrust, letting the runt´s adjust to him as they rocked together, Will slide along the soaked moss as the rain kept falling on them, wetting the doctor´s back just to slid down and hit his body underneath while the man quicken his pace.

-"…Harder!"- The boy mewled, feeling the doctor was holding back and afraid to hurt him.

The devil above him grunt and thrust in more hungrily, piercing his walls with powerful thrusts, making the rascal arch his back and push his hips to meet his in complete abandonment. It felt so good as he received every pound with delight, he wrapped his arms around the older man pushing him more against him when the doctor´s weight pinned him more and more against the moss bed. This was his most longing fantasy, ever since he spied on this man in the woods, his body longed and cried out for the doctor to take him there…out in the open…in his element…this is what he craved above all else.

The older man was too dense to understand his need to run into the woods, it wasn´t to go back to his old life as a petty outlaw…it was to recall the first time he saw the man out there, robbing him of his control as he laid down his defenses and touched himself. He would tell the doctor eventually, but not today…not now.

Hannibal trapped the whiny runt in his arms, crushing him against his frame before pulling him up and into his lap, he adjusted his posture, unlacing the brat´s legs around his waist before thrusting back in. The kid moan and begged, hugging the doctor´s neck when he felt Lecter aim at his prostate with each brutal thrust.

-"What do you want from me, runt?"- He groan, tightening his arms around the boy and leaving no space for the rain to slide between them.

-"Do you want me to bury myself deep inside you….Over-whelmed by how good your body feels around me…killing me intimately while I deliver my seed?" – Hannibal grabbed the soft wet locks and pulled abruptly, making the boy present his neck forcibly.

Will cried out in pleasure when the doctor sucked and trailed open mouth kisses along his white column, matching the brutality with the demanding pace of his thrusts.

-"Can you handle that?"- He challenged, buring his nose in the cold neck.

The boy was lost in his own bliss, letting the man ravish him fully but still managed to brought his hands up and cup the doctor´s face, bringing it up close when the older man loosen his grip, allowing his approach but still in full control.

-"…I-I want…"- Will panted into Lecter´s lips.-"I want you…vulnerable …without any barriers … or defenses…stripped of everything…just like you stripped me…"

He let out a heavy grunt before crashing his mouth against Will´s, devouring him from the inside out until the boy was nothing but a wimpy wet mess across his lap, riding him to oblivion as he matched his pace with short and demanding thrusts.

-"Such childish requests!"- The devilish man purred, biting the boy jaw.-"If that´s what you wanted… you could´ve just asked and I would have given it to you without thinking twice!"

Will clenched his muscles in defiance, forcing a long groan out of the man while the boy controlled his pleasure, seeing through the doctor´s lies.

-"Naughty boy…"- Hannibal grin, amused by Will´s provocation.

The doctor spread the runt's cheeks apart, feeling his drooling cock slide more inside the slippery hole as it throb and threaten to breed him at any second.

-"I plan to hold you all night, Will!"- He cupped his bottom giving it one firm squeeze.-"…I highly advise you to keep your defiant attitude on a tight leash and behave… "

He kissed his slender chest, rolling his hungry tongue over the brat´s nipples and tasting the winter ´s rain on him, he ate him greedily as if a starved man in front of a delicious feast.

-"We wouldn´t want this intimate love making…"- He took one into his mouth, biting it slightly.-"…To turn savage and animalistic, would we runt?"

Will threw his head back, moaning and sucking on the damped air when the older man started to suck his nipple, making them swell while trapped between the devil´s lips and teeth. He hold the boy in his arms while the runt jerked and spasm, keeping his mouth firmly connected to him as he kept his abuse. Hannibal could felt the tension puddle on his abdomen, both his and the kid as they quicken the pace together, slamming their feverish bodies against one another.

Lecter gripped the boy´s waist tightly, bruising the skin while he tried to pound into him hard and rough making the kid pinned in place as he received his thrusts, however the runt slapped his hands away and pushed had his broad chest, making the other man throw his hands behind him to avoid from falling on his back. Will took the chance to grip his shoulders and control the motion of the thrusts, circling his waist freely as he raised up slowly just to slam back down violently, hitting his prostate with force and precision. Hannibal grin at the devouring sight, witnessing for his pleasure the runt taking advantage of his body and fucking himself senseless on his aching cock.

-"If I knew you were this greedy I would´ve given you the power a long time ago!"- He threw his head back, still ogling the wet mess above him.

They kept their love making, colliding their hips and letting the light rain and thunder above them mask their loud grunts and moans until their orgasms crashed down on them as they shared it together before the doctor felt on his back, bringing the runt against his chest.

They jerked and spasm, still feeling the aftermath of their orgasms, tensing every muscles on their body before going limp. Hannibal exhale loudly, letting the cold wet moss underneath penetrate his naked body while he caressed the boy´s soaked hair grinning at him when the kid locked eyes with him making them lose it and burst into laugh at their surroundings.

-"It´s no time to rest, kid!"- He caressed his fingertips along the shivering spine.

They made love throughout the day, embracing each other gently just to change their touch into a more animalistic and tribal one, exploring each other's body and testing their limits together while hided from the world. There were no worries or past grudges or actions to imprison them. For the first time, they were free!

The End

Chapter End Notes

Beverly knew Will was about to get the "D"! She is smart!
Seriously give me your opinion now what you think of the story. This was my first fic so I didn't expected much. But I really had a great time writing it and reading your comments!!!
As always thank you for all the love and support and I hope to hear more from everyone in the future.
You Guys ROCK!! ;)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!